

PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

NOVEMBER



HEDY LAMARR
By Paul Hesse

HEDY LAMARR VS. JOAN BENNETT—and Other Dangerous Hollywood Feuds!

How To Plan Your Winter Wardrobe—**BETTE DAVIS** Leads Our

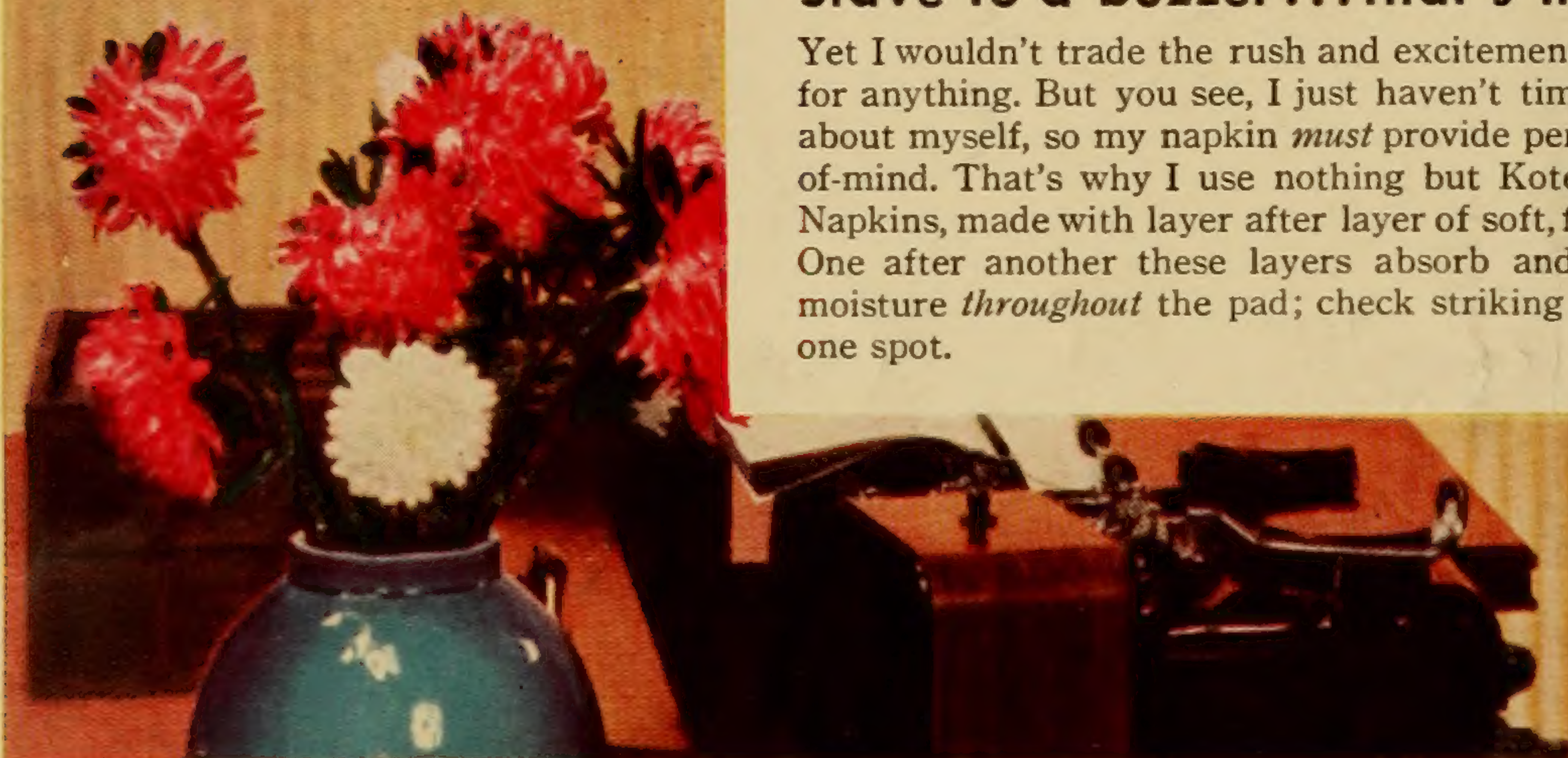
WILL "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" BE SHELVED? By N

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Confessions of a Private Secretary

Slave to a buzzer...that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.



Looks Count Plenty...

in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must *feel* my best — can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for *every* woman to meet her individual needs *in comfort* from day to day.



Lady of the Evening...

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends*. Believe me, they make a world of difference — no more embarrassing bulky feeling — no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.



*Better Say Kotex
Better for You*

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.



KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

ALL 3 TYPES AT
THE SAME LOW PRICE

DANDRUFF SUFFERERS

Listerine Treatment Fights Infectious Dandruff Clinical Tests Show 76% Relief

If you are troubled with infectious dandruff, give Listerine Antiseptic a chance to prove how helpful it can be . . . how quickly it attacks the infection and those humiliating scales . . . how fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel. Users everywhere acclaim its benefits.

The treatment is as easy as it is delightful. Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine Antiseptic that has been famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

Kills Bottle Bacillus

Dandruff is often infectious, due to germs. It is, in fact, the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When you are suffering from this condition, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you. It gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invig-

orating antiseptic bath . . . kills countless germs associated with infectious dandruff, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*. This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Tests Showed 76% Relief

Rabbits inoculated with *Pityrosporum Ovale* developed definite dandruff symptoms which disap-

peared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of the men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

Don't Delay.

Use Listerine Antiseptic Now

If you are troubled with dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—delay may aggravate the trouble. It's the method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



**A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND
MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"**



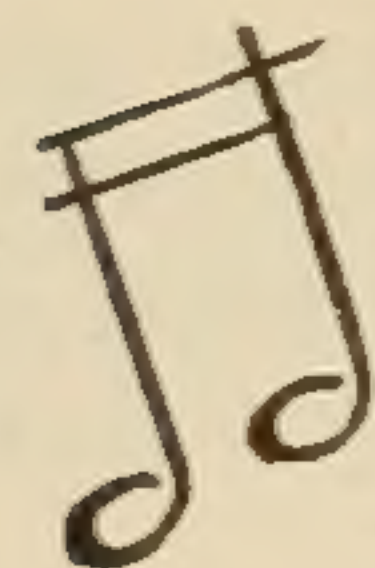
BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE
JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY
JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND
BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD

Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.

Directed by Busby Berkeley • Produced by Arthur Freed

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

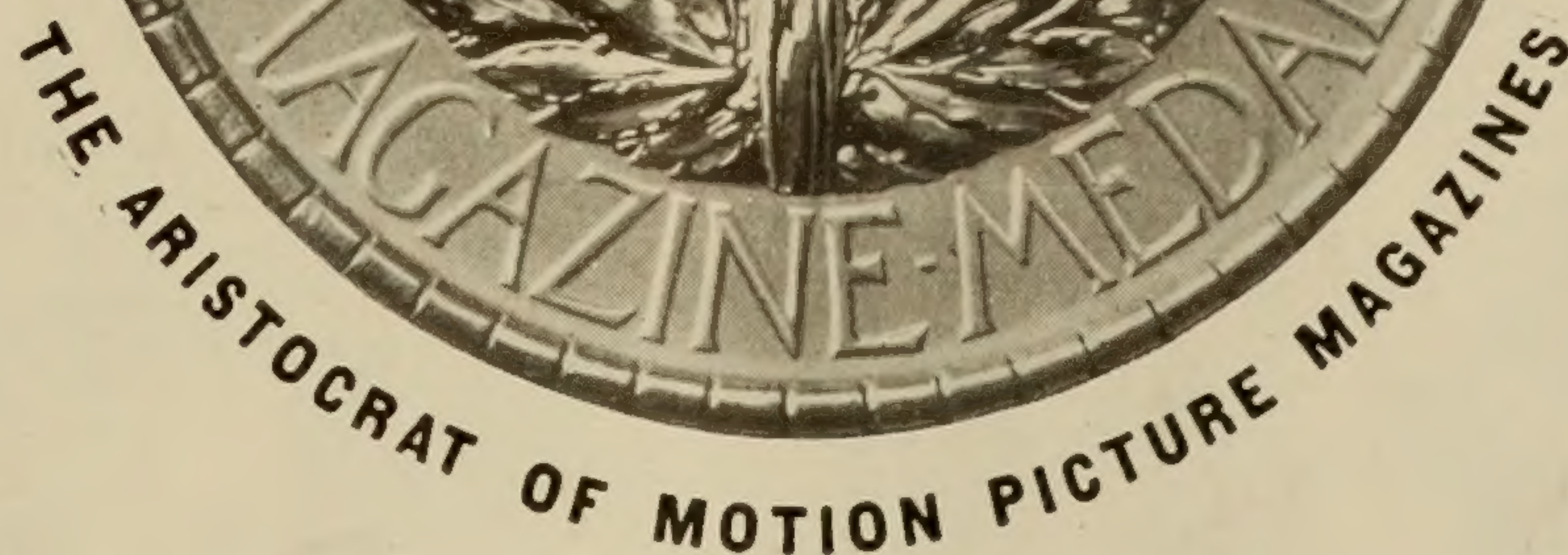


... and the best of music! Hear:

"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by
Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg,
"GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.



PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Hedy Lamarr, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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"Ostriches"

I HAVE always felt that when you read PHOTOPLAY you want to get away from your troubles.

Perhaps this makes us all sound like a bunch of ostriches, but during the hours that you turn the pages of this magazine I want you to be able to forget, for the moment at least, the horrible reality of war and what it means to millions across the seas.

I notice that many plans are under way to make war pictures. I think this is a mistake. If we can't forget in the movie theater, where can we?

You will find in these pages some mention of the foreign actors who are subject to the call to arms, and of course the drastic influence of war on our industry is inescapable. When an industry's revenue has been suddenly reduced twenty-eight to thirty-five per cent over night, there are bound to be repercussions and serious changes. Budgets will be reduced; salaries may be lowered. Theater prices may even have to be raised to make up for the loss of foreign revenue.

All this is important to the industry and, in a sense, important to you and to me. And PHOTOPLAY will not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme, but I hope you won't blame me for continuing to strive in the midst of an insane world to reflect glamour, beauty, and what semblance of happiness we can skim from the Hollywood surface.

Here in PHOTOPLAY, let's be ostriches. Do you mind?

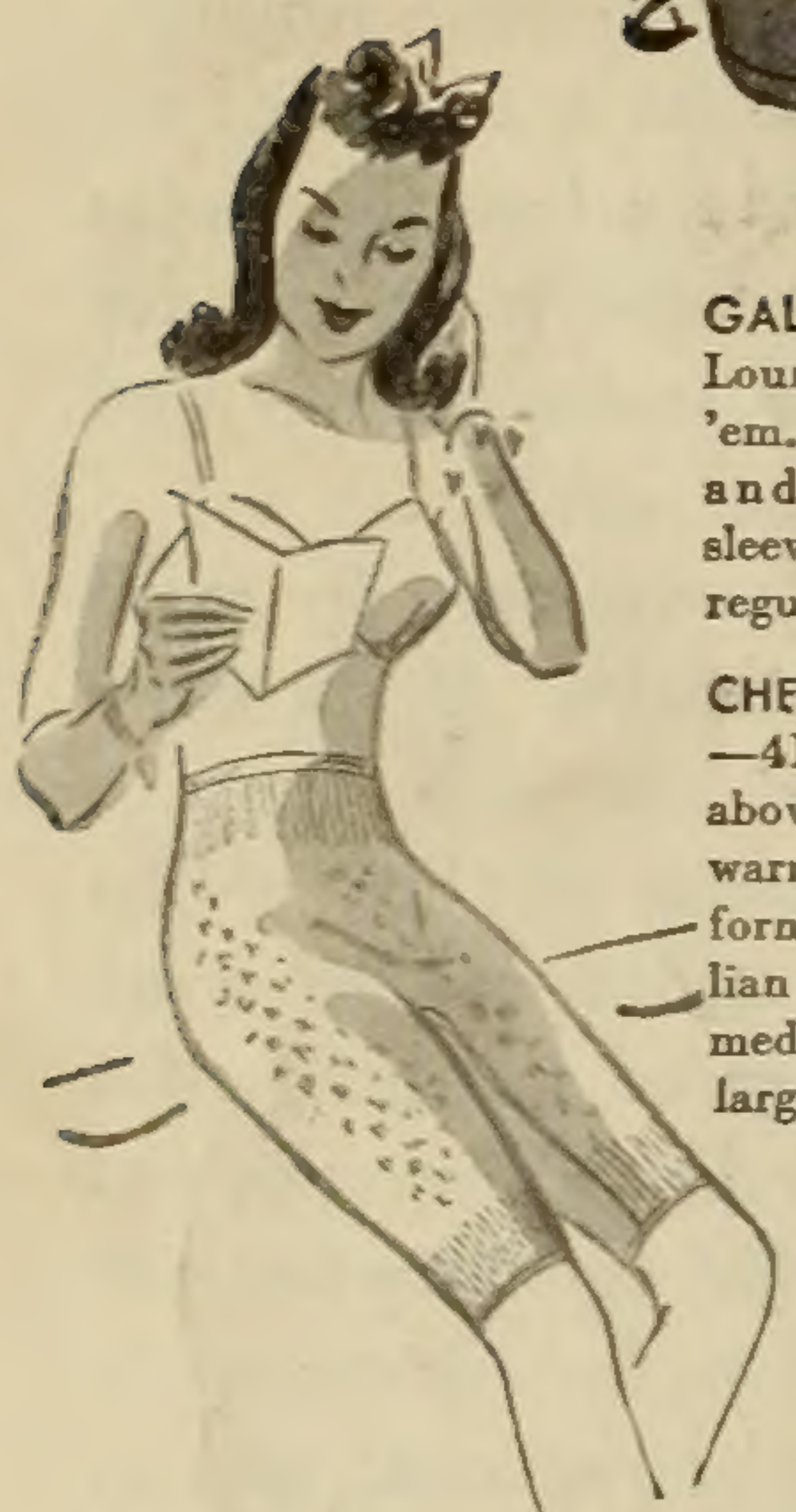
Ernest V. Heyn

VOL. LIII, No. 11, NOVEMBER, 1939

FOR COLD DAYS AND
FREEZING NIGHTS

trim-cozy-warm

NEW CARTER'S



GAL-BRIGGANS. (above) Lounge in 'em... sleep in 'em. Mix the dark slacks and light tops. Short sleeves, too. Junior Miss and regular sizes. \$2 per set.

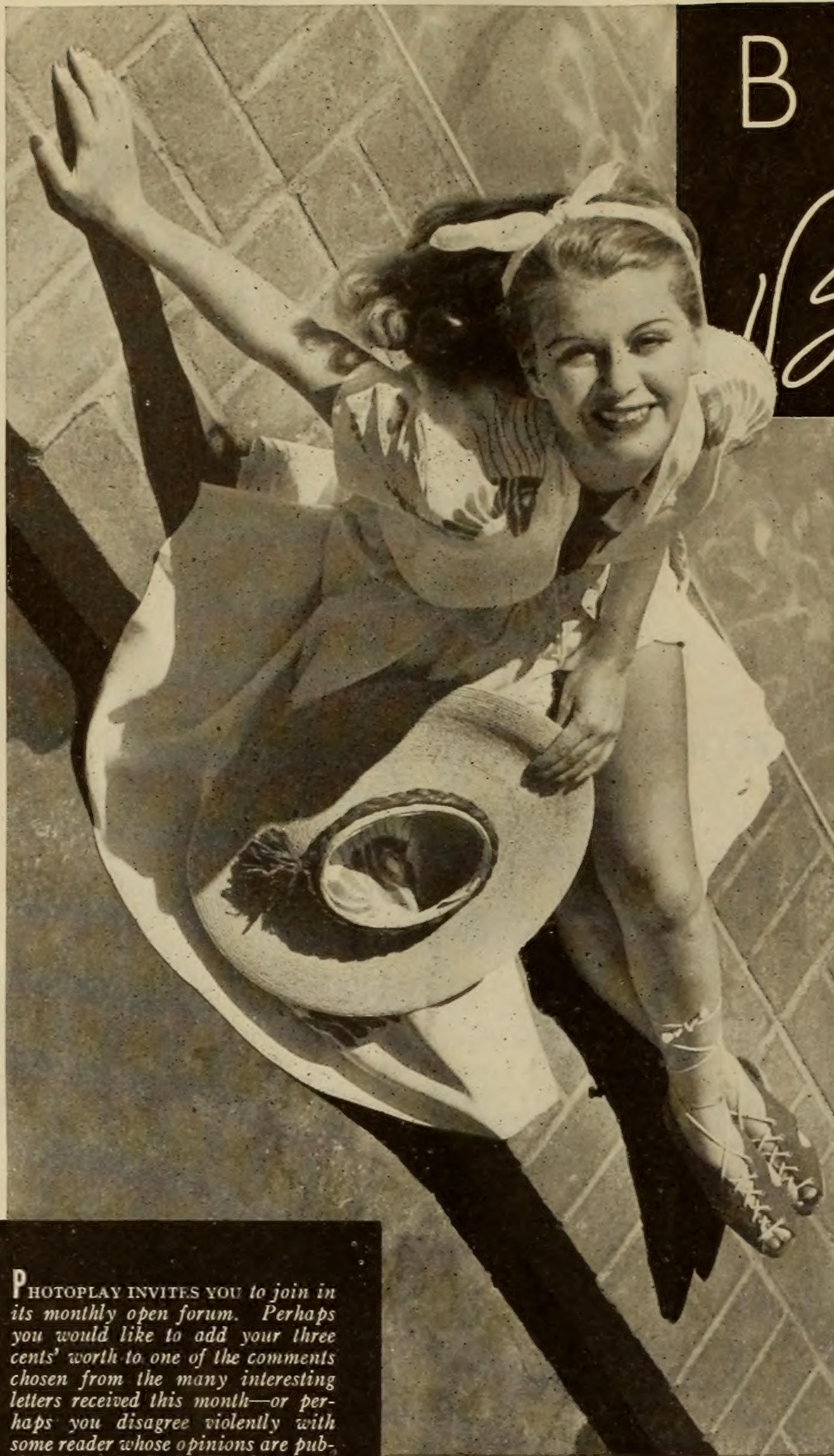
CHECK PATTERN PANTIE —4115/3056. (left) Just-above-the-knee. Keeps you warm under your sheerest formals. 25% fine Australian wool. Tea rose. Small, medium, large—59c. Extra large—75c.

Other Carterette
Panties 50¢ to \$2.
Vests 50¢ to \$1.50.
Pajamas \$1.50 to \$2.50.

When that cold north wind starts blowing you'll be mighty glad you're wearing Carter's cozy pajamas and underthings. Comfortable? They're downy soft, light and warm—perfect for all occasions! Figure-flattering Carterettes and the gay colored Check-mates never give themselves away. The new jersey-stitch Gal-Briggans and brushed rayon pajamas are tops for comfort and chic. (Do lounging and sleeping duty, too.) Ask your favorite store to show you their new Carter's.

Carter's
UNDERTHINGS

The William Carter Company. Home Executive
Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FLASH! GRANT TAKES TAMPA!

AT a sorority "bull-session" recently, thirty girls decided that Cary Grant is definitely the actor of the year as far as they're concerned—and we don't mean Robert Taylor.

Current books and current lipsticks were subjects for heated argument, but the decision that the delicious Mr. Grant is material for the Academy Award was reached in no time at all.

We've been in love with Gable for years, and we can't rave enough about

Pulchritude they needed—so Joan Valerie, former model and winner of beauty contests, was a happy choice for roles in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women" and "Daytime Wife"

Ameche, Flynn, Tracy, Fonda, Boyer and Stewart, but it's Cary Grant who gives our pulses the hardest workout at present.

We've had a depressing amount of "Pretty-Boy Taylor" and "Glamour-Boy Power" crammed down our throats by the papers and magazines, but we would love for PHOTOPLAY to toss more about just plain Cary Grant in our direction.

THIRTY GRANT FANS,
Tampa, Fla.

KILL-OR-CURE

INTEND to lay off the movies for a couple of months and seek entertainment in baseball, dances, boxing and wrestling. These amusements will cost more, but I know I'll really enjoy them.

Perhaps this is what the public needs—a forced vacation from the movies. If the cinema theaters would be closed for some time, say about three or four

BOOS AND Bouquets

months every year, people would start getting the uncontrollable urge of "I can hardly wait until the movie season gets here." The movies would then be shown appreciation. Attendance would grow by leaps and bounds.

If you don't think this system will work, just go over the attendance records of any seasonal sport. Baseball, football, ice hockey and basketball have gained throngs of fans every year in the past decade. People don't get bored with these sports, because they have to wait an entire year to see a World Series, a Rose Bowl game, or a championship hockey game. As for the movies, one only has to wait three or four days to see the best Class A pictures.

MICHAEL CHAPERAU,
El Paso, Tex.

UNLUCKY STAR

IHAVE just seen the new Myrna Loy-Robert Taylor film, "Lucky Night," and a suspicion which has been lurking in my mind for some time now (although I shall probably be accused of having no mind, should this letter ever appear in print) has been confirmed—Myrna Loy can't act.

Admittedly, the dialogue and situations in the film grew steadily worse, but Robert Taylor did at least try to make you feel as though he meant what he said and did. Not so Miss Loy. She seemed to grow less and less interested in what was going on as the film progressed until, at the end, I neither knew nor cared what happened.

It does seem to me that, with the shortage of really good films, the largest film company in the world is running a grave risk in giving two of its biggest stars such inferior material.

VAL BROWN,
London, England.

ATTENTION, UNCLE HERMAN

MY wife and I have been trying ever since we began reading your magazine to pick a flaw. When we couldn't find any, it seemed that there was no sense in writing. I started reading your magazine the day my father's brother Herman decided to take a trip to California and go in the movies. He had 165 pigeons in his backyard in a coop. He had names for every pigeon, like Charlie, Wilma, Gerald, etc. When the time came for the trip to the West Coast to get in the movies, Wilma and Charlie eloped. This dampened my uncle's aspirations because the pigeons were what made him want to get in the movies. His pigeons were very smart. So he sold the other pigeons, wrote a letter to William S. Hart, hopped a freight train and went up into Alaska. We got a letter from him last week saying he is raising a seal, and that just as soon as he is able to have something to go on, he is taking the
(Continued on page 92)

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!
America at its maddest! America at its merriest...
The land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days

Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all

Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!



Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with
HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE
FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger

GOOD-BYE, NANCY. I'LL CALL YOU UP SOME DAY

NANCY
THINKS:

OH DEAR,
WHY DOESN'T PHIL
ASK FOR ANOTHER
DATE NOW?

Here's why Nancy didn't get a re-date—



THIS MORNING NANCY PUT ON **YESTERDAY'S** PERSPIRY **UNDIES**. BY NOONTIME, THEY HAD ABSORBED STILL MORE PERSPIRATION. THEN PHIL TOOK HER TO LUNCH—



NANCY DIDN'T MAKE THE CHARMING IMPRESSION SHE SHOULD HAVE. **UNDIE ODOR** IS SO NOTICEABLE TO OTHERS! PLAY SAFE—**LUX** UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING!

Don't risk undie odor—use Lux!

Underthings constantly absorb perspiration odor—don't take chances with daintiness! Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux removes perspiration odor **completely**—keeps undies new-looking longer, too. Avoid cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the thrifty **BIG** box!



A little goes so far—it's **thrifty**

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (August)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (Oct.)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (August)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a great performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved *Kathie* teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as *Chip's* wife. Entire cast is excellent. A must. (August)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (August)

★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. There's movement to the piece. (Oct.)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer Stanley Fields, with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (Oct.)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to reopen a theater where the murder happened, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (Oct.)

IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander does fine work and Grant is magnificent. (Oct.)

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

There's a bonus tossed into this typical Gene Autry film—the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarge and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds. Gene rides to the rescue. (Oct.)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (Oct.)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (August)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (August)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (Oct.)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you were a visitor at either Fair this summer, we hope you saw this. If you were a stay-at-home, watch for it now at your local theater. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (August)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinemah, realhly. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: One twin is given in the care of the *Three Musketeers*, while the other becomes *Louis XIV*. Circumstance brings *Philippe* into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays *Maria Theresa*. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Oct.)

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (Oct.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by staid music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 92)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



In Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea," love rules over Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and English star, Margaret Lockwood

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 90.

1. Hollywood and Vine is:

A famous cross-roads *A club for actors*
A firm of agents *A hotel for girls in pictures*

2. One of these stars has never starred in screwball comedies:

Claudette Colbert *Carole Lombard*
Hedy Lamarr *Irene Dunne*

3. One of the following actors is half of a screen team appearing in a series:

Frank Morgan *Arthur Lake*
Lynne Overman *Akim Tamiroff*

4. This studio is located in a city which has been named after it:

Universal *Paramount*
United Artists *Disney*

5. The name of a picture in which Loretta Young appeared is contained in one of the following song titles:

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia
Sunrise Serenade
And the Angels Sing
My Old Kentucky Home

6. The correct name of the Hays office is:

Board of Censorship
Association of Motion Picture Studios
The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
Producers of Motion Pictures Society

7. This star was a concert pianist:

Ellen Drew *Ginger Rogers*
Anita Louise *Marlene Dietrich*

8. He gave up the starring role in "Having a Wonderful Time" in New York to play only a supporting role in a Group Theater production:

John Garfield *Fredric March*
Franchot Tone *Melvyn Douglas*

9. He will write, direct, produce, and act in his picture:

Bernard Shaw *Douglas Corrigan*
Orson Welles *Walter Damrosch*

10. Constance Bennett married the ex-husband of:

Binnie Barnes *Margaret Lockwood*
Kay Francis *Gloria Swanson*

11. Bette Davis won her first Academy Award for the following picture:

Jezebel *Dangerous*
Dark Victory *Of Human Bondage*

12. This star uses his real first name as his last name for pictures:

Paul Muni *Leslie Howard*
Spencer Tracy *James Stewart*

13. Ann Sheridan was brought to Hollywood in connection with one of these contests:

Scarlett O'Hara *Panther Woman*
The Search for Beauty *Gateway to Hollywood*

14. More than 5,000 police chiefs voted this actor their award for having done most to prevent crime last year:

Lewis Stone *James Cagney*
Gene Autry *Doug Fairbanks, Jr.*

15. This statesman was once a movie magnate:

Anthony Eden *John Cabot Lodge*
Joseph P. Kennedy *Carter Glass*

16. This Dead End Kid writes poetry, and good poetry, too:

Leo Gorcey *Billy Halop*
Huntz Hall *Bobby Jordan*

17. She formerly sang with Fred Waring's orchestra:

Alice Faye *Patricia Morison*
Mary Healy *Priscilla Lane*

18. Although his name is still part of the studio's name, he makes his own productions now:

Jack Warner *Louis B. Mayer*
Sam Goldwyn *Darryl Zanuck*

19. Her first husband was a member of a famous make-up family; her second is a composer:

Rochelle Hudson *Martha Raye*
Ann Sothern *Shirley Ross*

20. Only one of these studios is actually located in Hollywood:

Columbia *20th Century-Fox*
Hal Roach *Warners*



FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

OUT of the hearts of its people . . . out of the very soil of America . . . a great director creates his most stirring, human drama . . . of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart . . . of a woman who helps make his dream come true . . . and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring . . . in the seeing! Precious . . . in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S "MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"

co-starring

JEAN **ARTHUR** ★ **JAMES STEWART**

CLAUDE EDWARD GUY THOMAS BEULAH
with **RAINS** • **ARNOLD** • **KIBBEE** • **MITCHELL** • **BONDI**

Directed by **FRANK CAPRA** • Screen Play by **SIDNEY BUCHMAN**
A Columbia Picture

Lady Esther says—

"Discard all Heavy, Waxy Creams and keep your Accent on Youth!"



Join the revolt against heavy, waxy creams that demand tugging and pulling at delicate facial tissues! Get in the trend with youth! Keep in tune with the times—use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream to Keep your Accent on Youth!

THERE is a lot that younger women can learn from their seniors about cooking and the care of babies. But there is a great deal more, I find, that *older women* can learn from the younger women about the care of their skin—about keeping their beauty fresh and appealing.

For younger women have discarded those heavy creams symbolic of the 1920's and have preferred to entrust their skin to my more modern 4-Purpose Face Cream. The fact is that a great modern trend has set in and changed, *very radically*, the whole face cream technique of American women.

Talk to women under 25...go to the schools and the colleges...and you will find that heavy, waxy creams are "out"—that they are dated and passé and that the trend is definitely toward my 4-Purpose Cream.

In a blind test, women under 25 voted overwhelmingly (over 2 to 1) for Lady Esther Face Cream against the second most popular competitor.

That didn't surprise me particularly. But why on earth, I asked myself, didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly in favor of my 4-Purpose Face Cream?

* * *

Was habit holding them back? Were they wedded to some idea ten years old? Were their minds not receptive to a *new and better* technique? I do not know. But I do think that they, *even more than younger women*, should strive for the modern benefits of my 4-Purpose Cream.

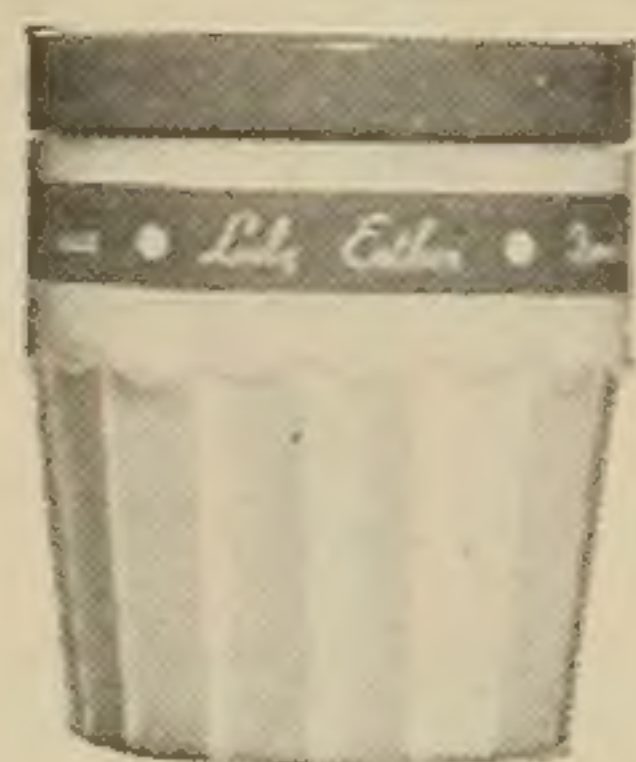
For no woman wants to look older than she really is and every woman

can be happier, more alluring, if she only finds the face cream that is *right for her*.

So I urge you to make my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test." See for yourself why my 4-Purpose Face Cream will help you keep your Accent on Youth!

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and *look at it*. Now, cleanse your skin with my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh cleansing tissue and *look at that*. What a shock it is to discover *more dirt*—to learn with your own eyes that my 4-Purpose Face Cream floats away pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.



Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon below and I'll gladly send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (and with it, my 10 thrilling new powder shades). Begin now, to use the one face cream that's right for you!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)
LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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Tired of the way you look? Take a lesson from Joan Bennett, whose change in appearance marked a new personality as well

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—Have you ever wished that you could change your type entirely, and turn yourself into a different personality? If you're a brunette, haven't you ever longed to be pale and blonde? If you're a blonde, haven't you ever been convinced that, as a brunette, you'd be a raving beauty? Joan Bennett was, until a short time ago, one of the screen's most glamorous blondes, but since her appearance in "Trade Winds," in which she had to wear a black wig, she has dyed her own hair a deep brown. She's found that this new color has not only made a radical change in her appearance, but in her personality as well. It's as if she'd suddenly become a new person.

"It's amazing how different you feel," said Joan, who is currently working in "The Housekeeper's Daughter." "You wear colors that you've never worn before, and, of course, your make-up is changed, and you even find yourself reacting to situations differently. I was

getting pretty tired of seeing the same face and coloring every time I looked into a mirror, and now I still receive a pleasant shock of surprise when, instead of the blonde I'd gotten so used to, I see a brunette staring back at me from the mirror."

Joan wears her hair quite long—almost to her shoulders—but it's cut so that it can be arranged in several different ways, for she firmly believes that a change in coiffure is stimulating, and is very good for the hair and scalp as well. As a blonde, she always parted her hair on the side. Since she's darkened her hair, however, she frequently parts it in the middle, with a loose wave and softly curled ends. Joan's hair is always soft and shining and perfectly groomed, but her routine for caring for it is a very simple one.

"Once a week," she said, "I have a shampoo preceded by a hot oil treatment to keep my scalp and hair in good condition. I brush my hair a lot each day, too, for I think constant brushing

PHOTOPLAY'S

own
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

is one of the most important factors for healthy hair, and I supplement the brushing by a gentle massaging of the scalp."

In changing to brunette from blonde, Joan discovered that her entire make-up needed revision. So she consulted Wally Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers who know all about make-up, and he told her to change to powder, foundation cream and lipstick just one shade darker than those that she had previously used. This was because the brunette hair gave a darker cast to her ordinarily fair features. She also darkened her brows and lashes, with only her eye shadow remaining the same shade.

Joan had always avoided a sun tan, but, since she's darkened her hair, she's also set about acquiring a definite beige sun tan, and it's extremely becoming to her new color. Joan's skin is one of the loveliest in Hollywood, but her beauty routine for caring for it is one that every girl can follow to advantage.

BEFORE retiring at night, Joan smooths a light cleansing cream into her skin, then wipes it off. After this, she washes her face and throat with a pure soap, complexion brush and warm water. She scrubs her face gently and rinses it in tepid water; and follows this by patting on a thin layer of tissue cream, which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin soft and smooth.

"In the morning, I splash ice-cold water over my face and throat, and then I apply my foundation cream. I use the foundation cream very sparingly because if you use too much it gives you a very heavily made-up appearance; and I smooth it on my skin very lightly and carefully so it's blended evenly. Then my powder and rouge. I've used rouge only since I've been a brunette. I never used it as a blonde—never needed it; but now I seem pale without it. I use it very lightly, giving just a suggestion of color to my cheeks. Then I apply my lipstick. I have several lipsticks, all carefully chosen, as is my rouge, to blend with the color of my costume.

"I finish my make-up with a drop of perfume on my eyebrows, the lobes of my ears and the back of my neck. I'm mad for perfume, you know; it's one of my hobbies, and I'm always trying out a new one. I carry out the same scent in cologne, bath crystals, soap and dusting powder, because I think conflicting fragrances destroy each other. Perfume should never be applied to your clothing, though; instead I have sachets put in my lingerie, clothes hangers and hat

rests so all my things will be delicately scented.

"Incidentally, it's strange how all your preferences seem to change along with the change in your hair and make-up. I used to go in for very delicate and elusive scents and preferred the flower perfumes. But now that I'm a brunette, I like the heavier, more Oriental-type scents. I tell you, it's literally made me a new person."

In addition to this daily care, Joan has a facial and a pack about once every two or three weeks, if she feels that her skin needs toning. There are several excellent packs on the market now, and they really do wonders for your complexion. If your skin seems to have become dull, or not in the best of condition, try one of these packs and you'll find that it leaves your skin glowing and healthy.

Joan has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, but her regime for keeping it slim and firm is an extremely simple one. She spends as much time out-of-doors as possible, because she believes the sun is an unbeatable tonic for one's skin, hair and body. The time she spends with her kennel of prize-winning cocker spaniels, which are adorable, working in her garden and swimming in the pool keeps her in the sunlight frequently. Swimming, of course, is one of the best all-around exercises for any girl, and you should go swimming as often as possible. Every city has an indoor swimming pool, and if you could possibly arrange to go there, say one night a week, if you're working every day, I'm sure you'll find it very beneficial.

Joan always plays tennis two or three times weekly and says it's a big factor in keeping her weight at an even keel. These two sports stimulate practically all the muscles, and tone the whole body.

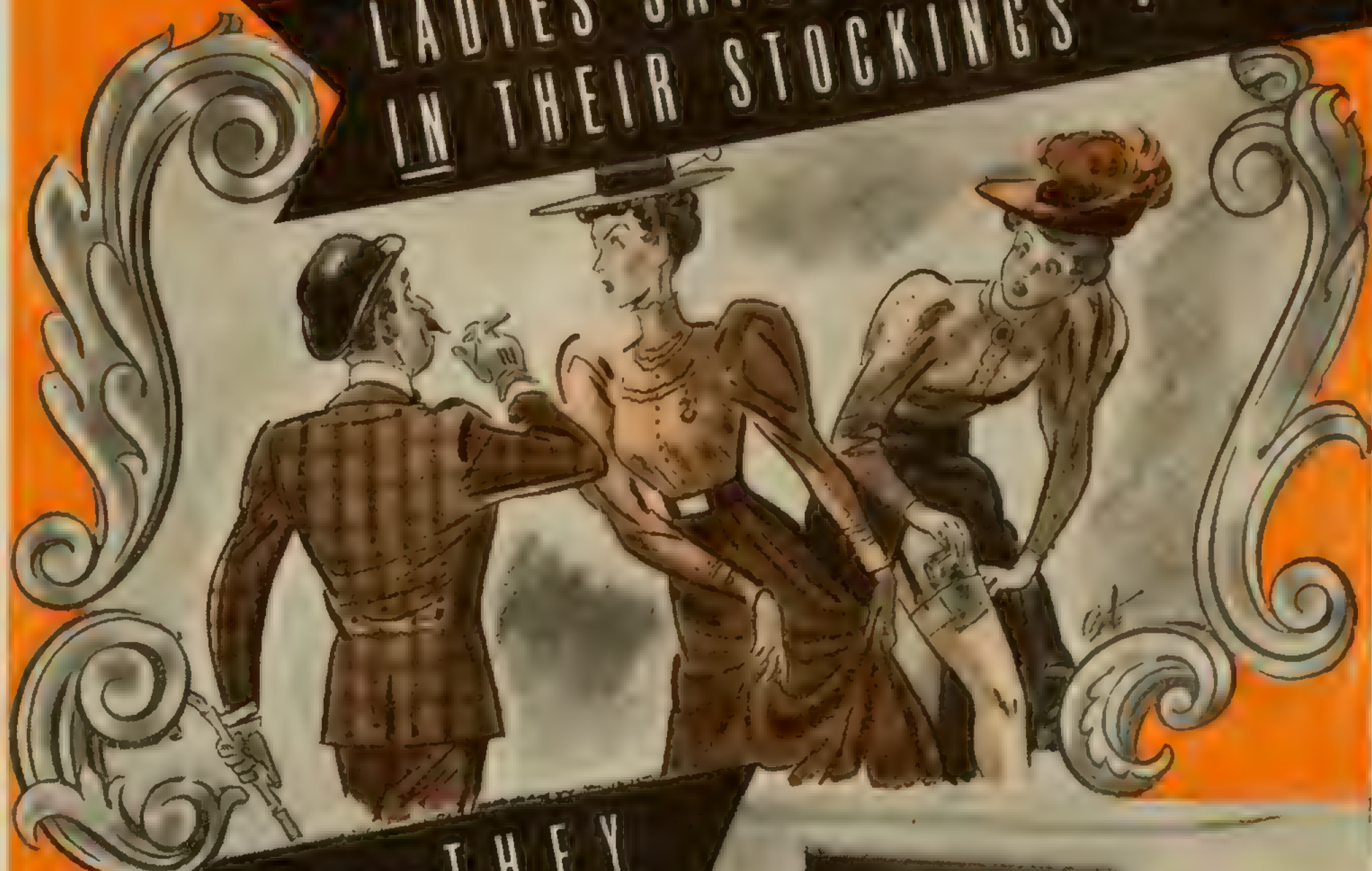
Aside from these sports, Joan does very little routine exercise, but there is one exercise she does faithfully for the facial and throat muscles. She blows a tiny feather into the air and then tries to keep it up. With her head thrown back, and turning from left to right, Joan keeps her lips pursed and her cheeks blown up with the air necessary to keep the feather afloat.

"I've become very adroit at this," she laughed. "When I started I could keep the feather in the air for only one minute. Now I've got a long-distance record for five minutes. It's a lot of fun, too. At first you feel awfully silly, chasing a tiny feather around, but it's

(Continued on page 89)

IN THE EARLY 1900'S . . .

LADIES SAVED THEIR MONEY
IN THEIR STOCKINGS . . .



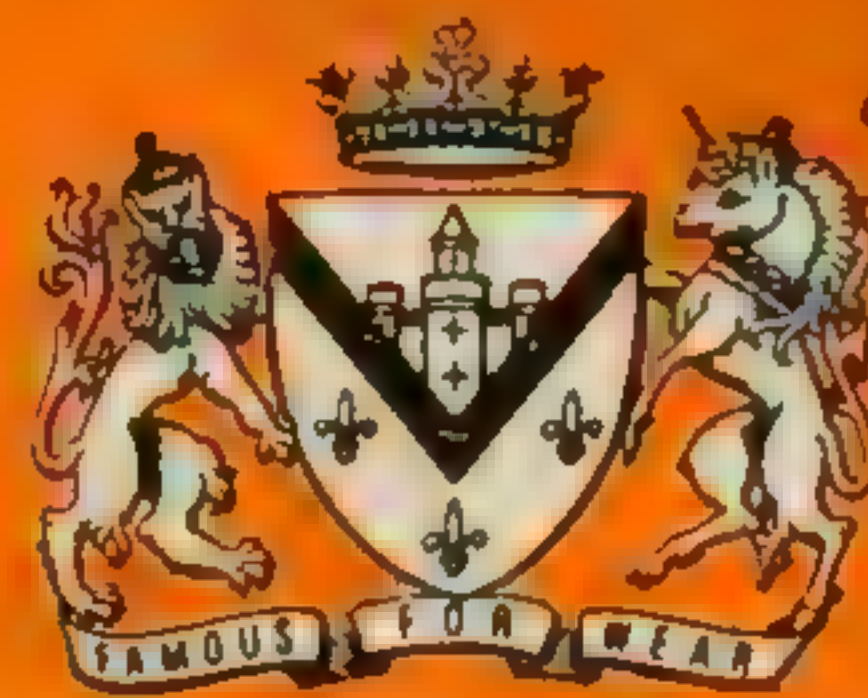
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*The most brilliant new
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GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and
Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"CAN I interest you in a quart of good blood?" inquire all the Hollywood comedians these days, when they tell a joke that dies . . . "You've got egg on your face," yells the director to an actor who has not registered in a scene . . . "They wrote it straight across his teeth," studios now say when they mean a role was tailored to order for some star . . . these are just three examples of current Hollywood slang . . . and just three more reasons why the average Hollywoodite rarely dares leave town for long . . . in a city where the language changes that fast, fame and fortune change even faster and you can't keep up with things unless you keep running all the time. . . .

For instance, in two terrific preview weeks that included such big-investment films as "In Name Only," "The Wizard of Oz," "Fifth Avenue Girl," "Nurse Edith Cavell," and "The Star Maker," who would have dreamed that the most artistic, compelling picture of that group would be the British-made-in-America production, "Nurse Edith Cavell" . . . and that Anna Neagle, who has never meant very much at the American box office, would give a performance that entitles her to serious Academy Award attention? . . . And who would have believed, unless they had seen him, that newcomer William Holden, as the "Golden Boy," could achieve such a fine, exciting characterization that he immediately enters the ranks of the rapidly thinning, unattached glamour boys . . . (with even Brian Aherne captured by Joan Fontaine, so that there is one bachelor less in the film colony) . . . and that also in "Golden Boy," a new character actor came into his own . . . an actor named Lee Cobb, who played William Holden's father so magnificently that it was a pleasant shock after the preview to learn that Mr. Cobb is himself in his twenties? . . .

THE new girl everyone is talking about is Linda Darnell at Twentieth Century-Fox . . . even a month ago, when I saw this youngster's tests at Twentieth, the studio wasn't so excited about her, right there on her own lot . . . Twentieth thought, of course, that she was talented, but most of its attention was centered then on Brenda Joyce . . . meanwhile "Hotel For Women" has been released, and little Linda looks definitely like star stuff . . . but the pace that chills is the speed whereon, with that discovery, the studio that began to ignore Arleen Whelan when it found Nancy Kelly, now is ignoring Nancy Kelly in favor of Miss Darnell . . . you can tell that by the casting . . . Arleen Whelan gave up a role in a Tyrone Power picture in favor of Miss Kelly . . . that was "Jesse James"



Ruth Waterbury

Attention, Academy Award giver-outers! Don't overlook Anna Neagle, star of "Nurse Edith Cavell," when the Oscars are dispensed

It could happen only in Hollywood—that Dalies Frantz, an internationally-known concert pianist, is rated "Unknown"

There's danger in pinning a "second" tag on Linda Ware (below). She's the songstress you saw in "The Star Maker"

. . . and now Miss Kelly has given up, or, to be more tactful about it, has been cast in something else in order that Miss Darnell may be in Ty's next film . . . no wonder people are all nerves out here . . . pretty Linda dancing gaily along in the Cinderella slippers of fame must, nevertheless, be a little cold about the toes wondering if there may not be another glamour-girl threat to her coming around the next corner. . . .

If you go away from Hollywood for so much as a week end you may lose out on some of the most important moves going on in the background . . . for instance, if I had not gone to the very impressive tea Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond gave for Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz, I would never have met (or, most certainly, I would not have met for some time) Dalies Frantz, who was a co-guest of honor at that party . . . and thus have stumbled upon one of the most fascinating "grooming" stories in the industry . . . for in the person of Mr.

Frantz, who is very tall, very blond and potentially as full of fireworks as an arsenal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer not only hopes it has discovered a new leading man, but also a medium by which it can bring great piano music to the screen . . . Dalies Frantz is, first of all, a great pianist, having played with all the leading symphony orchestras of this country . . . even though he has the body of a football player and a strangely sardonic face, Frantz, who for all his foreign-sounding name is as American as grid-dle cakes, is eager to do the great piano concertos by way of movies . . . I rushed down to Metro the day after Jeanette's party and there saw the scenes he plays in "Balalaika" . . . he has only a small role, but, to me, the burning Frantz temperament more than makes up for his lack of conventional male beauty in the Robert Taylor sense . . . handsomeness helps, as witness Messrs. Gable, Power, Taylor and even fine actor Cary Grant . . . but an actor can get along without it, too, as witness Tracy, Muni, Cagney and many others . . . as for his playing . . . when he is at the piano (and I got a private recital in the Frantz dressing room that lasted for nearly three hours and that went all the way from Bach to Ravel), Mr. Frantz has that same simplicity toward his music that distinguishes Deanna Durbin . . . and the same fidelity and beauty . . . but where else but in Hollywood would you find a person with such talents still an "Unknown"? . . .

AND speaking of Deanna and music, if you had missed the preview of "The Star Maker," by going away for a week end, let's say, how would you, as a member of the Hollywood patrol, have known that, in the person of Linda Ware, Paramount has not, as it claims, another Durbin? . . . a nice little girl she is, this Linda Ware, with a good voice, but it is unfair to her to tack that "second Durbin" label on her . . . let her develop along the lines of her own talent, as Metro is letting Judy Garland develop . . . don't "second" her . . . the exquisite Durbin stands alone, unique and heartwarming . . . as for the rest of "The Star Maker," this department can't give it a thing, despite Bing Crosby, that lazy smoothie, a couple of good tunes, and Laura Hope Crews, who proves anew that a good trouser can make the dullest lines sound funny, just by knowing how. . . .

WISHING won't make it so . . . but "The Star Maker" is just another proof that no matter what other elements a picture has, you must have a good story first . . . there is no story at all to "The Star Maker" and, therefore, it drags . . . and, similarly, there is no story, or what there is of it makes a jumbled, leaden mass, in "When Tomorrow Comes" . . . and, therefore, all the charm, the warmth and the lovely devices of Irene Dunne's and Charles Boyer's acting are wasted . . . why, why, does Hollywood do that? . . . Irene told me herself before the preview that every bit of that production was shot "off the cuff" . . . that is, nobody knew from day to day how the story was coming out . . . that two great, expensive, important stars got their dialogue the night before for the scenes the next

day, so that neither of them knew what the characters they were playing were all about or what they were doing or would do . . . conscientious stars wish studios wouldn't do that . . . stars take the blame when pictures fail . . . no picture with Dunne and Boyer, after their marvelous "Love Affair," can quite fail, but if they had had a real story they could undoubtedly have gone on to a greater triumph . . . the lunatic part of this situation is that every studio in town "shoots off the cuff" on occasion . . . yet there are some seven hundred good writers in Hollywood, experienced in the ways of scenarios, stars and budgets and yet some four hundred of them are unemployed. . . .

CLOUDS OVER HOLLYWOOD

"WAR declared!" The words struck like a bombshell in the midst of Hollywood, uniting in one great bond of sympathy the many nationalities in the Melting Pot of the entertainment world.

The crowds were laughing as they emerged from the premiere of "The Women," gay with the sparkle of watching a gay, sparkling picture, happy with that sense of well-being within the industry which comes from the knowledge that another hit is born. Then, as they reached the street, the newsboys' cries reached their ears.

A stunned moment before the full impact of the news struck home. Bitter silence as realization came. Then a growing murmur of restlessness and fear and heartache for the many strangers within the gates who for so long now had been no longer strangers.

"What of Boyer?" "What of Niven?" "And Richard Greene?"

What of Niven, indeed? David was to be star in Sam Goldwyn's production of "Raffles." The goal he had worked toward for so long was his at last. And the next day it was over. The British Consul had handed him the papers from England that said, "Stand by." Whereupon Mr. Goldwyn speeded up production on "Raffles," so that David's scenes could be completed before he leaves.

What of Boyer? Charles, a member of the officers' reserve in France and now in his native country, has offered his services.

And the others? We spoke directly to British Consul Holliday in Los Angeles and this was the word he gave us: "The only man summoned to service is David Niven, reserve officer. No other Englishman in Hollywood can be summoned to service as long as he remains in a neutral country. If he wishes to enlist, he must leave American soil for Canada or England to do so."

There's Richard Greene. Twentieth Century-Fox is going right ahead with the plans for his next picture, "Little Old New York," but—

There's Alan Mowbray, president of the British United Service Club in Los Angeles and now working unofficially as aide to the British Consul. Alan says, "At the moment England seems to have all the men it needs, but I have already offered my services."

And there are Canadian-born Walter Pidgeon and British-born Basil Rathbone, both veterans of the last war. There's Basil's son, Rodion. There are Donald Crisp and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, reserve officers, not yet summoned. Ronald Colman is past the war age and Herbert Marshall is still bearing the marks of his wounds in the previous great conflict. George Brent, Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland and Claude Rains all have their final naturalization papers. The status of Errol Flynn, who has not received his final papers yet, is not clear.

But there are Cary Grant, Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, John Loder, bridegroom Brian Aherne, Charles Laughton, Raymond Massey, and so many others who would be sorely missed.

Hollywood, so often a little world within itself, a little world of ambition and desire and a thousand internal problems peculiar to its own profession, is face to face with grim reality. Hollywood, like all the rest of an anguished world, can only wait—and hope.

Just at the moment that you get that "down" feeling about pictures, however, a couple of delights come along . . . two such varied pictures but each of them so very thrilling for very different reasons . . . the first, "The Under-Pup" with Joe Pasternak's new musical discovery, Gloria Jean, and Twentieth Century-Fox's gigantic spectacle "The Rains Came" . . . being deluged lately with musical child discoveries I wasn't too excited about seeing little Miss Jean but the very first glimpse of her, healthy, ebullient, smiling, and she was at once as much everybody's younger daughter or sub-deb girl friend as Mickey Rooney is everybody's son or boy friend . . . She is a delightful youngster and Pasternak has achieved with her the same trick he did with Durbin . . . she sings beautifully but truly as effortless as a bird and as naturally . . . when she breaks into song she does it apparently as spontaneously as a real little

girl would do it in real life . . . and her acting is so completely natural that it isn't until the picture is all over that you are aware of how very fine her performance has been. . . .

"The Rains Came" is at exactly the opposite pole of attraction . . . this is very worldly, very sophisticated, bitterly humorous at times . . . it has fire and earthquakes and floods . . . it has three very great stars in it . . . Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent, the latter giving the very finest performance of his career . . . it cost a fortune . . . the kind of fortune that we won't be seeing for a while now while war hangs over the world . . . its greatness, however, lies not alone in the sum of all these assets so much

as it does in the touching, spiritual message it contains . . . I'm sure "The Under-Pup" didn't cost a third of what "The Rains Came" cost . . . but it is a wonderful business that is capable of producing such variety . . . at such a variety of cost, too. . . .

NATURALLY Hollywood, in common with the rest of our troubled world, is disturbed over the horrible events in Europe . . . but do not take too seriously the reports that because filmland has, by this conflict lost most of its foreign earnings, pictures will be cut down, very cheaply produced, made second-rate . . . nothing of the kind is going to happen . . . Hollywood will have to cut costs . . . but it will not cut on entertainment values . . . but it, too, is conscious of its duty to the world . . . the producers, the writers, the actors of Hollywood feel today that more than ever it must produce entertainment to keep us, so luckily in this country, happy . . . and to keep those tragic people of Europe courageous by at least giving them the release of laughter and dreams. . . .

THUS in all the shifting, constantly changing world of Hollywood a few things remain constant . . . Garbo goes to Irene's fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire . . . not as the other stars went, that is by invitation into a small group of Hollywoodites who wouldn't have molested a buttercup, but hidden behind the scenes, protected by three burly guards . . . thus the Garbo "mystery" remains set . . . and when she leaves, Hyman Fink

pursues her, and gets a picture of her, and as usual, he is the only cameraman who does get the picture, though they all wanted it (you'll see it on Page 61) . . . so the Fink "scoop" technique stays unimpaired over some fifteen years . . . and from England comes word that Norma Shearer, quite as usual, will get the one leading man most in demand by the world for her next picture . . . it will be Robert (Mr. Chips) Donat this time . . . but Norma got Gable when he was first being fought over by the film queens . . . that is, before he was the one who could give the orders on the casting . . . and got Tyrone Power ditto . . . so some things and some persons in this crazy town do act in a manner you can foretell . . . thank heaven, they do . . . or we on the Hollywood beat would never dare to get a moment's sleep . . . even though we've long since given up the idea of a real rest. . . .

A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by *Jane Grant*



"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss... and whammmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



DATES GALORE . . .

for this new pocket-jacket of FEDERAL Silver Fox! Collarless, with bracelet-length sleeves it has everything you could ask of a fur coat. "FEDERAL" is so flattering that you want to wear it everywhere. And you may, for it's as chic by candle-light as it is under the winter sun. Good stores throughout the country are showing FEDERAL Silver Fox in thrilling new jackets, coats, stoles, always stamped on the leather side with the FEDERAL name

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

FOR THE Picture's SAKE



BY

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Author of "Magnificent Obsession,"
"Green Light," "Disputed Passage"

An inspiring message in
which Mr. Douglas applies
the theme of "Disputed
Passage" to Hollywood—
and to your life as well

ILLUSTRATED BY

McCLELLAND BARCLAY



The prettiest girl in town, but she'd fail in pictures—she can't be taught what every star must know instinctively

I HAVE a weakness for the society of people who do their work with a feeling that "the ship is more than the crew." And it pleases me to believe that almost everyone likes a story about men and women whose personal relations are of less importance to them than the job that has brought them together.

With this in mind, I wrote a novel ("Disputed Passage," filmed by Paramount—Editor), about two surgeons—an arrogant old one, and an impudent young one—who were closely associated in the practice of a difficult specialty.

Each had a deep respect for the other's knowledge and skill, and when they were standing shoulder to shoulder in the experimental laboratory or the operating room, you might have thought that "Tubby" Forrester and Jack Beaven were father and son; which would have been incorrect, for they hated each other so bitterly that they wouldn't speak when they met at the club or on the street.

For years, they carried on that way, co-operating with each other in the business of restoring health and saving lives, but continuing to

hate each other's personalities. Their job was bigger than their feud.

A friend who read the story said to me, "Oh, of course—doctors—dealing with human lives—they couldn't let their silly animosity interfere with their work. But—there aren't many jobs like that."

I reminded him that the navigating officers on a ship have to work together in harmony, even though they may have plans to knock each other's heads off the first time they make port;

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HEDY LAMARR

And Other Dangerous

BY BARBARA HAYES



While Hedy Lamarr (top) is the newest uncontested glamour girl, two other brunette beauties, Patricia Morison and Dorothy Lamour, are having a battle royal that has to do with mathematics—strictly speaking, figures

JOAN BENNETT is in Hedy Lamarr's hair—but distinctly.

For while Hedy is the uncontested newest glamour girl, the allure woman of the present season and the oomph gamble of M-G-M, the youngest Bennett has a gleam in her eye and a part in her coiffure that is driving Hedy crazy.

To say that Hedy is piqued by the situation is putting it mildly. The only thing that prevents a violent feud actually developing between them is that pretty Joan won't play. Joan isn't having

any feud. She is merely sitting back, impudently smiling, acting the perfect lady that she always is—and if any attitude is more calculated to drive another woman wild, female research is yet to unearth it.

Actually Hollywood doesn't have many feuds any more, all things considered. Good old knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out fights such as Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri used to indulge in are all but outlawed today. As the town has grown larger, it has, perversely, become smaller

in its social doings. You simply can't keep a good feud burning if you have to meet your rival five times a week at dinner.

Of course, you can't call the passages at arms that went on between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer during the making of "The Women" any little friendship binders. Nor are the engagements that currently are being indulged in by Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison of the type that exactly cement devotion, and all the catty things Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins are said to have said to each other during the filming of "The Old Maid" were not in the script. But still and for all, today's stars tend to keep their temperamental clashes to themselves, not nearly so much because they are angels, as because they have to. From picture to picture you can never tell whom you are going to be cast with and even a fine actor finds it difficult to do love scenes opposite a person with whom he has quarreled. (If you don't believe that, recall the chill that lay over the love scenes between Sonja Henie and Ty Power in "Second Fiddle.")

IT'S undoubtedly because Hedy is still rather a stranger around Hollywood that she is being as outspoken as she is about Joan, but at that, her situation is really irksome.

To begin with, Hedy was discovered and put into pictures by Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett's most devoted escort. She had, of course, been brought to this country by M-G-M after making the sensational "Ecstasy," but until Walter cast her in "Algiers," she was wasting her beauty on the desert air of Culver City. With the showing of "Algiers," she proved to be the biggest sensation to hit the movie business since Garbo, and everything looked set for her to become the greatest of new stars. M-G-M hurriedly put her in "I Take This Woman." The name "Lamarr" was used as synonymous with sex appeal, come-hither, charm and all the other desirable attributes of enchantment, but "I Take This Woman" was shelved and, after a long delay, "Lady of the Tropics" was started.

Meanwhile, Joan Bennett had changed her hair from the light blonde she had always worn it on the screen to a dark brown, and then she had proceeded to part that dark brown hair right smack in the middle. Certainly she had a perfect right to do so if she chose to, and you wouldn't expect anything so simple as that to start a revolution, except that when you looked at Joan, you saw that in dark hair she looked enough like Hedy Lamarr to be her twin. Also while Hedy, through no fault of her own, was

S JOAN BENNETT

Hollywood Feuds

*Shades of the good old days—
glamour girl wars against glam-
our girl on the Hollywood front*

waiting around for a second picture, Joan made the highly successful "Trade Winds," and followed that up, still dark-haired, by the even more successful "Man in the Iron Mask." In other words, Joan looked like Lamarr and acted like the daughter of five generations of good actors which is just what she is, and a very neat combination that does make, too.

Right about then, Joan, who was interested in Hedy because Wanger had discovered her, proceeded to introduce Miss Lamarr to Gene Markey, who is Joan's ex-husband. Hedy called Joan up the next day to say that Gene was fascinating (which he is), and Joan called Gene to say that he had scored a terrific hit with Hedy (which he had), and the next thing you know Mr. Markey and Miss Lamarr were man and wife, with Reggie Gardiner, who had been Hedy's escort up until that time, left very much out in the cold.

Enter, then, the person of Miss Melinda Markey, the very beautiful, very provocative and very small daughter of Gene Markey and Joan Bennett.

Now Joan Bennett is one of those girls who has a genuine passion for maternity. Give her the choice between love, wealth, a career or her daughters and she would not waver for an instant. She would take her children if she had to sacrifice the whole world for them. In fact it was to support her first baby and bring her up magnificently that Joan went out into the world—a divorcee, at eighteen—and literally went hungry until she got her first big break in pictures. There is not one detail of the lives of Ditty, the older daughter, or Melinda, the younger, that Joan does not supervise. Nothing from their diet, to their posture, their schooling, or their clothes is left to chance.

So, therefore, when Joan, in response to Gene's request, said that she preferred not to have Melinda visit his new home because she felt a five-year-old was much too young to understand about "Daddy's new

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La Bennett won't play. She's having no part in a violent feud. But worse revolutions have been started for less than what Joan has done. In the meantime, Hollywood's having its day



Norma—intelligent, calm, reserved. Joan—impulsive, generous, warm. Theirs is that eternal conflict between mind and emotions—and a bitter one, too

The trail is dark and hidden (by the publicity department) in the Bette Davis-Miriam Hopkins battle—but we were the profiteers in the feud that went on during the making of "The Old Maid"



Don't pull a Veloz and Yolanda Beware of the "Swallow Complex"

Hollywood's leading exponents of graceful ballroom dancing pull no punches in their dos and don'ts for Terpsichoreans

I MUST say I'm grateful for the chance to let loose about this ballroom dancing business. I've plenty to say. As a matter of fact, I think I've been working up to this for a long time, through what seems like endless years of sitting at floor tables watching the great American public put on its dumb-show of comedy and few enough manners—to dance music.

Heaven knows what Butch Romero is going to say over there on that other page. It's his job to advise the men so their partners on the waxed floor won't feel like biting the arm that guides them. I drew the females. And I hope they can take it.

Of course, the first thing to consider is choice of dates, if you have a choice. You may know an awfully sweet boy who is perfectly nice at other social exercises, but who turns into a "roamer" on a dance floor. I mean one of those fellows who brings his date in, leaves her at the bar, and starts asking other girls to dance with him. Or he may get a "Swallow Complex" as soon as he's had a few drinks, swooping all over the place and causing collisions. You cannot convince a boy in this state that he is not dancing in a manner to strike bitter envy into the breasts of Veloz and Yolanda, if they could but watch. So don't try.

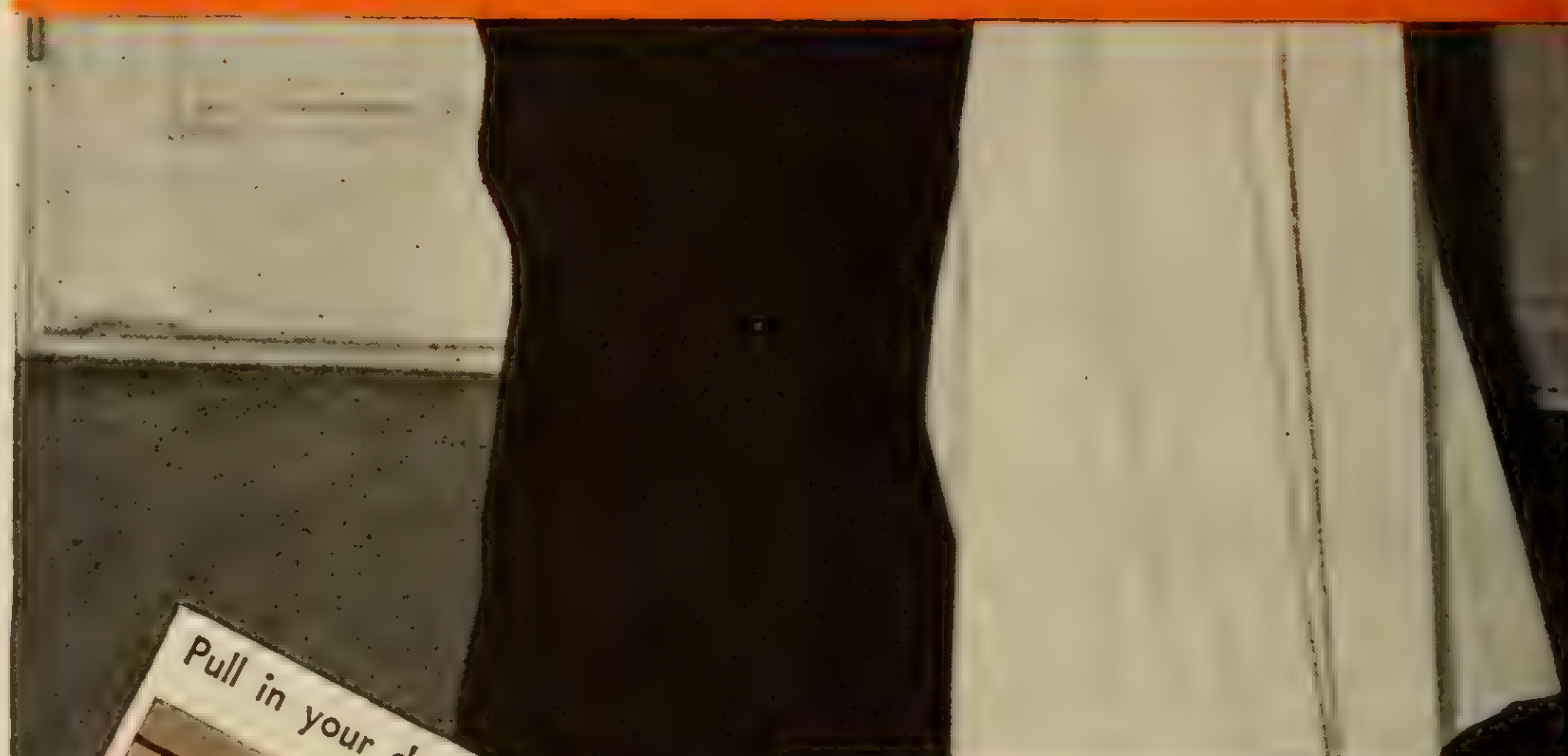
(Continued on page 85)

What's Wrong with

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

BY JOAN CRAWFORD

AS TOLD TO



Dance or get off the floor Don't step on his feet



Pull in your derriere



Don't flirt over his shoulder





Right position for man's arm

Don't jitterbug

Are You Dancing?

ATTENTION, BOYS!

BY CESAR ROMERO

HOWARD SHARPE



Don't hang onto a man's neck

Don't get make-up on his coat

Wrong position for girl's arm



I'VE just finished reading Joan's advice to the ladies (she would get her story finished first). And, Gentlemen, if the maidens read with humble eye, accept her admonitions and reform, we've got to show our appreciation in some tangible way. Such as a truckload of orchids, purchased by subscribed collection, or something.

Because imagine having a date with a girl who kept her hat out of our noses, her make-up off our coats, her heels out of the cuffs of our pants, and didn't ever try to lead. All at one and the same time!

It's going to take a bit of doing, though, living up to a dance partner à la Crawford.

That hour before you get into your roadster and barrel on over to pick her up is just as important with you as it is with your girl. For one thing, don't try to get by on your morning shave. I've asked a lot of Hollywood women for straight answers on this and they've admitted they're less irritated by the looks of a good honest stubble than by the way it feels. No shave, no love life.

You don't have to worry about clothes quite as much as the gals do, because men's clothes are more or less standardized, but if there's a choice, I'd say be as conservative as you can. Particularly, when you're going dancing, wear suits that make you look taller than you are. Women have the advantage of high heels, but we can make use of pin-stripes and well-cut jackets and even tails, if the dance is a swank affair.

If you've never danced with a particular girl before, it's a good idea not to wear white shoes. Women like to yell about men walking on feminine toes, just as we make a noise about female drivers. But half the time it's the girl who takes a little rest on our shoe tops, unless both sides of the couple are accomplished steppers or very used to each other.

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POSED ESPECIALLY FOR PHOTOPLAY
BY MISS CRAWFORD AND MR. ROMERO
AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY HYMAN FINK

Hark you well, lassies, who would the belle of the ball be! Above, left, Joan illustrates the correct position for the girl's arm to rest on her partner's. But Cesar breaks one of his own cardinal rules (above) when he brings his arm too far under Joan's right arm. His left arm, however, is in the correct position. Read and learn, kiddies, then, in Joan's own words, "HappyProm" to you

WILL "THE GRAPES OF WRATH"



From "The Grapes of Wrath": "Cars . . . wrecks . . . abandoned . . . What happened to the folks?"



"I'll work for food. The kids. You ought to see them."



John Steinbeck



Nunnally Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The most discussed book in many years is "Grapes of Wrath." The fact that its author, John Steinbeck, deals with a phase of American life in which great social injustice is apparent has led to the rumor that when Darryl Zanuck bought the motion picture rights forces more powerful than Zanuck would prevent his making the picture—at least with all the power and vigor contained in the original book. Many people are shocked by the startlingly realistic dialogue and situations painted ruthlessly by John Steinbeck and so the story has grown that "Grapes of Wrath" will never be filmed. Therefore I went to Nunnally Johnson, famous writer and producer, who was entrusted with the task of adapting the book to the movies, and asked him to give the readers of PHOTOPLAY a frank and fearless statement of the real facts. I am proud to be able to present it herewith.

—E. V. H.

Even John Steinbeck, author of the year's most daring book, believed the picture would never be made. Here's the answer from this famous producer and writer who adapted it

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON

LAST April, when Twentieth Century-Fox bought "The Grapes of Wrath," I went to New York to talk to John Steinbeck regarding its conversion into a screen play, and we had scarcely reached the olive in the first Martini when he asked me what the hell was this rumor that the company had got the story for the sole purpose of ditching it.

That was the first time I heard the report, but not the last by a long shot. The way it came to Steinbeck, the banks that finance the movies were putting the finger on the book by authorizing Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century-Fox, to buy it and bury it and forget it, at any price and on the house.

Since the bankers who finance the movies were unlikely to let me in on any such Machiavellian maneuver as that, I hardly knew what to say. Odd things happen in Hollywood. But I doubted it. For one thing, my last recollection of Zanuck before I left the studio was that of a man shouting with excitement. For another, if the book were dead what was the point of adding to the cost of the funeral by assigning me and my pay to it? Once you've got the corpse set in the casket you don't go out and



Darryl Zanuck

BE SHELVED?



Side each habitation some kind of automobile"



"Men who had never been hungry saw the eyes of the hungry"

Farm Security Administration Photographs

treat it to a spring wardrobe. For still a third, it wasn't a Book of the Month, and so I didn't see how a banker could have heard of it, much less read it.

But that was all I could tell Steinbeck, and I admit it wasn't much. So I suppose it goes without saying that he remained skeptical—polite, to be sure, but clearly skeptical. Nor, incidentally, has his skepticism ever abated, even when he read and approved the script of the screen play. And he'll still be dubious until he has seen the picture on the screen—for which, God knows, I don't blame him.

A dozen times I came on the rumor in New York and for months afterward in Hollywood, until here at the studio we became resigned to it, as a man with a harelip becomes resigned to his affliction. Movie gossip writers, working with that crystal ball which is standard equipment for slightly incompetent journalists, fed the campaign with dark and mysterious hints of information straight from the old feedbox. Zanuck was bluffing. Zanuck had to assign a writer to the story simply to save his face. Zanuck was going to fenagle Will Hays into banning it, for the same reason. Zanuck was secretly begging the Governor of California to intercede.

Parenthetically, I must say that Zanuck loved it. "Show me a man who can prove that I spent \$70,000 for a book in order to shelve it," he said, "and I'll make a picture about him!" Nothing improves Zanuck's disposition like a good stiff rumor that he'll never do it. His spirits rise, soft drinks flow like water in his office, and it is a first-rate time to hit him for a raise or a vacation. Close parenthesis.

Since then, a number of agencies have indicated their antagonism to the book by passing resolutions against it and in some instances by barring it from public libraries. A woman writer, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, wife of former California State Senator Sangborn Young, has announced her intention to answer "The Grapes of Wrath" with a novel based on the odd premise that the California rancher is himself a tragic

figure in that he "faces a great problem in these homeless hordes of poverty-stricken dust-bowl refugees who camp on his property and beg for work." In her novel, she promises there will also be a pure love story. Behind her intention was the contention of many Californians, that Steinbeck's book was unjust to the conditions in that state.

FOR my part, I found only one implied charge in "The Grapes of Wrath" that was wholly indefensible. This was the wholesale recruiting of ignorant dust-bowl refugees by means of handbills and newspaper advertisements by unscrupulous labor agents. Who should bear the responsibility for these agents and their methods, I do not know. But I confirmed Steinbeck's charges regarding them by obtaining photostat copies of both handbills and advertisements. That they did lure many times as many men as they had jobs, as Steinbeck claimed, was clear on the surface.

But the company, purely as a matter of precaution and for its own satisfaction, engaged a private investigation to check on conditions in the counties where the Okies have settled in California. Without distrusting Steinbeck's material, it was felt advisable to have at hand, in cases of attack, something more specific by way of answer than a book of fiction, however well documented. This investigation, while it found summer conditions somewhat better than they have been and may again be during winter, disclosed no reason why we should modify the tell-

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"I seen a thing in the paper says they need folks to pick fruit" . . . "Look, it don't make no sense. This fella wants eight hunderd men . . . An' maybe two-three thousan' folks get movin' account a this here han'-bill." Here's proof of the ads and handbills which started the migration

THE DAILY OKLAHOMAN,
OKLAHOMA CITY, Sunday,
September 26, 1937.

Help Wanted—Male

5,000 COTTON PICKERS WANTED
Coolidge, Ariz. Large acreage,
Staple Cotton will yield 1 to 1½ short
per acre. Growers paying 1 to 1½¢
lbs. Good Pickers now getting 300 lbs. to 400
work, daily. Come soon for several months
climate, picking lasts till February. Ideal
free, warm days, dry, sunshine full and
or Farm Labor any Ranch, and
son, Phoenix, Arizona. 28
EXPERIENCED
have car and radio
permanently
and repair

800 PEA PICKERS Wanted!

700 Acres of Good Peas
about 20 miles West of
Santa Maria, California,
near Longport, Calif.
Good Camp, Good Wat-
er and Store.
BUSY ALL SEASON
WILL START ABOUT
FEBRUARY 25th or
MARCH 1st.

THE DAILY OKLAHOMAN,
OKLAHOMA CITY,
SUNDAY,
OCTOBER 31, 1937

COTTON pickers—Several thousand still
wanted to arrive here before Novem-
ber 15th; growers paying 85¢ hundred for
short staple; first picking bale or better
to acre; houses or tents free; ideal cli-
mate, warm, dry fall and winter days.
Farm Labor Service, 28 West Jefferson,
Phoenix, Ariz.
SMALL, daily, doing job print, needs two
thirder for ads, job work; good equi-
pment, and
smrock, Ariz.

Today—top contender for old-time stardom

Yesterday—a blonde song-and-dance girl



Decoration by E. M. Jackson

Culver

Tenth Avenue Girl

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL
ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED
BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WOMEN are made and molded by love, by the quality of their love and the kind of man they love and the things of the soul love teaches them. That is the law of life. No woman, perhaps, has ever become a great actress without that heartbreak that makes her kin to the sorrow and glory of every woman.

The magic of it reaches out from the stage, from the screen, and touches other hearts, the magic of it turns to truth and beauty everything it touches.

It has been written of Alice Faye that she was never in love with Rudy Vallee. That, of course, is pure nonsense. Lucky for the girl who stands today at the very peak of stardom, who to the amazement of everyone has changed from a blonde song-and-dance glamour girl to a fine artist, that she was in love with Rudy. Without that love—not without Vallee but without those emotional adventures through which he led her—she might never have grown up.

Plain, too, that he loved her in a way he has never loved anyone else and that with her he



might have found that happiness in love which has always escaped him. But that, as the story shows, was his own fault.

1931. "The George White Scandals." Hit show of the town. Stage door open at last. "Good evening, Bill," to the stage doorman. Heels echoing through the dark, silent theater. The crowded dressing room, flooded with a white, hot light, the smell of grease paint, the girls rushing, giggling, shouting, their high young voices filling the room.

"Hi, there, Miss Alice, you're late. Get going." "He was a nice guy but he wanted to do the tango at the Stork Club and he couldn't find no place to park his feet but on my new slippers." "Who's got my lipstick? I wish you little girls would leave my lipstick be, that's all I wish." "Where you going tonight? There's a party at—" "Naw, my feller's in town. Say, do you think I'd like to live in Texas?"

The theater—the real theater—at last.

Tall girls, dark and blonde and redheaded. Among them, just one of them, the youngest and most inexperienced, Alice Faye of Tenth Avenue. Towel around her hair, eyes intent—cold cream, grease paint, lipstick, mascara. "Come on, girls—overture—" How wonderful. Overture. Everybody frantic, peering wildly at the long mirrors for the last time, scrambling down the iron stairs like a lot of puppies, breathless as the curtain went up and their feet began to keep time.

Alice Faye in the front row of the "Scandals." Heart beating fast with excitement—with triumph. This—why, this was Success.

WEST SIDE still—but a hotel now. Funny old hotel not very far from Madison Square Garden, not many blocks from where she was born, crowded with old-time vaudevillians, song-and-dance men, comedians out of work. Talk of the old days, talk that fascinated Alice, made her feel that she had entered a new world. "I was with George M. Cohan that year—" or "Unless you saw Lillian Lorraine—" and the haggard young woman who had been with Marilyn Miller in "Sally." Marilyn Miller—idol of little Alice Faye. If I could ever dance like Marilyn Miller—ever, ever, ever.

The days when worn-out, scuffed shoes for her and the boys had been a tragedy, the days when you were lucky to have a Sunday dress, when you stared into the windows on Fifth Avenue and could hardly believe some people could just walk in and buy such beautiful things, those days were receding. Little Alice was getting almost as much a week now as Papa used to get a month as a member of New York's finest.

The nice things she had always wanted—a bottle of perfume, a black evening dress with spangles, two pairs of shoes with high heels—they weren't impossible now. The mink coat she had dreamed about wasn't something forever out of reach.

But those things were only side issues, really.

Love and scandal walked hand in hand when Fate lifted Alice Faye (far right) from the front line of the chorus of "The George White Scandals," starring Rudy Vallee, to the ranks of featured singer with the band of radio's King. But it was Judge Hyman Bushel (below) who first recognized the talents of this child of the tenements, whose laughter was always too close to tears



She wanted to help Papa and Mama and give the boys a better break if she could, but the real joy lay in the theater itself, in dancing to blissful music, in hoping some day she'd get a chance.

Off the stage then, applause pattering behind, giggling in the dark wings, shoving each other, and maybe, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Vallee," as they passed the young radio star who had swept the nation with his crooning.

"I think he's kinda cute," one of them would say.

"Sure,—" from Miss Texas, "but he's high-hat, you ask me."

"I like the way he sings," Alice would say, watching the curlyhead out of the corner of her eye.

After all, she was only a chorus girl and he was the star of the show. Star, with his name in big lights. But, at that, she felt sort of sorry for him. He acted so nice and pleasant and he hadn't been in a big show before, either. Sometimes she thought, for all the way he could sing and his showmanship, that he was kind of scared himself. Why, when Willie Howard started to rib him, he'd turn scarlet and just stand there laughing—one night he laughed so hard it broke up the show. Poor lamb, Alice thought. I bet he's just like anybody else if you got to know him.

So she always smiled at him, shyly, because she had that funny idea of being sorry for him,

and it was pretty silly for Alice Faye to be sorry for the great Rudy Vallee.

Of course, she knew he was a bridegroom. He had just married that dark, exotic-looking girl from Hollywood, Fay Webb. Well, she was pretty lucky at that, getting a fine boy like Rudy Vallee, with all that money, too. Alice and the girls stared at her pictures sometimes—Mrs. Rudy Vallee—and Miss Texas would remark, "I guess she's all right, but I don't like that gloomy, black type myself. I bet she makes him plenty trouble before they're through."

None of them thought that Alice Faye would be in the very center of that typhoon of trouble which was to engulf Rudy Vallee and his wife.

ALICE was sixteen, then, and she had never been in love. Never even thought she was in love. Boys—oh, sure—there had always been boys hanging around, even when she was in grammar school, men when she was on the road with the Chester Hale dancing unit. But Alice somehow had never gone for any of them. Alice was terribly shy, so shy that her family kidded her about it. Even her brothers admitted she was kind of a pretty kid; you'd think a girl who looked like Alice wouldn't always be in a dither every time she met a new man. She was always ducking some guy on the phone. "Tell him I'm not in, Billy, will you?"

Sixteen. She was just sixteen when she met
(Continued on page 74)

Happiness for Janet

DESIGNED BY
ADRIAN

To the tune of Hollywood's most romantic courtship, the little Gaynor adds marriage to her song of love

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IT IS necessary to your understanding of the love story of Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian to know that the little Gaynor is not what she seems.

On the screen she looks naïve as a baby doll and about as mental, but in person she is not only intelligent but definitely sophisticated, not only a reader but a true student of psychology and the more involved philosophies.

As for Adrian, he is exactly what he looks: Sensitive, intelligent, artistic, worldly and utterly charming. For more than ten years he has been in Hollywood making clothes for glamour girls. He has long been one of Garbo's closest confidants and has never betrayed that confidence. He could tell you enough about Shearer, Crawford, MacDonald, Loy or any of the other Metro darlings to fill a book. But he doesn't. He makes a quip, once in a while, when he is among friends with one-way ears, but otherwise he stays silent, smiling just a shade cynically.

Therefore, inured as he was to femininity in the fitting room, the last thing he expected when Miss Janet Gaynor came to Metro to make "Three Loves Has Nancy," only a little over a year ago, was that in August of 1939 he would be married to her. For Adrian (everyone, even Janet, calls him merely by his surname, which is the only one he uses professionally) has never been in love before. Furthermore, during the "Three Loves Has Nancy" period, Janet, who has been in love again and again, was dashing about with no lesser heartthrob than the darkly romantic Tyrone Power.

By sheerest accident, Adrian and Janet had missed meeting each other up until that time. They had in common numerous friends who predicted, with great accuracy, that once they were introduced they would be very keen for each other. But Adrian goes to few parties and so does Janet. Even when Janet had been at Metro to make "Small Town Girl" a few seasons earlier, the studio hadn't considered her

important enough to turn her over to Adrian's fine talents, so they didn't run across each other then. But on the morning she reported to his studio to be gowned as *Nancy*, love walked right in, though neither of them could believe it at the time.

Now people go around saying they are "ripe for a cold," or "ready for a nervous breakdown," so I don't know why I shouldn't say that Adrian was undoubtedly at that very moment ready for his first serious love and that Janet, though she probably didn't realize it, was ready for a variation from the usual Hollywood male.


That latter is meant as not too much of a slam at the Hollywood males, either. They are the

most delightful of human creatures—so long as a girl doesn't take them seriously. But Janet, you see, is serious under that strawberry ice-cream exterior of hers, and furthermore, she had a terrific load of Hollywood males, starting with Herb Moulton way back in 1927 and carrying right on up to Mr. Power in 1938. Between those two romantic mileposts in her life there had been such sundry as Philip Thompson, Al Scott, Lydell Peck (she married and divorced him), Gene Raymond, Charlie Farrell (supposedly her big romance), Russell Birdwell and several others. Adrian, while he is of Hollywood and rich from Hollywood, is no more a

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The giddiest glamour girl could not have resisted the poetic courting of Adrian, and the ring Janet wears above spells its own story



... salt, massage your
... of your spine and work
... our head. When the first suppa
... lt is exhausted have another at
... be rewarded for this heroic treat-
... it will start your circulation. It will
... ood from your brain. And it will get
... h the day—even if you don't believe
... a start your massage. (Davies)
... you know in advance that the toasts
... ny, pour a drink before you leave
... make it two tablespoons of olive oil.

HOW

WHEN IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS

"nice first. Tough little Sister"

Hollywood's most recent marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Aherne

OLIVIA SEES

Her Sister's Romance

"I save them to think about," she says, "just like a piece of cake"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

OLIVIA and Joan were always saying the house was too small. Neither had enough closet space in her bedroom. And the connecting bathroom had definitely been a mistake. It seemed as if Joan were forever taking a shower at the life-and-death moment when Livvie had to get her make-up on.

Now Livvie can spread herself all over the place. She can hang her overflow in Joan's ex-closets. She doesn't have to wail through her sister's splashings: "Joanie, I'm going to be late for my date."

She's finding it a little hard to get used to. Sometimes, she told me on the "Elizabeth and Essex" set a few days ago, sometimes catching a glimpse of the bed in which Joan won't sleep any more, she closes the door quickly, her heart

wrung by her first realization that the dear familiar patterns of life do change.

Then from the back of her mind, as a child takes a treasure out of a box, she takes Joan and Brian. "I save them to think about," she says, "just like a piece of cake. When I want to think of something that will make me happy, I think of them."

She was in bed with a cold when Joan came into her room one morning. "Brian and I are going to be married," said her sister calmly—so calmly that Olivia didn't quite take it in. She knew that Joan had been seeing a good deal of Mr. Aherne, but so had she seen a good deal of other men before him. She'd always brought her doubts and problems for discussion to Olivia who, though the elder by only a year, feels

motherly at times. "Funny," she was thinking now. "Joanie hasn't really talked to me much about Brian."

"Do you mean it?" she asked slowly.

"I never meant anything more."

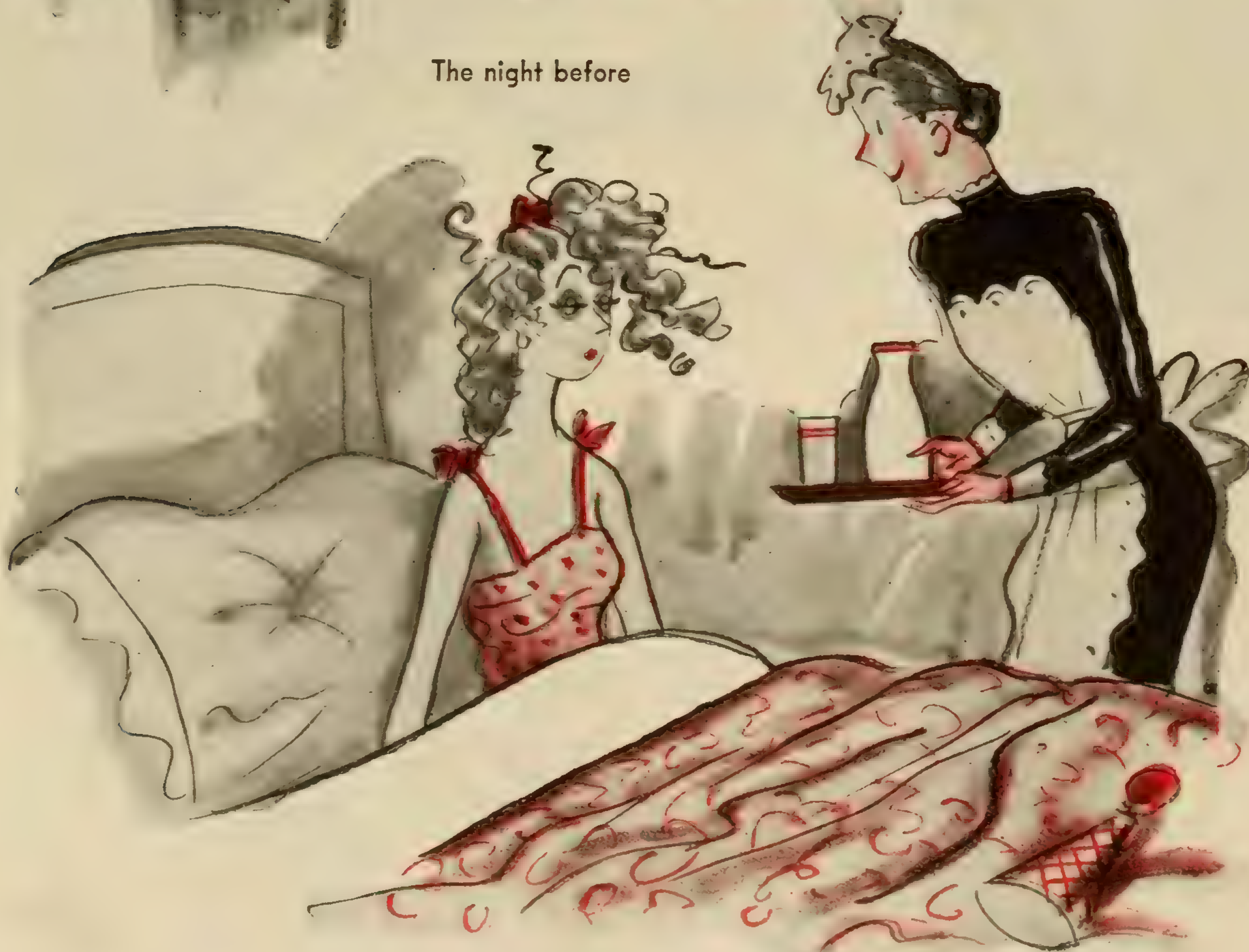
"Is that why you went up to Saratoga together?"

"That's why. He wanted to see all the places and people I'd known as a child." She turned a little shy, and Olivia's throat tightened. "He said it was all part of me, so he wanted to know about it too—Livvie—" She sat down on the edge of the bed, and her eyes held a look that her sister had never seen before. "Livvie, we found the most beautiful little church in Del Monte, all ivy and peace. That's where we're

(Continued on page 80)



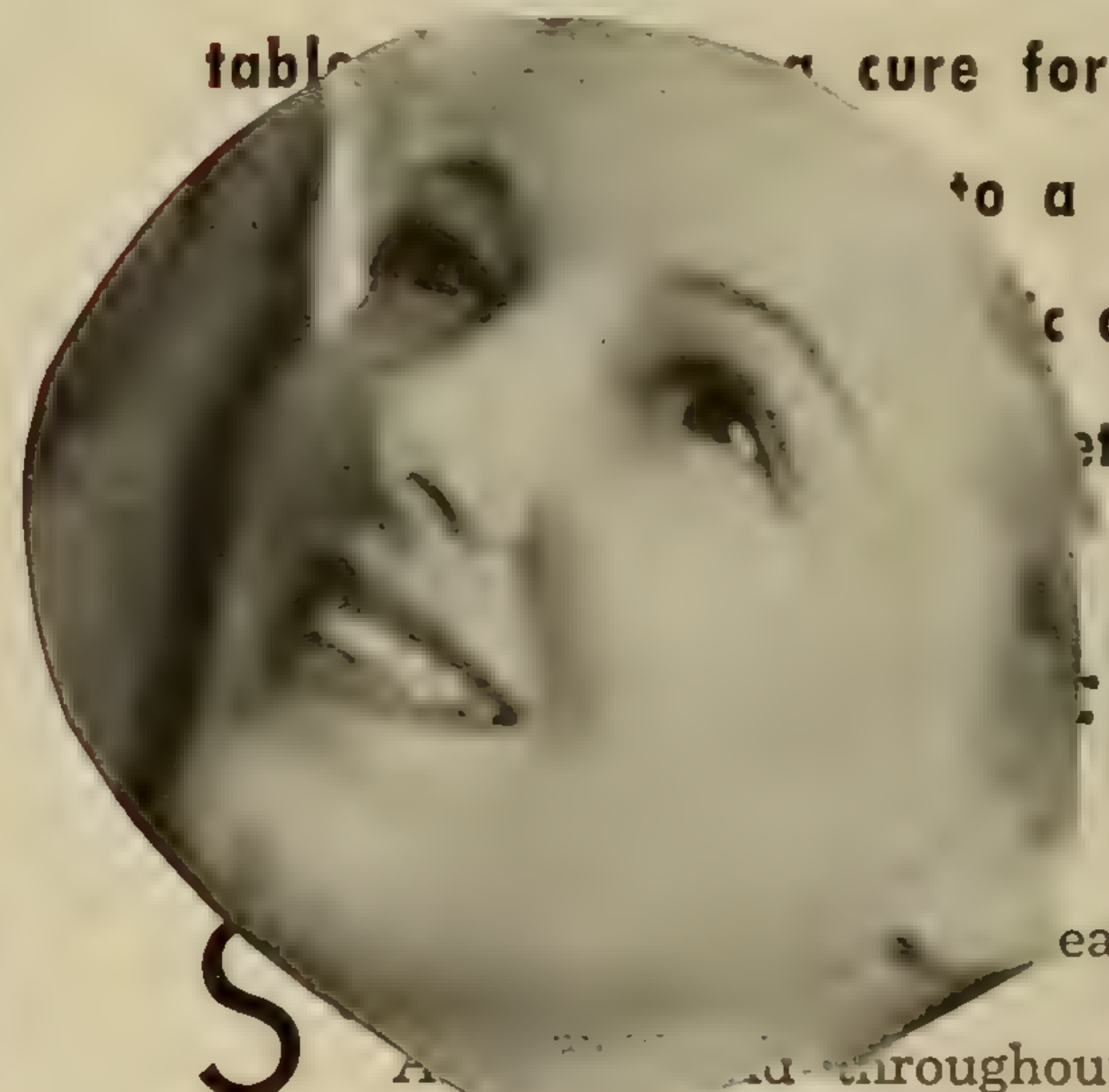
The night before



The morning after—take milk

Miracle Men

The most obstinate bulge is a pushover for these prestidigitators of the massage table. A cure for everything to a fallen arch. On the stars gets on to you



FLETCHER

health. And no unless you fear it you can't give your best performance as an individual. You'll have headaches and crepey skin and hangovers, of course, unless you're a goddess. But you'll get rid of them, unless you're a goof—especially now that these miracle men from the film capital present you with their hitherto secret formulas, exercises, and advice.

If the stars galumphed around heavy-eyed, full of minor complaints, and with their bulges bulging, the skillful efforts of their make-up men, hairdressers, and dress designers would be of no avail. It is, actually, the transformations which the studio health experts work in Hollywood's gentry that give the make-up men, hairdressers, and dress designers something worthwhile to work with.

Consider our expert experts for this month. We're tremendously impressed with them. We admit it.

James Davies, who first performed his brand of miracles during the World War when he kept British soldiers in condition, insists we always should be in fighting trim, every last one of us. "What difference," he asks, "whether it's an approaching army, the critical eyes of social and business associates, or a family party you're about to face?" And who are we to disagree with a man before whom the most temperamental Paramount stars are as docile as baby lambs?

Sammy Waxman used to have a health clinic in Beverly Hills; and very fashionable it was, too. But when he did an amazing job getting a studio executive into shape he had to close his plate-glass doors. RKO told him to name his own figure. He did, laughing. But they took him seriously. For which the stars on that lot sing loud hosannas. They know wizards like Sammy are few and very far between.

Lewis Hippe not only keeps the stars from taking on the excess baggage of fat; he keeps them feeling top-hole too. Whether it's headaches, double chins, or hiccoughs that worry people on the Warner lot they make a beeline to Hippe. They know from experience that he knows from experience. And he effects his cures so quickly that you might expect him to

AT WORK TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

wear a turban and mutter mumbo-jumbo—if it wasn't for the cold, scientific gleam in his eyes. First of all our experts give their attention to:

THE MORNING AFTER AND THE NIGHT BEFORE

1. If you have reason to believe you might wake in the morning with that old feeling Robert Benchley describes as "butterflies on your stomach," drink half a pint of cold milk before you retire and another upon awakening. (Davies)

2. When you've been very, very indiscreet and you didn't drink milk night and morning, it's crushed ice and table salt you need. Not internally; externally! With a handful of ice and half that quantity of salt, massage your back. Begin at the bottom of your spine and work up to the base of your head. When the first supply of ice and salt is exhausted have another at hand. You'll be rewarded for this heroic treatment. For it will start your circulation. It will draw the blood from your brain. And it will get you through the day—even if you don't believe it when you start your massage. (Davies)

3. When you know in advance that the toasts will be many, pour a drink before you leave home—but make it two tablespoons of olive oil. (Waxman)

WHEN IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS

Backaches: Exercise first. Touch the floor with your fingertips, without bending your knees. Then bend sideways, raising your left heel as you bend to the right, and raising your right heel as you bend to the left. Then, limbered up, get heat on your back. Use bath towels soaked in one gallon of water and two pounds of Epsom salts. The first towels should be only comfortably hot but the last—the sixth and seventh—should be good and hot. Always change the towels immediately they begin to cool. (Hippe)

Headaches: Press against your temples with the balls of your hands. Then press against the center of your forehead. And last of all, press against that little lump you'll find high in the center of your neck, just under your brain. If you have someone to help you, so much the better for then pressure can be exerted front and back at the same time. Lastly, draw your fingers across your forehead from the center to the temples. Two minutes of this routine usually is sufficient. But if yours is a stubborn headache be equally stubborn with your treatment. (Hippe)

Headaches which come from eyestrain and produce a tightness in the back of the neck—such as those who sit over a desk or typewriter and retard their circulation are prone to have—require the base of the brain be massaged. Take a towel. Roll it lengthwise. And *pull* it from right to left at the base of your brain. Use it so it actually massages the muscles there. (Davies)

Hiccoughs: It isn't enough to excuse yourself, you must cure yourself. Have someone who is kindly disposed place the palms of his hands over your ears so no air can get into your eardrums. While he presses hard, drink a glass of water. Drink it down at once, or in two or three hard gulps, without taking a breath in between. When you've finished the water, the pressure over your ears should be continued for about twenty seconds, so that you feel a suction when it is removed. A glass of water, you see, is only half the cure for hiccoughs. You can't breathe

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND



James Davies



It's a cinch for these Hollywood legerdemainists to transform a heavy-eyed goof into a starry-eyed goddess



To give your best performance, you can't have a lot of minor complaints. Get rid of that widow's bump, those tired eyes, that headache, your bulging tummy and backache



Lewis Hippe



Some people enjoy being sick

They're Talking About...

BY

MARIAN RHEA



Guilty—of Scene Larceny

FOR all she is a character actress with a special flair for playing screen mothers, Barbara O'Neil knows the meaning of glamour. She knows it because her own life has been glamorous.

In the first place, she is the daughter of a poet, David O'Neil. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the Orient. She learned to speak several languages before she reached her teens; to design and make her own clothes; to dance like a small Pavlova; to paint with the sure touch of a born artist.

The O'Neils lived abroad many years and by the time they were ready to return to their home in St. Louis, Missouri, where Barbara was born, she had decided to stop off in New York and embark on a dramatic career. She had never had experience, but she did finally win a spot with the University Players. A break in the Broadway play, "Carrie Nation," led to other Broadway successes. Whereupon Samuel Goldwyn saw her and brought her to Hollywood to play a mother role in "Stella Dallas." A second mother role, *Scarlett O'Hara's* in "Gone with the Wind," has followed, but Universal producers gave her younger roles in "The Sun Never Sets" and "When Tomorrow Comes." In the latter picture she made her greatest hit. In fact, in her big scene with Irene Dunne, she steals the limelight completely.

Barbara is twenty-eight years old. She has never married. Her interest in Hollywood is purely professional, and she "commutes" here for pictures. Her real home is in Greenwich, Connecticut, where she lives with her author-brother, William O'Neil. In Greenwich she has assembled one of the strangest hobbies imaginable. A collection of some two hundred merry-go-round horses! Another hobby is boxing. Ernest Hemingway, who taught her to box, says she has a left like Jack Dempsey's!

Cleopatra's Stand-In

HE is a former collar ad model. He even posed once for a magazine cover portrait of Cleopatra when the artist's feminine model failed to show up. He writes poetry. He's a sucker for a sob story. Like many another screen villain, he has an awful yen to play comedy or "straight" roles. Still, after "Union Pacific," and more specifically, "Beau Geste," it looks as if Brian Donlevy will keep on being a screen villain.

Brian has been around Hollywood since his hit role in "The Milky Way" brought him west to play the same part in Harold Lloyd's screen version. But the picture was delayed. Sam Goldwyn saw him and put him in "Barbary Coast," as a double-dyed villain. He clicked—and has been a villain ever since.

Brian, who is six feet tall, was born in Ireland, but has lived in this country ever since he was a baby. He went to school in various places, winding up in St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin, and later in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis—interrupting his schooling, however, to serve as a bugler in the Mexican Punitive Expedition. During the World War, he joined the Lafayette Escadrille, and, attached to a flying corps, was wounded twice.

Back in this country and a student at Annapolis, he became interested in theatricals and finally left the Academy to try his fortune on Broadway. He wasn't too lucky at first but dramatic success came his way at last. Now, however, having cast his lot with pictures, he and his former-actress wife, Marjorie Lane, live quietly but very happily in Westwood, in an English cottage. Brian's leisure time is spent prospecting for gold. He is serious about it! He owns a mine near Death Valley. He means to make a million some day—and not in the movies, either!

Make Room, Deanna

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS seem to be child-singer minded since the advent of Deanna Durbin. And now, since "The Under-Pup," it looks as though they have found a second Deanna in the person of eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, who can sing like a Galli-Curci, and act as well.

Gloria, whose real name is Gloria Jean Schoonover, was discovered by Producer Joe Pasternak one morning when she was trying out for a radio engagement. He signed her the same day and brought her, with her mother, to Hollywood for five months' special training.

Gloria was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father was a welding instructor. But when he changed from welding instructor to piano salesman, the family moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania. She was quite a local celebrity there, taking part in school, church and civic entertainments. Her father insists she could sing at the age of eighteen months—and learned the words of songs before she learned conversation.

Gloria thinks being in pictures is exactly like an exciting game. And on top of her exciting career, she has learned to ride, and to swim like an expert. Gloria's biggest thrill, however, has been meeting Deanna. Deanna is her "truest ideal," she vouchsafes, quaintly.

In appearance, Gloria somehow doesn't resemble the average child movie actress. Certainly she isn't pretty, for all her lovely red-gold, naturally curly hair and sweetly curved little mouth. Like a good many other children she has to wear braces on her teeth. Still, she has a singularly sweet smile.

Gloria's money is being stowed away in the bank, "for when I go to college," she explained to me. She is in the sixth grade. She thinks that if she studies hard next semester, she can jump a grade. "If ol' arithmetic doesn't stop me," she amended.



Gloria Jean



Linda Darnell

Stardust Fell on Texas

THERE is nothing new about an actress concealing her age. But now, there is in Hollywood one who is doing this in a new way. Meaning Linda Darnell, that gorgeous young creature who made the big hit in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women." Linda is barely sixteen years old. Yet so mature is her beauty, her poise, and her histrionic talents, that her studio, wishing to present her in sophisticated roles, has actually added a couple of years!

Linda's real name is Monetta Eloyse Darnell. She was born in Dallas, Texas, the fourth of six children. She was precocious from infancy, her mother, Mrs. Calvin Roy Darnell, admits. In school she was an honor student, leading lady in practically every school entertainment, and a Camp Fire girl; in addition she was a member of Dallas' Cathedral Players and one of the best known photographers' models in the Southwest. She was chosen by McClelland Barclay as one of the models used in exploiting the Dallas Fair.

A 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Ivan Kahn, visited Dallas, was impressed by Linda and, a few weeks later, wired her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. That was early in 1938. She did, but the test was n.g. She was too young, they told her, so she went home again and back to school. A year later she submitted photographs to "Gateway to Hollywood," a screen talent search. She lost out in the contest, but 20th Century-Fox signed her. "Hotel for Women" was her first picture. Her next role is opposite Tyrone Power in "Daytime Wife."

Of course, she's excited about it all. She has few dates, and those studio arranged. She goes to school on the lot. And when she is working a manicurist has to follow her around with a supply of artificial fingernails, ready for emergency use. You see, she bites her own. No, it is not nervousness. Just youth.

In His Father's Footsteps

LINGUIST, musician and student; an actor who animates each role he plays with the force of his arresting personality—small wonder that Joseph Schildkraut is perennially among those whom movie fans applaud. As *Fouquet* in "The Man in the Iron Mask," or as *Bannerjee* in "The Rains Came," he scores consistently.

A naturalized citizen of this country, now, Joseph was born in Vienna some forty-odd years ago, the son of the late Rudolph Schildkraut, stage and screen star of two continents, and spent his boyhood in schools in Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg. After he was graduated from the University of Vienna, he became associated with Max Reinhardt. For eight years, with the exception of a term of service in the Fifth Imperial Dragoons of Austria, he appeared in a long succession of plays, sometimes in company with his father. Ultimately, Broadway producers discovered him and he was brought to New York in 1921 to play in "Liliom" and later hits. A screen career followed, high lighted in 1938 by "The Life of Emile Zola," in which his remarkable portrayal of Dreyfus won him a Motion Picture Academy Award.

Joseph is married to Marie McKay, a non-professional, and lives quietly in Beverly Hills. He has never mixed with the usual "Hollywood crowd," seldom is seen "out." He prefers to spend his leisure at his piano or with his violin (he has a degree from the Imperial Academy of Music in Berlin), or browsing in his library.

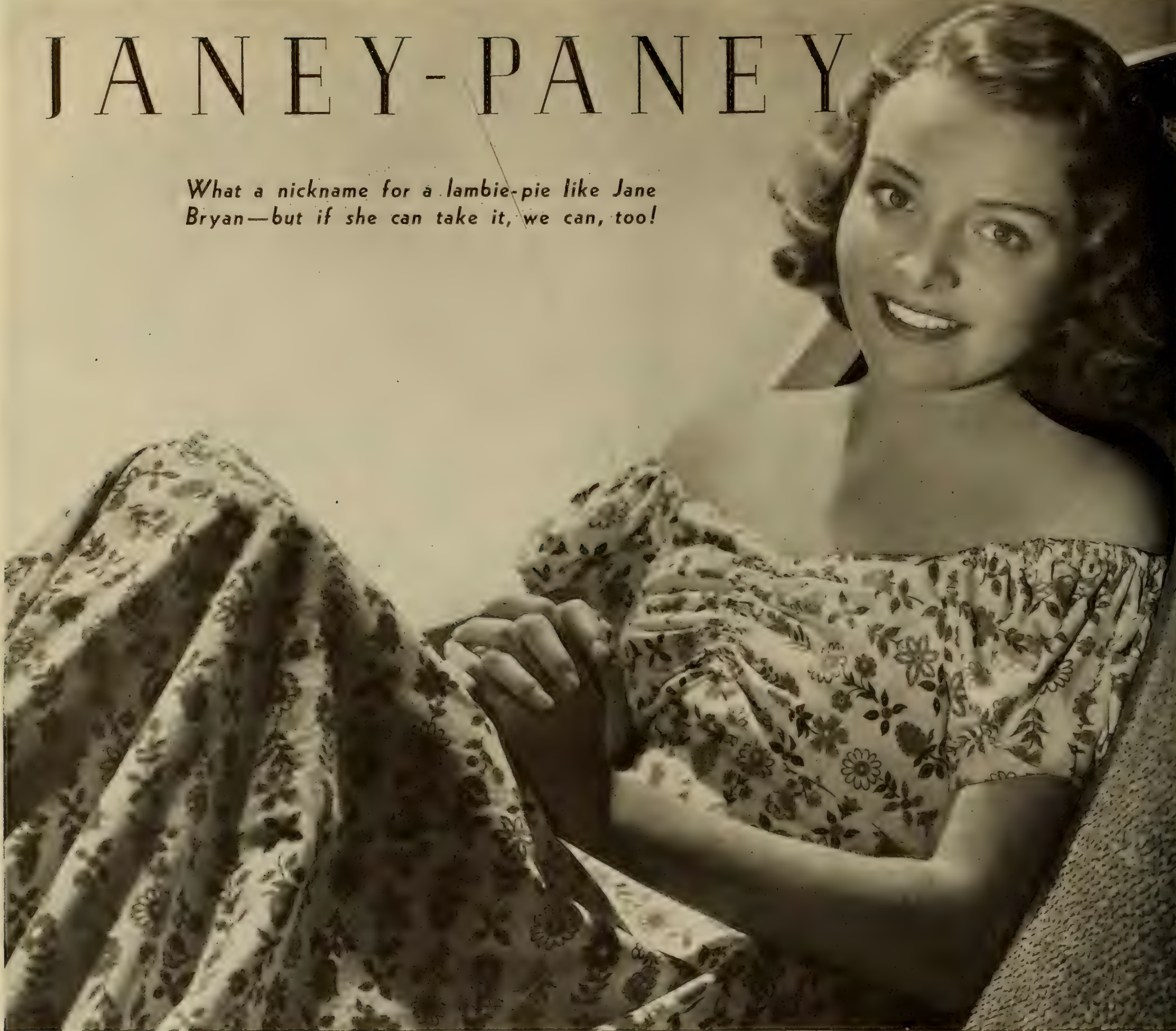
He likes to be called "Pepi," the Austrian nickname for Joseph; he'd rather play chess than eat; he is an amateur movie photographer, but photographs only nature scenes; his mother is his severest dramatic critic. He isn't as tall as one would think, seeing him in pictures—only about five feet, nine inches. It is just that he is so very slender and erect—and imposing.



Joseph Schildkraut

JANEY-PANEY

What a nickname for a lambie-pie like Jane Bryan—but if she can take it, we can, too!



BY SARA HAMILTON

THE telephone was ringing throughout Warner Brothers Studio with an incessant din. "Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan?" shouted the casting director to the publicity department, the photograph gallery, the studio dining room, the front gate box.

"Haven't seen her," was the reply to each query. "She hasn't been here."

Still the phones kept up their demanding inquiry, "Where's Jane Bryan?" echoing and re-echoing throughout the Burbank lot. Waitresses, clearing up the tables after luncheon, looked at one another with questioning eyes. Publicity girls raised eyebrows at the press boys. Each knew, without saying a word, that some momentous event had occurred in the life of the freckle-faced Bryan kid.

The telephone was ringing for the twentieth time as Jane entered her own front door in

Brentwood. Nice little *refeened* Janey had been across the way helping to paint a fence and practically had to be turpented to the bone before shaking the hand of Paul Muni. It was only fate, her friends claim, that she could meet the great actor without smelling to high heaven of paint.

"I am happy," said Muni, "that you are to be my new leading lady."

"Janey-Paney" had indeed rounded a corner of her career, and on two wheels at that. For just six hours after her arrival on the lot, she stood before the test cameras, in the quaint costume of a young German peasant girl of the year 1914, and, with a hurriedly assembled accent, tested far into the night with Muni for the picture, "We Are Not Alone." The removal of Dolly Haas from the role after six weeks' shooting opened the way for Jane to step into that holy of holies, the post of leading lady for Muni.

She has lived, this Jane O'Brien (her real name) exactly twenty-one years, which aren't many in which to attain Muni. "But shucks," her close friends say, "things will always happen early to Jane, for she's an old soul."

"An old soul," they say, meaning, I suppose, that her uncanny ability as an actress and the unerring genius within are too mature, too fool-proof to be acquired in her short term of years. These attributes, according to their theory, existed long before the Bryan ego, and have come only to make their home in Janey's being in order to live on as expressions.

If they told Jane their beliefs, she'd say but one thing—and I have five dollars to bet on it. She'd say, "It's spooky." Everything the least bit coincidental is spooky to Jane. Everything. That Irish strain that fevers the imagination with the idea of "Little Folk," that kindles the fancy with strange strains of the supernatural is vividly pronounced in this 1940 model of young womanhood. It's the outstanding characteristic of Jane Bryan and motivates her every thought and deed in real life and, subsequently, on the screen. A blending of this age-old capacity for fantasy with today's hurdy-gurdy of modern tempo. For an actress there could be no richer, rarer combination, and it reveals its presence in Jane by her everlasting, "It's spooky." (Continued on page 82)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

The place: The Gables' Valley ranch. The time: Any day between takes of "G.W.T.W." and "Vigil in the Night." The people: Leaders of Hollywood's fast-growing station wagon set—Clark and Carole

Carpenter



ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

CAMERA MAGIC



*Miss Rosemary, quite contrary,
How can you fool us so?
Although it's true all five are you
They're not the Lane we know!*



Hurrell



NEXT?

Just a girl and a boy dancing at the Coconut Grove—while the whole world asks if they plan to join these happy married couples at the Trocadero. For the girl is a great star, Deanna Durbin, the boy is a 23-year-old assistant director, Vaughn Paul—and the question may be answered on December 4th, when Deanna becomes 18!

1. Alice Faye and Tony Martin, after two years filled with conflict between their careers, have tried to prove Hollywood marriages can overcome great handicaps

2. When they eloped, John Payne and Anne Shirley were almost as young as Deanna and Vaughn—now they're even more in love after observing their second anniversary

3. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor spent two and a half years deciding on taking the fatal step. Will filmland's newest and youngest romance hesitate as long?

4. Neither her long illness nor his busy schedule has been able to shake the Fred MacMurray marriage, now more than three years old and getting stronger every day

5. Early in this year's flood of exciting marriages was that of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable—and we're hoping to see them celebrate their silver anniversary



With matrimony breaking out like an epidemic, all Hollywood wonders if Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul will be the next to succumb to the lures of marital bliss



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Look

Possibly their Latin blood—despite the blonde hair—accounts for this striking similarity. The first was born in Italy, the second in England—of an Italian mother. Left, Isa Miranda, and right, Binnie Barnes



No wonder the Iowa girl at far right was able to win a contract posing as an experienced British actress! That's the true history of the new dramatic sensation who resembles her so much! Left, Geraldine Fitzgerald—right, Margaret Lindsay



Born in such widely separated spots as Butte, Montana, and Tokyo, Japan, Andrea Leeds (at left) and Olivia de Havilland (at right) look so much alike you have to look twice at their candid shots—to see which is which, without benefit of make-up and costume

Alikes

Startling resemblances that will make you see double! No tricks, no mirrors—just pictures that prove what nature (and Hollywood) can do



You have to put a hat on one—like twins—to tell the two apart! Both British (and, if they're typical, we're taking the next boat to the Isles), Margaret Lockwood (at left) was born in India—Heather Angel (at right) in Oxford



The brunette trend (notice it on these pages?) may explain the likeness of these two, who came from opposite poles of our own continent to portray typical American girls—Marjorie Weaver (at far left) from Tennessee, Ann Rutherford from Canada

Once upon a time, one was the Tasmanian-born portrayer of exotic Oriental roles and the other a Texas schoolgirl. But nowadays, with both of them playing modern screen roles, even their friends are apt to greet newcomer Linda Darnell (far right) as Merle Oberon!



There's something of his ancestor, Sir Henry Morgan, pirate, in Ray Milland, who ran away to sea, served in the King of England's own guard—and zipped through a sizable inheritance in a single year. He just returned from England, where he did "French Without Tears" for Paramount. His next picture is "Untamed"

Richee





Young man with a future: Blue-eyed, brawny William Holden. Yesterday's screen find of the year by virtue of his sterling, first performance.

SEEING

EYE TO EYE



1



3



4

1. RUSSIAN (?) DUET

Rhode Island's Nelson Eddy (as a prince of old Russia) sings with Hungary's Ilona Massey (as a daughter of the Revolution), in "Balalaika"

2. WEDDING MARCH—STILL GOING STRONG

Their silver anniversary already in the past, Eddie and Ida Cantor, at the Troc, still find their greatest happiness in each other's eyes

3. "OTCHI TCHORNYA" A LA SOUTH SEAS

"Dark Eyes" indeed, as Mischa Auer pauses at Dorothy Lamour's Trocadero table with tidings that bring a gasp from the famous sarong girl

4. COLLEGE SONG WITH A ROMANTIC NOTE

In "These Glamour Girls," Idaho's Lana Turner (as a taxi-dancer) is the love light of Minnesota's Lew Ayres (as a university social lion)

5. COCKATOOTLE-TWO IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

Though David Niven nominally shares star billing with Loretta Young in "Eternally Yours," Mickey, the cockatoo, grabs one lavish scene

5



43

Lady Luck helped the four Youngs find their dream house in the Valley

A charming corner of the Youngs' soft-green and gold



The decorator's sketch of the Youngs' French Provincial bedroom—

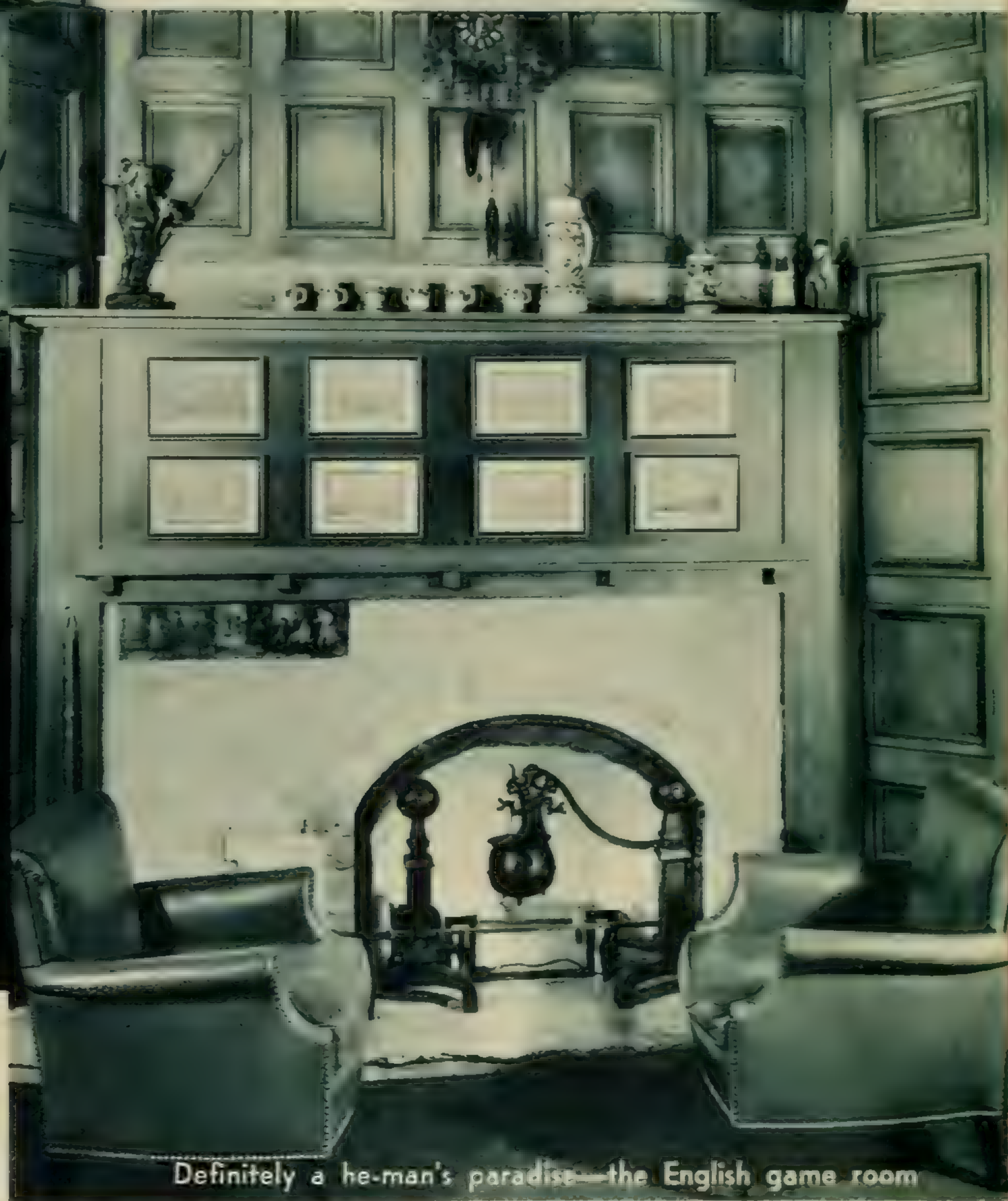
—and of the living room, carried out exactly, as shown above



In the dining room, authentic copies of Sixteenth Century furniture, including a Welsh dresser of



The Bob Youngs' gateway to happiness



Definitely a he-man's paradise—the English game room

HEAVEN *Made to Order*

BY JERRY ASHER

Presenting Sleepy Hollow Ranch—
the reason why the Bob Youngs be-
lieve "There's no place like home"

IT'S typical of the Robert Young good fortune, that the most beautiful ranch in all San Fernando Valley should literally be placed in his lap. Figuratively speaking, of course. By his own admission, Bob confesses that he and "Lady Luck" have carried on one of the most scandalous affairs in Hollywood. "Sooner or later, everything I've ever wanted has come to me," says Bob. "I've been so lucky

since the first day I started in pictures. Finding this wonderful ranch and being able to buy it, is just another example of the swell breaks I get."

Taking everything into consideration, it isn't too surprising that Bob Young, who wasn't looking for a ranch home, should stumble across the most desirable one in the country. Bob and his wife, Betty, owe their happy discovery to an insatiable curiosity. For some time they planned to move from their Beverly Hills home, to find more ground for the children. Bob liked the country. But Betty was afraid they were too spoiled with the conveniences of the city. They decided to compromise on Brentwood, which is a nice working combination of both.

For weeks they rode around with a real-estate woman, looking at homes. One day the woman stopped to make an inquiry. Bob and Betty re-

mained sitting in the car. Prompted by their own curiosity, they began snooping through books, maps and blueprints that rested on the back seat. In a side pocket, Bob noticed a large bulky envelope. Seeing no harm in exploring its contents, Bob almost shouted when he discovered photographs of the most beautiful estate he had ever seen.

"Why didn't you show us this place?" he asked excitedly, when the woman returned to the car.

"Because you said you weren't interested in the country," was her brief reply.

But Bob and Betty were very much interested in the country—from that moment on. Out to Tarzana they drove. Turning left off Ventura Boulevard, they headed down a winding road that eventually lost itself in the hills. In front

(Continued on page 83)

Dark and languorous Harriette Lake lent a highly decorative touch to Buster Keaton's "Dough Boys," in 1930. Now blonde and vivacious, we've known her by another name for several years, and—another hint—she's just signed a new lease on both life and career



She was a human dynamo of song and dance in the screen version of "Good News" (1930), but played only sparkling bit rôles until she forsook the name of Dorothy McNulty. Today she stars in a highly successful series

WHO

ARE

THEY now



Surely you know little Jane Peters, who made her screen bow at twelve in "A Perfect Crime" in 1921? Numerology gave her a new cognomen which she exchanged in her recent marriage for another equally as famous

Daughter of the dancing Cansinos, she played exotic atmosphere in such films as "Dante's Inferno," in 1935; is only now on her way to dramatic success after discarding her Latin name for a simple English one





In "The Four Devils" (1928), Anita Fremault and Dawn O'Day grew up to be circus stars. In real life, they have become two of Hollywood's best-known young stars



They aren't the obscure bit players they used to be! If our hints don't help you, turn to page 81



When she was an unknown dancer in "I Loved You Wednesday," in 1933, her lovely figure made her a popular model for publicity stills, even with the handicap of a hard-to-pronounce name like Vlasek. Today, her last name and her first are easy to pronounce and to remember

Her name was Kiesler (left) when she made a European picture called "Ecstasy," in 1933, which was so sensational that, when she came to America, studio executives permitted her to keep her first name, but ruled that she must change her last



Above, top: Just a glimpse of Terry Ray is all you had in "Murder Goes to College," just two short years ago. Last year, under an appellation just as brief, she was a "new find" and, today, is a Golden Circle starlet

He started out with "Charlie Chan in Shanghai," in 1935, under his real name—Charles Locher; changed it to Lloyd Crane for his next three pictures; now we know him by another—the shortest of all

Mlle.

SANDY

After two roles as baby-boy scene stealer, Sandra Henville discards the title of youngest male impersonator, and comes into her own as Universal's cutest heart-breaker and leading lady



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, who stars in the Warner Brothers films, "The Old Maid" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," poses in a black and white evening ensemble selected from Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills. The fitted bodice and long-sleeved bolero are of silver-shot chalk-white crepe—the flowing skirt is of flat-surfaced black chiffon. Bette wears a pendant necklace and bracelets of synthetic rubies set in antique gold—these unusual pieces of costume jewelry were created by Joseff, Hollywood

Fryer

Studies in BROWN

Loreita Young wears the Irene costumes on these two pages in Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," in which she co-stars with David Niven. The two-piece imported woolen model features a skirt of caramel brown and a dolman-sleeved blouse of caramel and beige. Bronze butterfly clips with jewel-studded wings, a bronze lamé turban and a sable scarf lend rich contrast



ND

BEIGE



This exquisite woolen frock is diagonally striped in varying shades of caramel and beige. The diagonal closing of the neckline is high lighted by gold lead clips. Loretta's muff and hat are of beaver to match the broad-shouldered topcoat that is lined with wool to repeat the diagonal motif of the dress. For further details about Loretta's costumes write to Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Luxurious



Safari brown Alaska sealskin fashions Loretta Young's swagger coat cut with broad shoulders, open sleeves, a collarless neckline and slash pockets. Beneath it Loretta wears a two-piece shirt-waist frock of beige woolen (sketched above). Note the skirt yoke and novel pockets. The coat is from Willard George, Los Angeles; the dress from Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

FURS

AFFECT
SIMPLE
LINES



Claudette Colbert, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," chooses Persian lamb* for her hat and boxy coat with notched collar and open sleeves. Her frock of black crepe (sketched above) has a flaring skirt and a softly draped blouse. Claudette's choker is of gold links and her lapel clip a starfish of gold rubies and amethysts. Her coat and hat are from Willard George, Los Angeles; her dress from Irene, Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles



* Hammer Brand

Dyar-Engstead



Fall

Howard Shoup designed this blue and green changeable metallic jersey chapter costume for Brenda Marshall to wear in Warner Brothers' "Espionage Agent," in which she plays the leading feminine role opposite Joel McCrea. The softly shirred blouse is finished at the neckline with a choker of hammered silver leaves. Brenda's draped turban is of the dress fabric. Her cape is of cross fox. This studio designed costume is not available in the shops.

Webb

SUGGESTIONS FOR

Formality

A subtle elegance characterizes this evening gown designed by Adrian for Hedy Lamarr to wear in M-G-M's "Lady of the Tropics." A rich embroidery of brilliants, silver paillettes and emeralds fashions the deep girdle, and edges the cape yoke and sleeves of the beige soufflé bodice. The full skirt of white mouseline de soie falls over a crisp taffeta slip. This studio designed gown is not available in the shops

Color Contrast

FOR TOP INTEREST

Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "Geronimo," models dark frocks that are dramatized by color contrast above the waist. "There's something about a soldier" that makes us borrow his dress uniform for our very own. Here's a gay example of fashionable treason, in a bolero frock (left). Vivid color for the blouse (below left), as well as for the amusing leather buttons and matching buttonholes, shows up well in acetate and rayon crepe. Black with Robin Hood red, Knockout blue or mist blue. Fashion's darling, the Bow Tie dress (center circle), with a new twist. This time it's a flattering splash of color at the throat, in the form of a yoke that's part of the shirred front. So wearable in either black with red, plum with dahlia or Anaconda with brown acetate and rayon crepe. A full, circular skirt makes it a perfect date dress. Glimmering metal embroidery enlivens the two-piece Autumn dress (below and right). Made of "Crepe Suzette," a supple acetate and rayon fabric, the simple dress has a touch of embroidery at the high neck, to match that on the epaulette shoulders of the jacket. All frocks worn by Miss Drew on this page are from Jeanne Barrie

Walling



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



Imagination preferred! The youthful "style interpreters" of Hollywood prefer it to sable and square-cut emeralds, so here we have Nancy Kelly, who will next be seen as *Light* in 20th Century-Fox's production "The Bluebird," showing the interesting possibilities of one dress plus the right accessories. Nancy chooses a basic evening gown of black velvet that is sufficiently formal for wear with her silver fox jacket (bottom), but casual enough for a complete change by addition of the lipstick red chenille evening sweater (below) that comes as a unit with Kalmour's gown. The gown is styled with an inset waistband, horsehair trim, and a skirt that has front fullness and vertical slash pockets. Nancy selected her gown from Macy's Little Shop, New York

Kornman



Almost as typically American as the silver dollar is the polo coat especially beloved by college girls and career women. Deservedly so, too, for it keeps on improving in cut and practicality. This one worn by Brenda Joyce (below) is Londonderry's famous "Fair-Trotter" model that is styled with narrow notched lapels, a shoulder yoke extending into sleeve width, and roomy hip and breast pockets. Of natural camel's hair and wool, the color complements Brenda's suit (left) with olive green circle skirt and tailored collarless jacket of brown, green and rust. The moderately priced coat and suit were selected from Roos Bros., Hollywood

Brenda, who left college for the screen, appropriately co-stars with Richard Greene in 20th Century-Fox's story with a college background, "Here I Am a Stranger." You'll also see her as Fernin "The Rains Came"

Hoods

fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

IF Elizabeth Tudor, who sat on the throne of England from 1558 to 1603, were alive today she would probably knight Designer Orry-Kelly and give Bette Davis one of her priceless pearls for the way the two have conspired to revive the fashions that she adored when the first toast of every true Briton was to "Our Good Queen Bess."

England was caught in the tide of the art Renaissance during Elizabeth's reign and never in the history of the country were court gowns so sumptuous, so elaborate. All of this grandeur in costume is caught by the Technicolor camera in the Warner Brothers film, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," which co-stars Bette Davis and Errol Flynn.

Orry-Kelly, who did research on the period for a year before he ever drew a sketch, all the time was visualizing not only the clothes of the period, but their adaptability to present times. He saw the long, fitted bodice with its petite waistline; the full skirts standing out from the hips; the heavily detailed virago sleeve; the padded shoulder wings; the stomacher; the luxury fabrics; the bold, rich colors; the expensive embroidery—all as modern possibilities.

Apparently the time was just ripe for a return to the fashions of Britain's famous queen, for by the time Orry-Kelly had executed modern versions for Zorina and Gloria Dickson to wear in the Warner Brothers picture, "On Your Toes," Paris designers were copying from the same period source.

The day I called at the Warner Brothers lot to look over Bette in her royal raiment, and to discuss this whole Elizabethan sweep with Orry-Kelly, I found the Queen giving a tongue-lashing to her erstwhile lover, the Lord of Essex. Orry-Kelly whispered that the gown she was wearing was one that inspired a modern dress for Gloria Dickson in "On Your Toes."

The gown, a model of elegance in spite of the fact that it is the simplest in the Queen's wardrobe, combines an overdress of rust-colored velvet and a petticoat—or underdress—of red, rust and gold moiré metal cloth. The virago velvet sleeves are heavily embroidered in gold, and are split to reveal a tight metallic cloth sleeve beneath, and are caught by gold bands to form a series of diminishing puffs from shoulder to wrist. At wrist and neck are fluted ruffs of white cellophane net. The long, molding bodice ends in a long, slim waistline which is marked by a wide girdle of gold and jewels. Topping her chestnut wig was a tiny cap of velvet elaborately embroidered in jewels.

The wide skirt was held out by a hoop and padded bolster at the hipline, but Bette, who joined me for a few moments between "takes," declared the style was far more comfortable and wearable than the hem hoops of the Civil War period which she wore in "Jezebel," "Juarez,"

and "The Old Maid." When Bette returned to her throne to make further scathing remarks to her arrogant lover, Essex, Orry-Kelly suggested a quick trip to the "On Your Toes" set where we could see the stars of that picture wearing Elizabeth-inspired modern togs.

GLORIA was one of the smartest creatures we've seen this season in a dress of rusty-rose crepe, fashioned with that same long, slender bodice with pointed front extending a good ten inches into the full gathered skirt. Instead of the virago sleeves, Gloria's were long and fitted, but the shoulderline was marked by a thick, padded roll of a self-fabric, neatly stitched. The high neckline was outlined by a stationary embroidered choker necklace of huge cabochon stones.

Orry-Kelly pointed out that in the Sixteenth Century this padded wing was used extensively on masculine clothes and somewhat less frequently on feminine. Usually it marked the place where a leg o' mutton sleeve joined the tight bodice. This unusual epaulette treatment gives the shoulderline such a new look that the designer expects it to be one of the most widely used points of the revived silhouette. He also asked us to take particular note of Gloria's little hat which was very much like the gem-encrusted velvet one we had seen on Bette, except that it was made of crepe and had a waistlength streamer-scarf of self-material.

The dress Zorina wears in "On Your Toes," which has that Elizabethan feeling, is of burgundy-colored faille. It follows similar lines except that it buttons down the front and has a widely flared skirt instead of a gathered one, giving a slimmer hipline. A topaz-studded sunburst pin ornaments the bodice.

When this new-old silhouette is carried out in stiff and heavy fabrics like faille, upholstering cloths, taffeta, or moiré, it achieves what Orry-

(Continued on page 87)



Bette Davis (above) wears an Orry-Kelly designed gown in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" that is a forerunner of the newest winter styles—pointed bodices, ruffs, embroidery, heavy jewelry. Orry-Kelly has adapted the narrow ruff (sketched above left) for a modern neckline; and the snood, made of gold cord, studded with pearls; the street frock and dinner gown are described in this Letter



BUSTLE, BUSTLE!

WHERE WILL YOU WEAR *YOUR* BUSTLE?

Asks FRANCES HUGHES, *New York Fashion Editor*, Assisting GWENN WALTERS, *Fashion Editor*

"Hustle into a bustle dress," says pretty Gale Page of Warner Brothers "Four Daughters" and "Daughters Courageous," whose next vehicle will be—you guessed it—"Four Wives."

Don't let 'em tell you you've got to have the "figger" for it. Bustles will camouflage your bumps and bulges if you haven't. Timid souls who can't quite take the hurdle of a bustle-dress at once can satisfy their urge to be the *new* old-fashioned girl—and inexpensively, too—with a bustle hat, bustle shoes, a bustle bag or belt or bustle necklace. Gale shows you here, in six easy lessons, how it's done. . . .

First lesson, for advanced pupils . . . The bustle dress—in self-fringed petunia woolen. This is what started the bustle fashion on its merry way.

Second lesson . . . The bustle hat—a squared-off pillbox with a swashbuckling moiré ribbon bustle.

Third lesson . . . The bustle bag—gros-grain bracelet-handle, circular suède pouch and—underneath it all—the pert little tail of suède that forms the bustle.

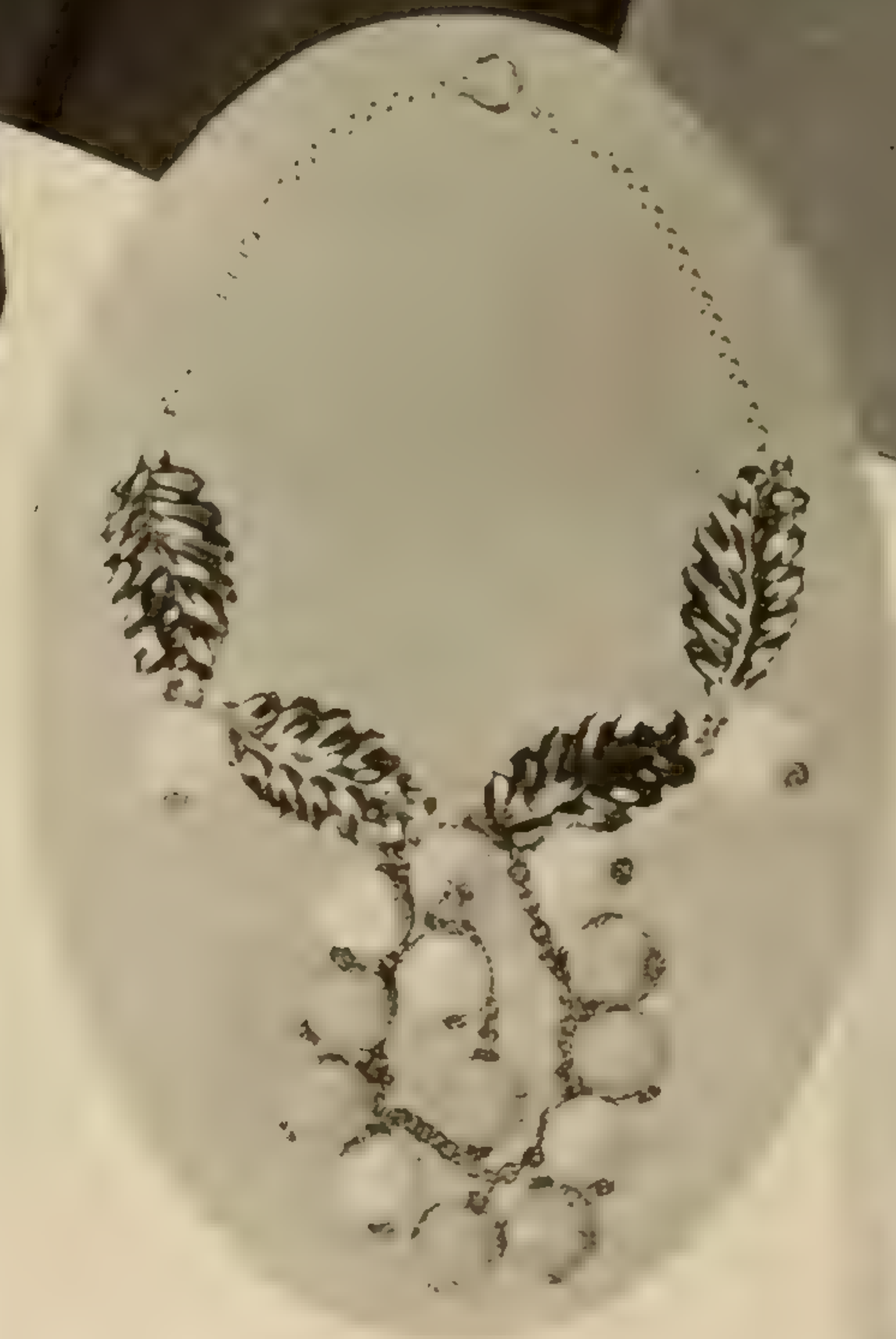
Fourth lesson . . . Glensder's bustle belt—wonderful way to do over last year's basic dress. Gale shows you one in moiré, to match the moiré bustle on her hat. The tailored girl might choose the Criterion belt below, in suède, worn high in front and low in back to build the bow into a bustle.

Fifth lesson . . . Silson's bustle necklace—copper leaves and a copper chain to form a glittering collar for your basic dress, and smack in front, a bustle of gold and silver and copper balls. Decidedly new!

Sixth lesson . . . Customcraft's bustle shoes—svelte suède V-line pumps. Coming, a grosgrain inset vamp and collar. Going, a fluted bustle. Something to remember you by.

Welbourne

All bustles by Best & Co.,
New York, Brookline, Detroit





Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

SCOOP!! Here's the Garbo picture which does our Hymie proud and has Miss Waterbury (page 14) and Cal in such a dither. Not even Dr. Gaylord Hauser, who attended the fashion show with Miss G., could protect her from that Fink fiend

Rivaling the legends of the Arabian Nights is this month's folklore from our own Bagdad-on-the-Pacific

In Line of Duty

OUR demon photographer, Hyman Fink, is still recovering from the joyful shock of getting the camera scoop of the year pictured here. It came about, as such surprises usually do, at the most unexpected time, in the most unexpected place. The stylist, Irene, gave a fall fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire in Los Angeles, which Hymie attended in line of duty. Things were going along very calmly and uneventfully until the last number went on. Then, suddenly, from a tiny dressing room behind the main salon, emerged three men followed by a

woman in slacks with a big hat on her head who, in Hymie's own words, "looked like a New York White Wing gone Hollywood." As they headed for the exit, past Hymie, the thought flashed through his mind—Garbo! He grabbed his camera, sprinted like a greyhound for the front entrance, and snapped her as she whizzed by at a record-breaking clip. In spite of the fact that his camera was set at twelve feet, he succeeded in getting a recognizable print of the elusive, camera-shy Garbo from a twenty-foot distance, and, we think, is entitled to some sort of special Academy Award for the feat.

Some afterchecking revealed the fact that one of Garbo's escorts on the eventful day was Doctor Gaylord Hauser, eminent diet expert, who is currently helping Hollywood's mystery woman to gain health and happiness. Garbo's surprising interest in the latest modes would indicate that perhaps the love bug has bitten hard.

Making His Way for Tomorrow

THE guard at the Goldwyn studios gate emerged from his box to peer at the visitor. "Oh, it's you," he called, heartily. "Come on in. You're

early, aren't you?" The visitor smiled and passed on into the studio.

"Hello, Gene," two men called from the cutting room as the visitor appeared, and Gene Reynolds, the little boy of so many hit pictures, and lately of "They Shall Have Music," began his evening's work.

The story is this: Gene had confided to a fellow worker on the Heifitz picture, that he yearned to be a cutter. Because, as he explained, cutters often get to be directors, and he wanted, one day, to direct pictures more than anything else in the world. But he wanted to know all about pictures, first.

Touched by the boy's sincerity, the worker retold the story to a higher-up, and without letting the boy know, arrangements were quietly made for Gene to report every evening to a Goldwyn cutting room, to observe and absorb and learn.

While other children play or go to movies, Gene studies, happier than any child in Hollywood. A fine actor today, and surely a finer director tomorrow, because his sincerity has touched the hearts of men who have recognized it at a glance and who are lending a hand.



All photographs on these two pages were taken at the Trocadero except that of Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund, snapped at Sunset Plaza.

A new twosome: Warner star and director—Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak (Miriam Hopkins' ex)

Man-to-man table talk at Bob Taylor's birthday celebration—

Shave and a Haircut

WELL, I don't know, girls, but they do say you can pretty well judge a man by his barber shop behavior. At any rate, Twentieth Century-Fox's barber, Louis Pacific (no relation to the ocean), has this to say concerning a few of his clients.

Tyrone Power is a talker. Loves to discuss baseball and is a Cincinnati Red rooter. Is always good humored, has a new joke every week, and always calls the barber "Butch." "Give me a once over, Butch, and get me out of here," is Ty's usual greeting.

Don Ameche is just as talkative and cheerful, but Don talks about horses and his Valley ranch. Don shaves himself, but bobs up once every week for a haircut when a picture doesn't interfere.

Little *Mr. Moto*, alias Peter Lorre, always ribs Louis about cutting his throat and loves to bet on the football games. Will bet every game during the season with Walter, the colored porter, and it usually ends up with Walter shining Mr. Lorre's shoes for months, to pay back his losses.

Richard Greene is a good guy, too, only Richard doesn't pay much attention either to the baseball or football scores that the others do. But then he's an Englishman and naturally wouldn't be so interested.

"For fifteen years," Louis says, "I had a shop

in downtown Los Angeles, and I can honestly say business men are tougher to get along with than actors. They don't tip as well as actors, either, although actors don't exactly throw their dough away. There's a lot more fun around actors, too."

So there you are, girls. It looks as though the actors win over the business men hands down.

Fish Story

WHEN Adrian was too busy to do her clothes for "Fast and Furious," Ann Sothorn insisted on having Bernard Newman. The first day of shooting Ann received a beautiful corsage of orchids from "Berny." The corsage was sent down to the studio commissary and put in the kitchen refrigerator.

That night Ann attended the Helen Hayes opening at the Biltmore Theater. Ann wore her orchids. All the way down to the theater Ann noticed a strange odor of fish. She didn't think much about it until she got inside and started to watch the play. Then she noticed that people around her were sniffing the air suspiciously. During the first intermission Ann just happened to smell her corsage. It reeked of sea food. The next day Ann checked to find out where the chef had kept her flowers during the day. She learned they had lain for eight hours next to a big barracuda!

Tell Me, Pretty (Homely?) Maidens—?

ALL of a sudden Hollywood is in a dither over whether it's wiser to destroy deliberately one's beauty for the sake of art or forget one's good looks and shoot the works.

A year ago there wouldn't have been even a discussion over it. Hollywood would have said, "Nuts to glamour (tsch, tschh, such language), give us reality." But now, all of a sudden, the reality is backfiring in everyone's face. Hollywood is discovering there can be an overdoing of the thing.

The complaints began first when fans tore into Carole Lombard for deliberately pulling back her hair from an overly high forehead or cramming it behind her ears in unsightly fashion in "In Name Only."

"She can be so beautiful," they moaned. "Why won't she let herself be lovely and turn in a good performance, too? We'd still believe her and enjoy her work so much more."

The contrast between Miriam Hopkins' loveliness and Bette Davis' deliberate plainness in "The Old Maid" also brought in a storm of protest. In fact, Bette is said to realize more than ever that a kindness to the eye is just as important as food for the heart.

So maybe this is the year for a union of beauty and art. The happy medium, as it were. How do you feel about it, by the way?



—and Fred MacMurray won't let Bob have the last word, it seems!

They Do Say That:

George Raft is so pleased over the friendship of Norma Shearer, he forgets what's trump in bridge. All of which means George is starstruck for a fare-the-well. . . .

Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married; that Haglund himself admitted it, lucky dog. . . .

Adrian will see to it his bride, the former Janet Gaynor, is the smartest dressed woman in all Hollywood. That, already, her *shocking* pink stockings are taking the town by storm. . . .

Binnie Barnes will become Mrs. Mike Frankovich as soon as his divorce is final. . . .

Marjorie Weaver has really found her true romance in "Shipwreck Kelly," who once went to school with Marjorie. . . .

Sandy's Public

HEADS at Universal ache these days, and with reason. Baby Sandy's fan mail is beginning to come in thick and fast and with it have come innumerable requests for her autograph—of all things! And now the front office would like to know what to do.

Should they send footprints, or handprints, or perhaps thumbprints, or should they let "X" mark the spot and let it go at that? It may seem funny to you, but take it from the Powers over there, the problem is serious!

Contented Cow

FOR a scene in her new picture with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck falls asleep under a tree while a cow comes along and eats her hat. Director Mitch Leisen is an ingenious soul but his masculine charm was completely lost on Mrs. Cow. After trying every possible ruse, Barbara suggested they have her hat copied in something that would appeal to a cow's palate. So Edith Head, the Paramount designer, made four hats of spinach, lettuce, corn husks and wheat. The bovine star turned up her pretty nose until they tried out the corn husk chapeau. This she went for with such enthusiasm—she almost included Barbara's head.

Starting Young

IRENE DUNNE has decided she must have been pretty insufferable at the age of fourteen. It was then that she owned the bracelet dedicated exclusively to silver and gold hearts shamelessly demanded from her boy friends. Each heart was inscribed with the name of its donor. She took
(Continued on page 70)



Dick Barthelmess, Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith stage a "Do you remember?" reunion party



The Doug Fairbanks, Jr., rejoin film-land's café society set, after a visit at society's famous resort—Newport



Place bets on the Pat Lane-Oren Haglund marriage after reading Cal's words on it



★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

ENGLISH Herbert Wilcox produced this, and it has dignity, originality and moving performances by the entire cast. You may remember that the execution of Edith Cavell, English nurse, was the greatest psychological mistake Germany made in 1915. Living in Belgium, she discovered the Huns were shooting prisoners and started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety. Despite representations of American and British ministers at her trial, the Central Powers said she was a spy and shot her. Anna Neagle plays Nurse Edith with restraint and understanding. Edna May Oliver is a sympathizing baroness, and ZaSu Pitts portrays interestingly a canalboat woman who helps soldiers escape. May Robson does a fine job, too.



★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

IN their latest epic, the Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie. Margaret Dumont plays Kenny Baker's wealthy aunt who disowns him when Kenny decides to own and manage a circus. Fritz Feld threatens to take back his circus, including the contract of Florence Rice. Kenny has other ideas about Miss Rice, and while strong-man Nat Pendleton tries to help the villainous Mr. Feld, Kenny has the three Marx Brothers to help him. When Auntie gives a party for the Four Hundred, attorney Groucho manages to switch the circus for her symphony orchestra as entertainment. From then on—chaos. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny-to-look-at solos. Plenty of circus acts, a midget, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

FOLLOWING the fashion of so many of Hollywood's more serious actresses who are turning to lighter roles, Greta Garbo, in her newest picture, brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step. With the attractive and capable Melvyn Douglas as her leading man, and the sophistication of Ina Claire as a foil, Miss Garbo turns out a splendid and amusing performance under the admirable direction of Ernst Lubitsch. In the title role, Garbo takes the part of a lieutenant in the Russian Army, and is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. Miss Claire, who was a duchess in pre-revolution Russia and the owner of the jewels before they were confiscated by the Soviets, learns that her former baubles are in Paris and asks her friend, Melvyn Douglas, to get them for her. Greta finds that the three Russian gentlemen commissioned to dispose of the jewelry have neglected their mission in favor of the gaieties of Paris. Mr. Douglas meets the rather drab, but strangely charming envoy-extraordinary and tries to convince her that love, which emotion she views with a coldly dispassionate disbelief, is more important than the benefit of the masses. He is so convincing, as a matter of fact, that Ina is jealous, and when Garbo becomes careless, the former duchess gets possession of the jewels. Garbo holds onto the rather obvious story with both hands and drags it hurriedly behind her to its also obvious conclusion. The supporting cast, including Bela Lugosi, is quite excellent.



★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wanger-U.A.

THE "Private Lives" formula has always offered one swell extra benefit. It allows for awfully suggestive dialogue and situations without asking for Mr. Hays' scissors. This is really the story of two people who once were married, separated and thrown once more in the way of each other. Loretta Young, looking very beautiful, plays a bishop's granddaughter who marries David Niven, a master magician, and becomes David's associate in his magic act, is materialized in the vapor of a huge retort, tumbled out of trick trunks, and scared half out of her wits when she finds that David has promised to free himself from handcuffs after leaping from a plane 15,000 feet over London. The leap is successful, but married life is not quite the same after that. David has too much lip rouge on his collar, too many women friends, and too many dreams for Loretta. In Rio she does a disappearing act that is a dilly, and hurries to Reno to divorce David. Then she marries Broderick Crawford. At a benefit show David meets Loretta and Crawford and gets a little sarcastic. You see, he still believes Loretta loves him and he so informs Crawford. He gets a punch on the chin. Realizing that he will not win back a lost love with tricks, David signs to do a second parachute jump over the New York World's Fair. If your nerves are any good by the time this gets to the screen, perhaps you can take the climax, too, which is quite unexpected. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts, Raymond Walburn and Virginia Field all rustle up a brace of laughs. You'll like this.



★ THE RAINS CAME—20th Century-Fox

MAGNIFICENT is the word for "The Rains Came." Here, in a troubled world, is a film that will take you completely away from today's agonies and exalt you into a consciousness of the strength love has in human regeneration. Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India has been transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity and extreme visual beauty. Seven people, against the pageant of thousands, are most involved: Lord and Lady Esketh, the latter a willful, voluptuous English beauty; Tom Ransome, a drunkard and Lady Esketh's former lover; Fern Simon, Brenda Joyce, a missionary's daughter who gives Ransome the first pure love he has ever known; Major Safti, an Indian doctor; and the Maharajah and Maharani, H. B. Warner and Maria Ouspenskaya, rulers of the native province. The effect upon each of them when disaster, disease and death touch them is blended into an always powerful, and frequently poignant, narrative. The three stars, Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent, give the top performances of their individual careers. The love scenes between Power and Loy are so real that they become like a screening of the dream that lies at the heart of all of us. As for George Brent, it is as though you had never seen him before, so freshly touched is he with humor, charm and the tired cynicism of the eternal romantic. Joseph Schildkraut is excellent, and Clarence Brown has directed so that every shade of value is keyed to intense emotional height.



HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal



★ **DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners**

THERE'S no doubt about it: in her gay, not-quite-too-arch way Ginger Rogers has become one of the two or three best comediennes on the stage or screen. There isn't much of a story here, yet the whole thing is cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife runs into a down-at-her-pretty-heels girl and discovers she makes his wife jealous. So he pretends romance with the girl to foster the jealousy. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. Connolly is absurd and funny; James Ellison, Tim Holt and Franklin Pangborn follow apace in the stellar wake. Put it down as swell fantasy and rush right off to see it.

MATTY MALNECK has one of those instrumental groups that won't let your dance impulses alone. It was a fine idea to get them into the movies. Here they are, playing in cahoots with Sol Hoopi's Hawaiians, and built around the music they make is a happy little story dedicated to good cheer among all audiences. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner. He doesn't want to manage hotels but is crazy for music; so he gets a band together. The old man fires him. Johnny takes his organization, goes to Hawaii, and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes sweetness and light, and romance in the personable person of Constance Moore. Eddie Quillan works hard as the band's agent. Downs is all right. Malneck is wonderful.

IN this depressing, although gripping study of social problems, John Garfield again portrays a young have-not who has been imprisoned unjustly and whose attempts at readjustments are thwarted by current conditions. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. So they are married in a theater. Such mockery gives the strong love story a haunting undercurrent of tenderness that hurts because of its blind survival. John is accused of a murder shortly after the wedding, but out of this tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. Miss Lane is always good. Moroni Olsen, Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan are part of the formula.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Nurse Edith Cavell
Marx Brothers at the Circus
Ninotchka
Eternally Yours
The Rains Came
Dust Be My Destiny
Fifth Avenue Girl
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Babes in Arms
The Women
Golden Boy
The Under-Pup

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell"
The Marx Brothers in "Marx Brothers at the Circus"
Greta Garbo in "Ninotchka"
Loretta Young in "Eternally Yours"
David Niven in "Eternally Yours"
Myrna Loy in "The Rains Came"
George Brent in "The Rains Came"
Tyrone Power in "The Rains Came"
John Garfield in "Dust Be My Destiny"
Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl"
James Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"
Jean Arthur in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"
Mickey Rooney in "Babes in Arms"
Rosalind Russell in "The Women"
Joan Crawford in "The Women"
Norma Shearer in "The Women"
Gloria Jean in "The Under-Pup"
Kenneth Brown in "The Under-Pup"
Billy Lenhart in "The Under-Pup"



★ **MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia**

THIS is a kind of "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," with Jimmy Stewart as the naïve hero. It's a Frank Capra epic with Jean Arthur in love with Jimmy, so you know what to expect. Honestly, it's a honey of a movie! Lank young Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined 1939 version of Lincoln. You see, Guy Kibbee, Governor of Jimmy's home state, has appointed him a senator. Now Jim's just a nice clean-cut forest ranger and he doesn't know that the party boss, Edward Arnold, and the other senator, Claude Rains, have plotted to have a dam built with graft rearing its ugly head. Jim decides to do something for the youth of his state by proposing a bill creating federal summer camps for boys. The location he selects is the one Arnold and Rains have chosen for their dam. They warn him to drop his bill, but in the meantime Jim's hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur, has fallen for his sincerity and his idealism and she urges him on. Before the boy gets a chance, Rains accuses him of owning the property where he proposes to put the camp. A hearing is held and evidence is forged by Rains' and Arnold's machine. There's a rousing climax in the Senate with Miss Arthur screeching from the gallery and people waving guns in the true American fashion—at least according to Hollywood. They've even got H. V. Kaltenborn giving comments. Stewart plays his ingenuous, sincere character with finesse, and others, including Beulah Bondi and Harry Carey contribute fine performances. But it's Capra's direction that makes the picture what it is.



★ **BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M**

HOLD your hats, boys, and anything else that might shake off your lap while you're laughing. They don't come any funnier than this, and when you add a good plot, good music and Mickey Rooney—well, it may not be tremendous or colossal, but it's certainly good!

Mickey, as the son of an old vaudeville artist, Charles Winninger, tries to change the downward trend of the family fortunes by organizing the younger generation and producing his own show. Naturally, the parents of the kids, all old troupers themselves, look with amused tolerance on the whole thing. But Mickey, with his girl friends, Judy Garland and Betty Jaynes, puts on a routine that has 'em in the aisles. Judy and Betty do some nice things with their singing, and June Preisser, as the spoiled darling who used to be a baby star, gives a good performance. Guy Kibbee is the judge whose sympathetic understanding of kids helps keep the whole young troupe out of the state work school. Just when things are blackest, a big-time producer comes to the rescue and brings the entire show to Broadway, with all the trimmings.

From beginning to end, "Babes in Arms" is swell, and this reviewer is having a laurel crown made for Mickey in recognition of his excellent imitations of Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Adult young Rooney runs away with the picture, which, considering the fine cast, is another way of saying that he's terrific.

(Continued on page 93)



WE COVER the Studios BY JACK WADE

M-G-M's new comedienne, Ann Sothorn, looks on with a quizzical eye, while Franchot Tone, her co-star of "Fast and Furious," makes the most of a golden opportunity

Hollywood knows no boundaries as we meander from a bit of old Paris, to the South Sea Isles; from Capetown, South Africa, then back to reality

TIME was when "Hollywood" meant one cozy little town where the world's movies were made. But with the location craze we find sweeping the studios this month you can apply "Hollywood" to plenty of places in these United States without risking a suit by the Chamber of Commerce.

Three of the biggest pictures in production are camped thousands of miles from the regulation film factories. M-G-M's "Northwest Passage" grinds away in wildest Idaho; RKO's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" shoots in Eugene, Oregon; Columbia's "Arizona," away over in old Tucson. Even Deanna Durbin has gone to Hawaii for a film. Before long, to cover the studios we'll have to cover the world.

Meanwhile, we get in plenty of practice tracking down shy stars and elusive epics here and there in the open country of Southern California—like Charles Laughton and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," way out on RKO's ranch in the San Fernando hills.

The great Laughton has turned very Gar-

boesque and coy since he came back from England, we discover. In spite of Charlie's no-peekie decree, we get a good look. He has a blond wig, the feather pillow hump, a snub nose, a regulation assortment of moles and wens, and one bum eye. But for our money, Laughton's not half the sight the set is. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Hollywood version, rearing out of a desert ranch site is a breath-taking reproduction of the famous old cathedral in Paris, with all the stone friezes, gargoyles, medieval statuary, and the massive carved doors. A great stone-flagged courtyard stretches before it, bounded by picturesque false-front buildings with long wooden props behind.

The courtyard buzzes with a thousand extras, decked out in gaudy costumes. Roasting beeves turn on giant spits. It's the opening shot of the picture—the big Carnival scene on All Fool's Day when poor Quasimodo, the bell ringer, is crowned King of Fools because he is so ugly—an amazing pageant of movement and color beneath the blazing California sun, beating down at around 100 in the shade—and there isn't any shade. Big, rawboned Director William Dieterle has his hands full with this mob.

Laughton sprawls mildly snoozing in a big chair through it all, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke calmly reads a London newspaper. We chat with a lovely redheaded, green-eyed lady in

gypsy rags and bangles—Maureen O'Hara—"No relation to Scarlett," she smiles.

Maureen is Laughton's Irish Abbey Players protégée, the loveliest, we think, of all the crop of new feminine faces. "Jamaica Inn" was her first picture. She plays Esmeralda here, gypsy dancer, and object of Quasimodo's forlorn love. Right now Maureen is in a slight state of nerves, as she taps her tambourine on her knee. Her big dance scene is due as soon as the extras get lined up. It's her first in Hollywood. "I'll probably fall flat on my face," broods Maureen, with Irish melancholy. But when Dieterle beckons, she hops up and flounces bravely through the mob. A fiddle squeaks, the crowd roars and she whirls into a wild dance, her copper hair shining in the sun, her full skirts flying.

When it's over, Dieterle himself leads the applause that swells from the whole set. Maureen falls panting into her chair, fanning her face with her tambourine. Her first Hollywood scene is over, and no one has to tell Maureen she's a big success. "You were marvelous,"



Basil Rathbone and Sigrid Gurie take orders from Director Brahm (right) on the "Rio" set, but there was one command Sigrid would have preferred to ignore

Laughton says. "May I have the next dance?"

Maureen shakes her head weakly and grins. "I think," she says, "I'll sit this one out!"

RKO's Gower Street lot certainly is sitting things out, we find, when we drop in there. Everything's on location or called off. Maybe if we had come a little sooner, we might have caught Raymond Massey in his putty nose and rubber ears testing out for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—but by now he's way up in Eugene, Oregon, while John Wayne and Claire Trevor are a little closer by, making "Allegheny Uprising" at Sherwood Lake in the Malibu mountains. We pack in for a look one night, and run into more fireworks than at the Firemen's Circus on Fourth of July.

Bombs are bursting in air, as Johnny boy and his Pennsylvania settlers cook the hash of the bad British and their murderous Indian pals. Tall, rangy John Wayne looks like Daniel Boone in his coonskin cap, buckskin and long rifle. As for Claire Trevor, she's in buckskin pants too (feminine model), knitting

only a few inches by the rockets' red glare.

(page 78)



An amazing pageant of color and action—this set rising out of a California desert, where Maureen O'Hara and Charles Laughton are making "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

PLAY

Truth and Consequences

WITH

NORMA SHEARER

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Right this way, folks, for the month's best fun. Answer without hesitation any question we ask, we command the stars, or pay the penalty by doing whatever nonsense we think up for you to do. Did that faze Norma Shearer? Read her answers and laugh at the consequences she paid, and you'll meet a brand new side of this star—her real self!

1. (Q) What do you think is your servants' opinion of you as an employer?
(A) I am sure they think I am rather exacting, and that I expect a lot from them. But they don't seem to mind—perhaps because I always try to be kind and pleasant to them, too.
2. (Q) Which film made during the last year most appealed to you?
(A) "Marie Antoinette."
3. (Q) Do you believe in following sudden impulses?
(A) Yes, I do, because I feel we often make mistakes when we deliberate too long. A little recklessness is good once in a while.

We might have known that Norma would take the penalty on question 11, but curiosity got the better of us and we fired away. We're glad we did. Norma had to give us this ridiculous picture of her in fantastic disguise.



4. (Q) Are you an easy mark for a joke?
(A) I love to be "ribbed"!
5. (Q) Are you squeamish about unpleasant sights—pictures of operations, war photos, etc.?
(A) I am sensitive to such things and react emotionally, but can "take" them.
6. (Q) Are you inclined to confide your worries to your friends, or do you keep them to yourself?
(A) I always regret it, if I confide my worries to my friends, because I am afraid I have bored them. I always resolve never to do this, but I fear I break my resolution once in a while, with my closer friends.
7. (Q) Do you like jitterbug music?
(A) I love it. I think it is very healthy and invigorating.
8. (Q) Do you wish that you had gone to college?
(A) Yes, and I intend to go to college later, if I ever get around to it. Then, I can learn all those things I pretend now to have forgotten.
9. (Q) When have you ever been in awe of someone?
(A) Whenever I meet a person I admire tremendously, as I was when I met Mrs. Roosevelt.
10. (Q) What kind of handshake have you?
(A) I have a grip like a man and often make people cringe unintentionally.
11. (Q) Do you plan to get married again?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Pose for us in one of your most fantastic disguises.)
12. (Q) What false impression do you believe you give?
(A) I believe that I give the impression of being more self-assured than I am, and of being eternally optimistic—whereas I am inclined to be quite morbid and melancholy at times.

(Continued on page 90)

Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

SITUATION WANTED—As personal maid. By experience I am qualified to bring a number of talents to the job. I am a capable hairdresser and have had extensive experience in the art of facial make-up. Am regarded an adequate conversationalist and for this reason would make a fitting companion, in the event the position entailed any amount of travel. Also am experienced in handling social engagements and could be useful as a social secretary. My voice is trained and I have done much reading and speaking of dramatic lines, therefore enabling me to be of service should the job require answering and handling telephone messages. I have a great liking for lovely clothes and would be sure to give them the kind of care I feel they deserve. It gives me pleasure to wait on others and make them happy, so I am sure that in several respects I would make a capable personal maid.

Norma turned thumbs down on question 19, so we asked her: "If you were forced to get a job outside of the theatrical world, how would you advertise for employment?" We'd say she'd be worth her weight in platinum!

Question 35 is one that Norma would rather forget—so is this penalty. A costume test resulted in this photograph she most dislikes of herself

Not for publication—will Miss Shearer talk about her two children. Rather than answer question 39, she took this penalty: "Let us publish the most 'sirenish' still for which you have ever posed"

There, there, little children, don't be frightened. This is just the payoff on question 48—we'd give a lot to know that answer. Norma preferred posing for us as she looked in her first starring picture

Well, now, after all. Question 45 is like having your love letters read in court. But we demanded our pound of flesh, a ny how, when Norma balked. So she forfeited this picture, taken when she was a commercial model in New York. The amusing hair-do and middy blouse put this in the funny-picture class when contrasted to the beautifully gowned and groomed Norma of today

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 63)



Jane Wyman, lucky (?) winner of the vintage car donated by Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom at his preview to end all previews, invited Ronald Reagan and the host for a ride

a particular delight in reciting to her various swains the rivals thus represented.

Slaphappy Time at Slapsie Maxie's

THE wave of super-super film premières has hit its peak. When Warner Brothers failed to open his new short with sufficient fanfare, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom gave himself what he called a "world premier preview" (sic). Scene of the colossal undertaking was his own café, which is also the scene of much of the action of the movie dealing with Slapsie Maxie's night club and prize ring career. This café of Maxie's is a zany enough place at any time. To give you a rough idea, when a waiter spots a bald head in the crowd, he sings out: "Hey! How about some Westmore

service at this table?" Then another waiter rushes over to slap a wig on the unprotected pate.

But this night it surpassed itself. Maxie had everything, including a guard rail to hold back the lines of watching fans (Maxie got so excited he stood behind the rail himself with Gloria Dickson to watch the celebrities come in—he forgot it was his own show).

That is, Maxie had everything except faith in his picture, which was really a lot of fun. To bolster up his starring epic, he gave away a "beautiful" 1908 touring car, won by Jane Wyman—who was that pleased, despite the shouts of "Frame-up," until she found it had to be towed home. He had a Bank Nite, too, won by Binnie Barnes—who was paid off in pennies all evening long until the waiter, with a sigh of relief, counted off a grand total of five hundred coppers. There were dark glasses by the dozen for those who couldn't bear to watch the picture. And headache tablets, bicarbonate of soda and such as antidotes for those brave souls who did.

To top it all, the host gave out with songs and poems from time to time—in such intervals when he was not being interrupted by Master of Ceremonies Benny Baker and his own waiters, bearing signs ranging from "Motion pictures are your best entertainment, *after all*," to complete charts for community singing. In short, a perfectly hilarious time was had by all. Or should we say by all those who had the nerve to go—?

Just One Big Heartthrob!

THE fact that he was on a deferred honeymoon in no way diminished the lure of Tyrone Power for thousands of London girls who literally mobbed the slim, black-haired star when he made a personal appearance at the Tivoli Theater in the Strand last summer.

Eighteen people were injured, six girls fainted, the door of Tyrone's car was torn off its hinges and Ty himself was darn near denuded in the crush outside the picture house as women pawed at him, trying to rip buttons from his dinner jacket for souvenirs.

Like a Greek chorus, the mob gave voice to the unanimous sentiment: "Isn't he marvelous? Just one big heartthrob!"

Annabella stayed in Paris while Ty took two days out from his European holiday-honeymoon to boost British interest in "Jesse James" with five personal appearances.

Tyrone and Annabella spent their six weeks' wedding trip motoring from Naples to Rome (where they were received by the Pope) to Venice, Genoa, Cannes (where they shared the spotlight at a prize fight with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor), Paris and La Pilat, near Bordeaux, where Annabella's family live.

Hollywood-on-Vacation

DESPITE the continued war scare, more American film stars visited Europe this summer than ever before. The registers at Claridge's and the Savoy in London read like a page of a Hollywood telephone book, and the beaches at Cannes and Antibes boasted almost as many picture personages in bathing suits as Santa Monica.

Myrna Loy and husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Paramount producer, stopped in Oslo, Norway, on a quick circle of continental capitals and caused more comment than ex-King Zog, who passed through the same city a few days later, lugging his crown around in a suitcase with a broken strap. Sonja Henie went home to Oslo long enough to redecorate her summer place on the fjord with pink satin wallpaper and fly to the Land of the Midnight Sun for some fishing.

Norma Shearer lolled in the sun at Cannes and visited Charles Boyer and



After a Rosenbloom patron has been given "Westmore" service, his own mother wouldn't recognize him

his wife Pat Paterson in their villa near by. Edward G. Robinson took a look at the famous Apaches of Paris and decided they weren't nearly as tough as American gangsters and George Raft rhumbaed and rouletted at Monte Carlo. Gene Autry took "Pal" to the Dublin Horse Show.

Madeleine Carroll passed up her native England for the Riviera. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks held hands in a gondola in Venice.

Bob Hope, who left England at the ripe old age of two, paid his first visit back to native soil and added to his radio earnings of 1939 by doing a skit for the British Broadcasting Company. His fee was the munificent sum of two guineas (about ten dollars)!

Geraldine Fitzgerald and her handsome horse-racing husband, Edward (Continued on page 72)



Ever the thoughtful host, Maxie provided his preview guests with smoked glasses—the better to see his movie



Gloria Dickson and Slapsie Maxie joined the crowd of fans outside the entrance, but they couldn't fool Binnie Barnes! She stopped and got their autographs, anyway

*HAVE THE CHARM
OF SKIN THAT'S
SWEET!*

*June
Lang*

ANY GIRL CAN
AFFORD THE LUXURY
OF A **LUX Toilet Soap**
BEAUTY BATH

YOU'LL FIND IT A
WONDERFUL WAY
TO MAKE SURE
OF **DAINTINESS**

THIS WHITE SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES
YOUR SKIN REALLY
FRESH-**FRAGRANT**

THIS lovely star tells you a wonderful way to protect the charm of perfect daintiness. She uses her complexion soap, Lux Toilet Soap, as a *bath* soap, too, because it has **ACTIVE** lather that carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh. Fragrant, too, with a delicate perfume that *clings*. A daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath makes you *sure* of skin that's sweet. Try it!

The Complexion Soap

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GARTER! INVIZ-A-GRIPS
DON'T SHOW EVEN UNDER
THE SLEEKEST GOWN."

Margaret Young
FAMOUS FASHION MODEL



Fashion spotlights a flawless silhouette, good reason for praising any foundation styled with Inviz-a-grips. You, too, will bless these flat supporters for doing away with unsightly garter bumps...for fastening easily with but one hand...keeping hosiery seams straight...anchoring your foundation securely...and ending costly garter runs. For all-around leg trimness be sure to ask for Inviz-a-grips by name!

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Lindsay-Hogg, bought a beautiful old Georgian country home half way between Geraldine's native Dublin and the Curragh, famous Irish race course; and Constance Bennett, Roland Young, Donald Crisp, Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot were among the others who showed their passports to French and English officials this summer.

Bob Bows from the Waist

BUT it was Robert Montgomery who created the greatest stir of all the American movie folk in Europe this summer. One week after they arrived in London, Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were asked to aid at a charity bazaar held at swanky Claridge's to exhibit the work of disabled British war veterans.

Bob and his charming wife presided at a booth, selling hand printed fabrics, handkerchiefs and neckties. They had been there about an hour, busier than assistants at an Atlantic City gift shop, when a hush fell over the big ballroom and, attended by a single equerry, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth entered to inspect the exhibition.

After touring the other booths, Queen Elizabeth stopped at Bob's stand and spent a pound of her royal allowance on two neckties and four handkerchiefs. Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were formally presented and the Queen, with a little smile, departed. A few minutes later she retired to a special room where tea was to be served her, and then sent out word that she would like to have Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery join her.

For forty-five minutes the Queen chatted brightly with Bob and his wife, the longest private audience, if not, indeed, the first, any American film star has ever had with either of their Britannic Majesties.

The talk was concerned chiefly with the King's and Queen's recent visit to America, and movies were mentioned only incidentally when Queen Elizabeth told the Montgomerys of King George's interest in taking films of the trip.

"Mrs. Montgomery and I feel she is the most gracious person we've ever met," said Bob next day, his face still moulded in the beaming smile.

Long Overdue

FOR twenty years, theatergoers have had Burns Mantle's "Best Plays" to read and reread for those dramas from which they got the most pleasure. And, at long last, comes Frank Vreeland, dean of the New York film reviewers, to do for the screen what his confrère has done for the stage. In a book titled "Foremost Films of 1938," the first of an annual series, he has given you a condensed form of his choice of the year's ten best pictures. The author's analysis at the end of each condensation is more than interesting and justifies his selection of each film. Under "Unusual Films," are listed some which you may think should have made the list of "Best." And to make this yearbook complete, he has given you a synopsis of some four hundred pictures filmed during the year.

Among the most interesting features of the book is the discussion of film trends of the past year. We're a fickle lot, we movie fans! Those zany comedies we adored the year before were gone with the wind, and in their place came unaffected naturalism, which led to the rise of family pictures and—more important—series. All the studios were quick to capitalize on this vogue with M-G-M taking the box-office lead with their *Hardy Family*. And, where there're families, there are children, too, so it was a heyday for the younger gen-

(Continued from page 70)

eration in films. We gave grand opera the go-by, but history, propaganda, aviation all came in for their share of glory.

We commend Mr. Vreeland for his very fine book, for it's one that is long overdue.

Marriage Crossroads

IT'S no secret in Hollywood and no surprise that Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita, have finally reached a definite crossroads in their marriage.

"Errol and Lili," a close friend of the Flynns' reports, "are merely waiting for Errol's family to return to Ireland before legally terminating their marriage."

Of course, Cal realizes the tempestuous Flynns have teetered on the verge of separation several times, but this time it looks like a real you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go-mine proposition.

Of course, if the unexpected should happen and the Flynns decide to give marriage one more whirl, no one would be more pleased than Photoplay's Cal for, to our notion, there is no handsomer couple in all Hollywood than Errol and Lili.

But don't be surprised if our prophecy comes true and it's the single road for Errol from now on.

Society Note

"IT'S a shame, it's a shame, it's a shame," we overheard one young thing moan to another, after a Hollywood preview the other night. And naturally Cal couldn't pass that up. We just had to listen.

"Look at her—how lovely she is," the young thing went on, nodding at the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., emerging on the arm of her husband, "and just look what Hollywood has done to her. Once a Newport socialite, and now she chews gum faster than anyone."

She was still moaning as we passed on.

Hollywood, Beware!

MOVIES that don't look like any movies you ever saw before have made their appearance on Broadway. Free, too, since they form an advertisement in the world-famous Times Square district. Through the medium of photocells, translated in terms of 2,000 electric lights, scenes of actual movies are flashed on one of Douglas Leigh's animated cartoon signs, advertising a well-known brand of whiskey. The first release was "Hot Shots from 'The Hot Mikado,'" high lighting the nimble feet of Bill Robinson, now tap-dancing in the "modernized" version of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. At present, the twinkling mazdas feature funny-man Bobby Clark and acrobatic Ben Dova of the current Broadway hit, "The Streets of Paris," along with chorus and solo dance numbers. Looks as though Hollywood has other competition to fear, besides television!

A Killing Ordeal

VISITORS on the "Tower of London" set watched Basil Rathbone, as Richard the Third, order executioner Boris Karloff to cut off his victim's head.

Take after take was made, with Basil growing paler and paler beneath his make-up as the gory scene was enacted.

The scene finally completed, Rathbone staggered from his seat and called his victim to him. "Good work," he smiled, a little wanly, "but it was getting me down fast."

The victim smiled back at his father. He was Basil's own son, Rodion.

Attention, please, to—

WILLIAM HOLDEN, the "Golden Boy," who leaped to stardom in the Barbara Stanwyck picture with all the speed of a skyrocket. A lad of twenty-one, Holden was discovered in a Pasadena Junior College play, when he portrayed an old man and did it well for a boy of twenty. Paramount tested him, signed him, and forgot him. Columbia, eagerly searching for a boy to play the lead in "Golden Boy," ran the test and grabbed him. He hasn't caught his breath yet. Is just too darned grateful for words and worked like a dog with Director Mamoulian and Barbara between scenes. Lives in Pasadena with his retired dad, his mother, and three younger brothers.

Was never in New York in his life (who was it said try New York stages first?), and is so excited over his personal appearance tour there he can't eat.

He's a regular, average American boy, loves sports of all kinds, and thinks there must be a Santa Claus, for look what happened to him—two contracts, Columbia and Paramount, all at one and the same time.

(See him on page 41.)

Bette Sees Red

BETTE DAVIS would like to get her hands on the publicity man who sent out a story saying she wanted to buy some red hair to have her "Queen Elizabeth" wig copied for her own use. Literally hundreds of boxes of every kind and color red hair have arrived at the star's house. Some of it is so revolting Bette swears it was taken from a horse's tail. Bette isn't interested in wigs and she isn't interested in red hair. She hopes all red heads will hang on to what they've got.

You Can Bank On It—

THE Kay Francis-Baron Barnekow marriage will never take place—at least not in the immediate future. . .

Fred Astaire's dance version of "Begin the Beguine" in "Broadway Melody of 1940" will be the next dance sensation to sweep the country. You should see Fred and Eleanor Powell swing it. Get your partners now, kids. . .

The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she telephones William Buckner in New York tells that her heart still belongs to the indicted stock broker. All Hollywood is with her in sympathy. . .

Cal's Little Preview of the Month

FRIENDS, we want you to meet Belle Watling, the shady lady of "Gone with the Wind." We know everyone is going to scream for news about her when they see her on the screen, so why not be first with the facts?

Her name is Ona Munson. She's a musical comedy star who tried pictures before, gave them up, and returned to New York. But here's the catch. She looks the least like Belle of any one person in Hollywood, and she hadn't even read the book when she made her first test. She was grabbed up the minute they saw her in costume. Out of costume no one on the lot recognizes her. When she walks into a room now, people point at her, gasping, "But you're—oh, no, you couldn't be—"

You see, she's just five feet three, has a long blonde bob, and baby blue eyes. In costume she wears four-inch soles on her shoes and a startling red wig with red gowns to match. And she becomes, as if by magic, Belle, exactly as Margaret Mitchell conceived her.

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT
they're both
quick to
grasp this
Exciting
new
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
Care*!

In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

Shopping for the Week End—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:
Mrs. Mellon, would you mind saying how you keep your skin so smooth and clear?

ANSWER: "It's no secret. I've found the use of Pond's 2 creams all I need for my skin care. But I do like to use both—the Cold Cream for thorough cleansing and the Vanishing Cream to smooth my skin for powder."

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:
Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

Home Again!—On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon waits at the French Line dock while the customs inspector goes over her luggage.

Everybody out! A family of football fans. Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:
Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.
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(Below) Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:
Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes—when my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:
Do you think the average husband notices his wife's complexion and make-up?

ANSWER: "Indeed I do! That's why I'm careful to keep my make-up attractive by cleansing my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smoothing it with Pond's Vanishing Cream."

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for the cost of only ONE**



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Lip Kit

VOLUPTÉ, INC., 347 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

Tenth Avenue Girl

(Continued from page 25)

Vallee, and therein lies much of the mystery of this chapter in her life. For Vallee was twice her age, he was a worldly young radio star, he was exactly the wrong age to find sixteen attractive, he was fantastically busy with the "Scandals," the radio, night clubs, and he was in the toils of an infatuation that was to bring him almost to ruin. He had no time for any sixteen-year-old blonde chorus girl, even if she did have big, appealing, blue eyes and an adorable smile.

He was polite, he knew Alice Faye by name, sometimes he stopped and laughed with her in the wings, and once he actually took her to supper when they happened to meet after the show. That was all. Neither her voice nor her looks invaded his consciousness.

THE other man was different.

Everyone in New York knows Hymie Bushel. Everybody loves him. Behind the Rudy Vallee career, behind the Rudy Vallee success, there has been one man—a shrewd, sentimental, artistic, hard-boiled, little Jewish lawyer, Judge Hyman Bushel. His hand has steered Rudy through every storm, steadied him in every crisis, advised, inspired, watched over Rudy.

Hymie of the twinkling eyes, the boundless enthusiasm for art, the tender heart and the love of life. Bad man to get mixed up with in a row. Knows his New York, knows every phase of it. A very, very, tough customer in a bargain, in a courtroom, in a contract. But the best guy in the world to have in your corner when you're in trouble.

Ask anybody in New York about Hymie Bushel.

The little man came often to the theater to see Rudy in the "Scandals"—he was Rudy's best, almost his only, friend, as well as his lawyer and business adviser. But Hymie came because he loved the theater, he liked being a part of it. Liked the lights and the music—above all the music. He never said much about it, but you would find Hymie at Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan as often as you would at "21" or the Hollywood. His hard, shrewd eyes would fill with tears, unashamed tears, when he heard Heifitz, when John Charles Thomas sang.

There must have been something deeply akin between him and Alice Faye. Perhaps he saw the dreams in her eyes, the touches that a hard childhood and many denials had left. Perhaps, by some insight that his own sensitiveness had given him, he realized all that lay within this ordinary little blonde chorus girl.

His heart went out to her then—and it has stayed in her keeping ever since. His little Alice. That's the way he speaks of her, even now. "My little Alice." As though she were still a baby, still that shy, frightened sixteen-year-old he first saw in the "Scandals."

"That little Alice Faye," he would say to Vallee, "she is different, eh? There is a big heart. I have a feeling about that child. Have you seen, Rudy, how when she laughs there are tears in her eyes, and when she cries her mouth turns up at the corners? Tears and laughs all mixed up. That is most unusual. Oh, yes—she is young. Very young. But she has not the cruelty of youth, and she is beautiful but she does not know it."

"Nice kid," said Rudy.

"More than that," said Hymie. "I

think she can sing."

"You always think everybody can sing," said Rudy.

"Sometimes," said Hymie, slyly smiling at him, "I am right."

So began their friendship. The shrewd, hard-boiled, New York lawyer and the kid from Tenth Avenue. He had been discouraged about youth, about women, had Hymie Bushel. Middle-age had found him disillusioned about too many things, clinging desperately to his own special dreams. His own life seemed a little empty, except for the vicarious life he lived in Rudy's success—Hymie who had himself wanted to be an artist and was instead a New York lawyer.

In Alice, he found something that was akin to his own heart, and he began to watch over her with a wise and fatherly eye. They went out together, sometimes alone and sometimes with Alice's mother, and he talked to her of many things, of books and poetry and life in New York and Rudy.

"You must sing," he said.

"I can't sing," Alice said. "I'm a dancer."

"You're always singing, Alice," her mother said. "I think you're right, too, Judge Bushel. She can sing very well, if she only would. But you know how Alice is. She never thinks she can do anything. I never saw such a girl."

It was a big party at Hymie Bushel's the night Alice Faye made her first recording. The story has been told many times—how they all went into the library and everybody sang or made speeches to hear their own voices later on the wax.

What has not been told is that plenty of people suspect that the whole thing was a frame-up on Alice Faye, for Hymie has deep and devious methods, and he believed in Alice and her future as even Alice herself did not.

What has not been told is how well Alice remembers that party. Now that she has her own lovely home in Beverly Hills, now that she is planning a beautiful house in the Valley near Clark and Carole, and Bob and Barbara, now that she is a movie star, it's hard to realize that there was a time when part of her shyness came from the fact that she'd actually never been in a home filled with fine furniture and deep, soft rugs and all the things that spell luxury. Sometimes people thought little Faye was a bit snippy and stuck-up, but it was only that she didn't always know what to do and how to conduct herself and which fork to use. How could she?

RUDY Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. With Alice Faye.

Swiftly it happened, for Alice. Yet, as a matter of fact, it was some months before Rudy, when he had heard the record, made up his shrewd showman mind to give the kid a chance. Sure, she had a voice—a rare heartwarming voice. But she didn't know how to sing, how to put over a song; she had no stage personality.

"But she will learn," Hymie said, gently, "as you had to learn. Only you can teach her and help her, as no one taught or helped you."

So there were hours in Rudy's office in Steinway Hall, while the little Faye worked and sweated and sang, and went home to cry herself sick because Rudy was a hard taskmaster. But her Irish was up at last and besides—she wanted to please Rudy. She wanted to show him that she could do what he wanted.

Hours of practice, hours of trying, days of worry and fear, moments when she went cold all over as the piano started and her voice seemed frozen forever in her throat.

Getting nowhere. Never be able to sing. Even with Rudy telling her things, showing her, she didn't seem to herself to achieve anything. Then, Rudy went on the road, and she was alone in New York again—without a job, and without any future. The gates had opened—and closed—and she was sixteen and only today was important. Two years—five years—why, they were eternities.

Then came the telegram. She was to join Rudy and the band in Boston, to have her chance, to sing on the road where he was playing one-night stands.

Her first appearance sold the audience—more important, it sold Vallee. Once sold, he put all that drive and determination in back of her, he rehearsed her until she drooped with exhaustion. He yelled, screamed, pleaded, coaxed—endlessly. Now he knew what he had—now he knew what she could do. And she was going to do it!

Rudy had then, as he always has had, a one-track mind. But life doesn't operate like that.

There were other tracks, other emotions, other sides to this new business association.

There was Fay Webb Vallee and his own boiling and unhappy domestic troubles, for one thing.

IN January of 1933, Fay Webb Vallee went back to California to visit her family. The marriage had not been a success—it had never been a success from the beginning. But the trip was not a separation, it was only a temporary visit. Rudy was on the road again—traveling through the South—Tampa and Jacksonville, Memphis and Atlanta, one-night stands in Columbia and Winston-Salem, Charlotte and Greensburg. Hard work, long hops, bad living conditions often, nasty weather, and all the hurried, uncomfortable things that go with that kind of a tour.

Mrs. Vallee didn't like traveling and she refused flatly to troop around the country under such conditions.

Alice Faye went with the band. Of course. She was singing.

But, as the year went on, and Mrs. Vallee came back and then returned to California, this time with an admitted break and a probable divorce in the offing, Alice entered into the great romantic and emotional adventure of her young life.

For Rudy needed her and needed her desperately. On these long trips, they had grown very close. When they made the jumps by car, Alice rode in the car with Rudy, who liked to drive himself. When they ate at little hotels or roadside restaurants, Alice ate with Rudy. They were always together because they never had any time to see anyone else, and it was only natural and chivalrous that Rudy should share the best with the only girl in the troupe. Nobody thought anything of that.

Later, when Fay Webb Vallee named Alice Faye as the other woman in her complaint against Vallee, she was mistaken. Completely mistaken. There was nothing in the relationship of Alice and Rudy upon which a wife could base any suit for divorce or separate maintenance or anything else.

(Continued on page 76)

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But that these two had come to love each other deeply and greatly, it would be foolish and disloyal to deny.

You see, Alice was that peculiar combination of wisdom and ignorance that can happen to girls brought up on Tenth Avenue. She had seen life in the raw. She had lived with those who had to worry about the next day's dinner, and the rent, and new shoes for the kids. She knew the tragedy of a lost job, of kids playing in the streets, of terrible battles brought on by too small houses and too many people and too little to eat.

But she was peculiarly innocent as far as her own life was concerned.

Her love for Rudy had grown in daily association until it was the biggest thing in her life. Compound of adolescent romance, of gratitude, or the worship of pupil for the maestro, of unbearable pity and maternal heartache—it swamped her completely.

To the outside world in those days, when every front page carried new tales of his personal life, of Mrs. Vallee's accusations, of his own statements against his wife, Rudy presented his usual arrogant demeanor. He held his head up and, as far as he could, kept his mouth shut.

But little Alice Faye, the girl with the band, the biggest-hearted kid from Tenth Avenue, saw another man entirely.

On Alice's shoulder he cried out the dreadful pain and anguish and longing. His wife didn't love him, she wouldn't come back to him, she had been unfaithful to him. The dream of glory he had built around the woman who was his physical ideal of beauty was breaking up, crushing him, filling him with a despair that kept him in torment. He still loved her—but he knew now that she did not and perhaps never had loved him.

SO Alice Faye's first great love never flowered at all. She might have loved him as a woman loves the one man. For a time, at first, he had seemed to her the Prince Charming she had dreamed about. But too soon she found herself the comforter, the one and only confidante, the one thing in the world that might keep Vallee going during those awful days.

It wasn't an easy thing for a teen-age girl to go through. It wasn't easy always to be ready to listen while Rudy talked endlessly, wildly, about Fay Webb and poured out his torment. It wasn't easy to know what to say and how to comfort him and just when to speak and when to be silent.

"She will come back some day," she would say.

"I don't want her back," Rudy would cry out. "Yet I'll never be happy without her."

The boys in the band knew, of course. They had been with Rudy too long not to know. They knew, too, that he couldn't bear to have Alice out of his sight.

His comforter. She did everything for him. He wanted to be alone, and she protected him. He couldn't bear to be bothered with details and so Alice, now seventeen and new to all this, took care of everything. He was moody and depressed and she cheered him, and clowned with him, and turned his mind onto his work and his future as much as she could.

By this time, she was on the air with him, because he had insisted. Always she was frightened and twice she had fainted after broadcasts from sheer terror—but only afterwards. She looked, in those days, like what she was—a singer with a band, a singer in the Hollywood Restaurant, a radio blues singer.

She looked as if she came from Tenth Avenue. She was blonde and she had been a chorus girl and she sang hot numbers, with swing to them.

Probably most people who saw them together in those days and knew of the separation between Rudy and his wife thought that she was Vallee's girl.

Alice didn't care—she never thought of it. She went up to the lodge Rudy had built in his home state of Maine, and she wore cute little white boating costumes, and she was the life of the party. What people thought or believed never entered her mind and she wouldn't have cared if it had. She took her life and her future and her reputation and flung them all overboard, took every possible chance, because she knew Rudy needed her.

She wasn't in love with him anymore—her little sixteen-year-old romance had died. But she loved him with all her tender young heart. She and Hymie knew how near he was to a crack-up. They alone knew how he was suffering, how his pride and his passion were dragged in the dust.

No man in this world ever had as good, as true, as fine a friend as Alice Faye was to Rudy Vallee. If he gave her her chance and taught her a great deal, she saved him in those days from depths of hell from which he might never have returned.

And so Alice Faye grew up.

It was in August of that year, that dark year of 1933, that she had her strange reward, that she knew how great a place she held in her hero's heart.

A damp, rainy day. A big car, speeding between Atlantic City, where they had played, and Virginia Beach, where an engagement waited them. Vallee at the wheel, a magnificent driver but always inclined to speed and now in his desperate frame of mind too often reckless. The big car skidded, hung a moment, and went over into the ditch—and when Rudy and the other two men crawled out they saw a small figure lying very still against a crumpled fence. Very still, so still that they wondered if she would ever move again.

When she opened her eyes, Alice was held in Rudy's arms, and she heard him say, "Alice—Alice—you've got to speak to me. I couldn't live without you—I need you so damn much."

If it hadn't been for Rudy's strange

complex about women—his complex about dark, exotic women as the only type who can rouse his emotions—they might have found in each other the love based upon great friendship that would have made marriage perfect.

They never did. There was too much against them.

But in those long months, Alice Faye came to know so much about life, and men, and love and sorrow and pain.

Rudy will tell you today that when she came to in the hospital after that frightful accident, and didn't know whether or not her beauty was scarred, her chances of a career gone forever, she didn't utter one word of reproach. She only patted his hand and said, "Don't worry, I'll be all right. You couldn't help it."

But there could also be no doubt that Alice's reputation had suffered. Her mother was nearly always with her—after the accident she was always with her. Hymie watched over her, saw to it that she was careful, that she thought a little of herself. Still, it was a band—it was night clubs—the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway—and no one looked for an ideal devotion, for a selfless love and affection, a real man-and-woman friendship in such surroundings.

The Hollywood trip was, to Alice, just another of those trips—they made them all the time. It was all right—she was going along as usual with Rudy and the band.

Less than a month after they arrived in Hollywood, the storm broke.

Mrs. Fay Webb Vallee filed a flaming complaint against her husband for separate maintenance, and in it she named Alice Faye as the cause of their separation and claimed that Rudy had deceived her and lied to her in order to get a divorce so that he might marry his singer. She named times and places and she didn't mince words.

PERHAPS injustice is of all things the most terrible to bear. Alice knew—and only Alice—how untrue those accusations were. Alice knew how many hours she had listened to Rudy talk only of his wife. She knew how Rudy had begged and pleaded with his wife to join him, to come back to him. And she knew that Fay Webb knew those things, too.

Now she was faced with this charge, made publicly, made on every front page, and tearing down the thing she held dearest. That was what hurt most. She felt utterly helpless. She wept in secret, over the ugly mud that had been thrown at the most beautiful thing in her life.

More than that, she realized, and Hymie Bushel realized, that the thing might injure her beyond repair in radio, with the sponsors, in her chances of a future.

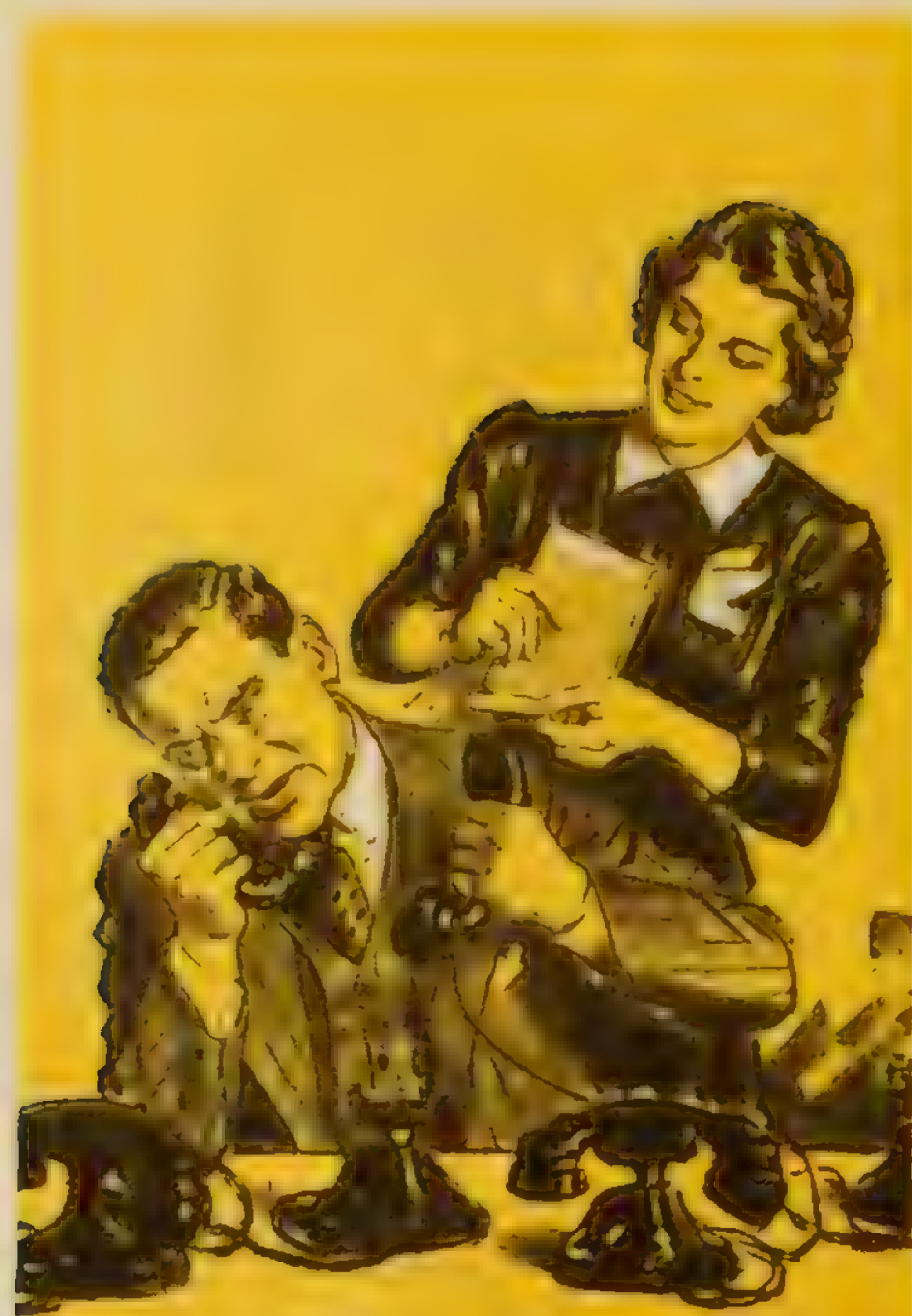
Could she lick it? Could little Alice Faye, night-club singer, ex-chorus girl, survive this vicious attack? At eighteen, she was the center of a scandal that made headlines everywhere. At eighteen, she was blazoned on every front page in America as the other woman.

Could she win out—and how? What could she do with the future, what would Rudy do to help her, would any man ever believe in her and love her after this, would anyone ever give her a job again?

So began the real battle of Alice Faye's life, and the next few months were to tell a strange story of the thing within Alice Faye that in the end made her an actress and a star. DECEMBER—PHOTOPLAY.



Dancing, but not romancing (each is happily wed) at Felix Young's Troc—Ann Sothorn and Ray Milland

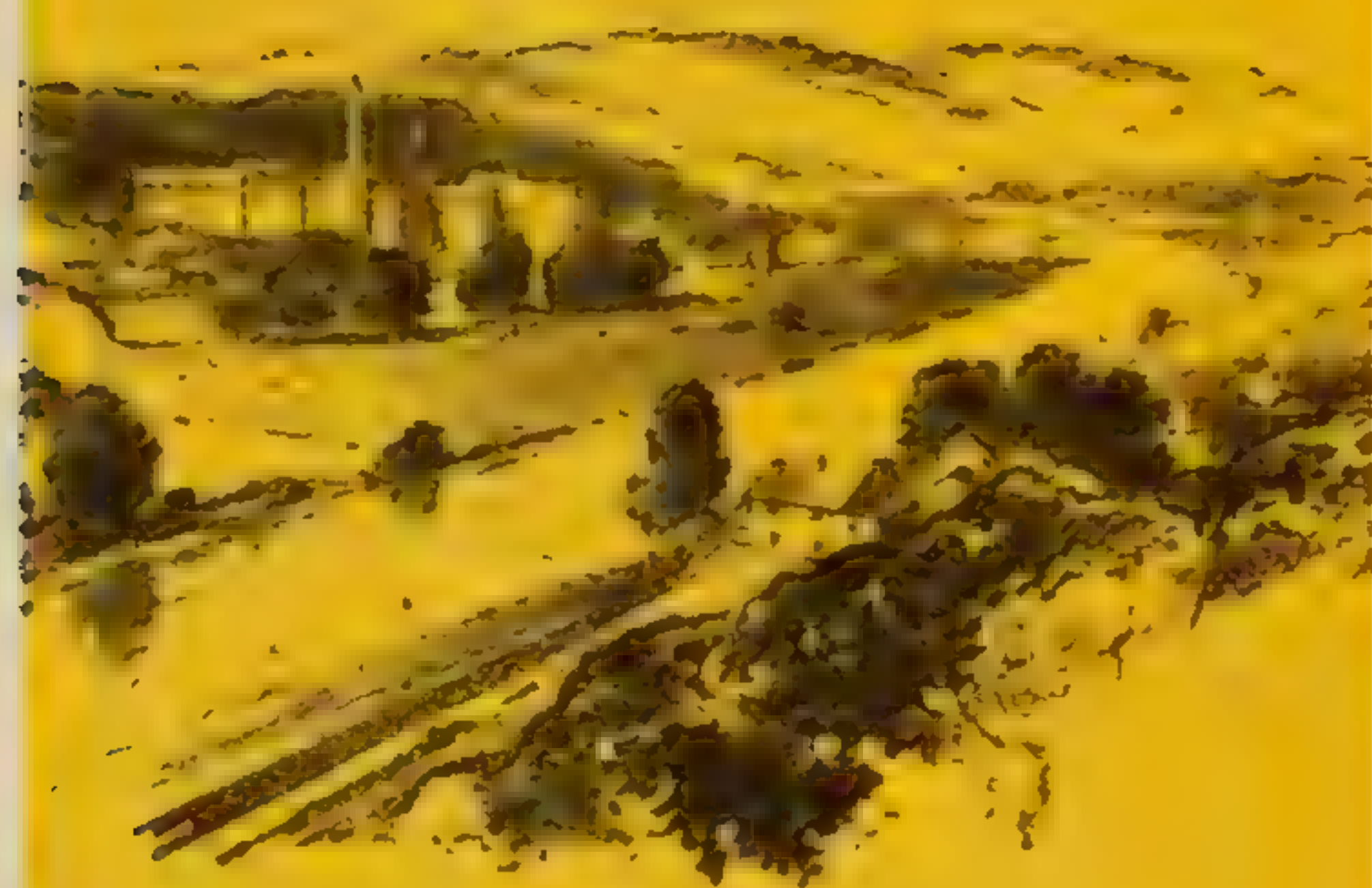


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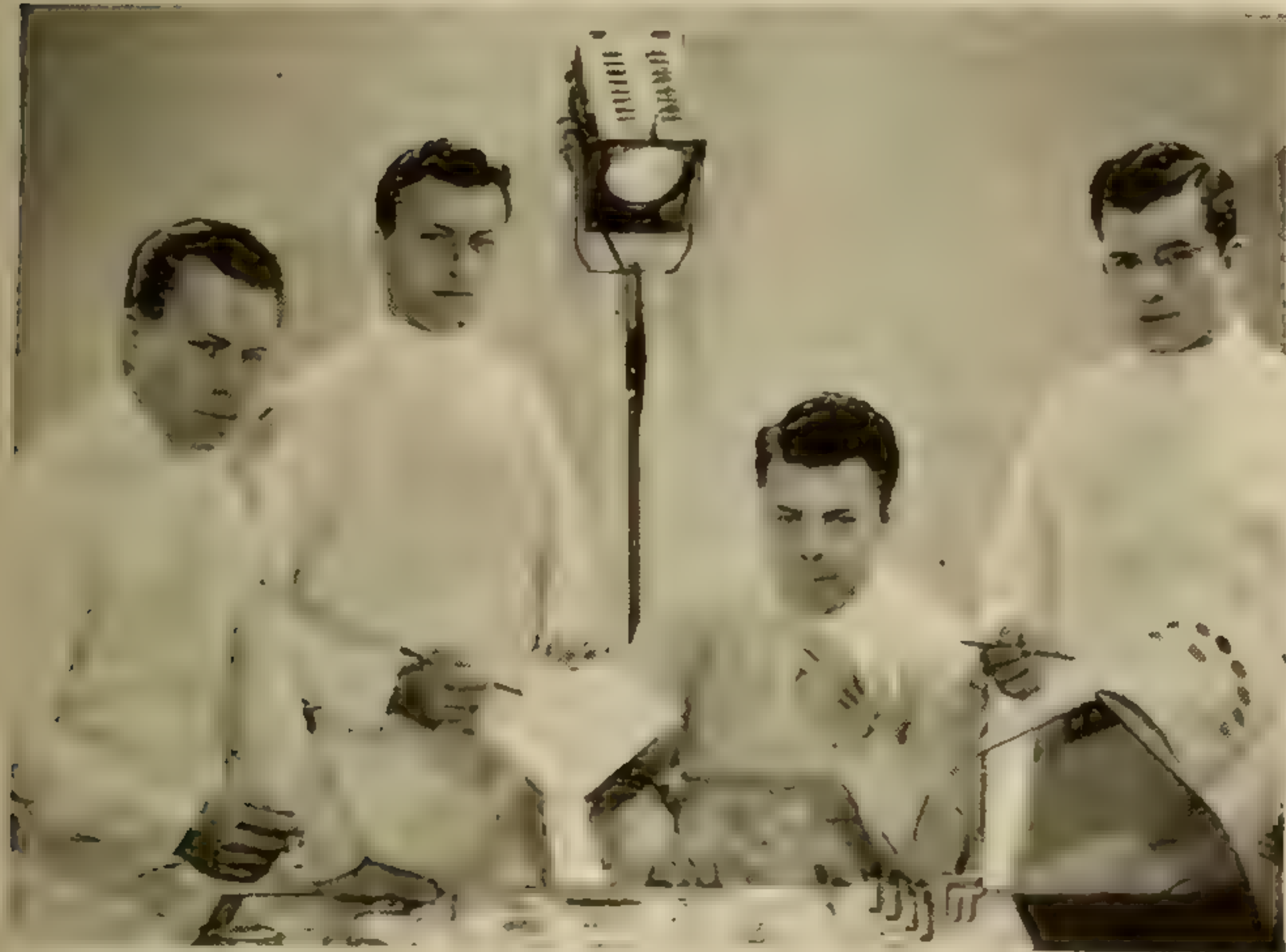


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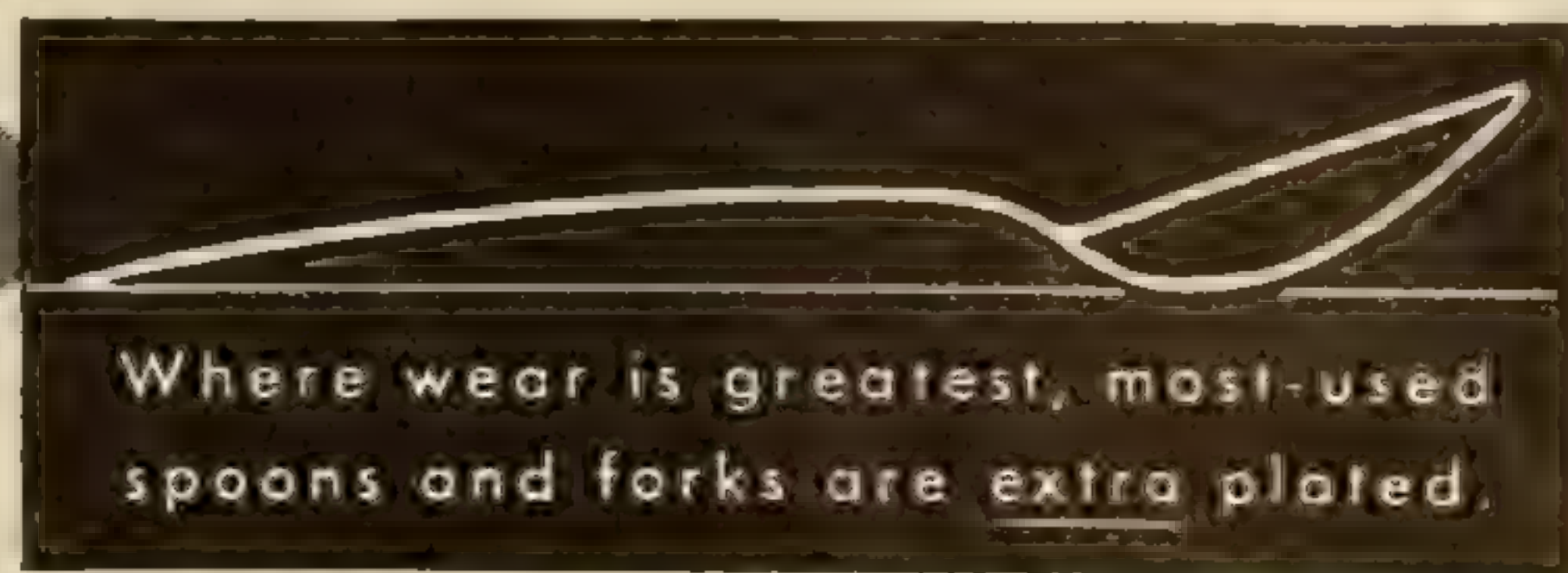
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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 67)

"Allegheny Uprising" springs from a dramatic incident in American Colonial history around 1760. Unscrupulous British traders smuggled guns to the hostile redskins. They promptly turned them on the Pennsylvania settlers. The settlers didn't like it one bit—and that's what all the shooting's about that we see. They're storming the pesky redcoats in Fort Loudon.

Sherwood Lake is a popular Los Angeles summer resort, and although everywhere you look mammoth signs warn: "Keep Out—No Visitors!" the lake shore is studded with vacationing kibitzers.

Right at the height of the battle, Director William Seiter peers far into the glow and yells "Cut!" and the usual "Save your fire!—Save your lights!" echoes. The assistant director is summoned at a trot.

"It looks as if you've got too many settlers in the background," says Seiter. The assistant director runs over for a look. He comes back crestfallen.

"They aren't settlers, Mr. Seiter," he reports. "They're people who live around here!"

INQUISITIVE natives may be one of the troubles of shooting on location, along with box lunches, mosquitoes, and sleeping on cots, but sometimes a location can be a real holiday paradise—like Paramount's "Typhoon," doing business on the blue bay of the Isthmus of Catalina Island.

"Typhoon" was originally "South of Samoa," which shows you how titles can change their stripes nowadays.

Dotty Lamour, complete with sarong, is in this with Robert Preston, who, by the way, since "Beau Geste," is Paramount's very fair-haired young man-of-the-hour.

"Typhoon," in Technicolor, is another of those native girl plus stranded sailor numbers. Only it's dressed up with a sunken submarine, a deep-sea battle with an octopus and all kinds of thrilling things.

They've rigged up a marvelous jungle penthouse in one of the palm trees, with an elevator contraption hoisting a basket up and down on woven vine cables. It's worthy of "Tarzan." Dorothy is trying to keep Bob up in her love-nest away from his ship. So every time he steps in the elevator to go down, she sends her pet chimpanzee to haul it back up. They seesaw, up and down, for several takes, as Dotty croons seductive tunes. The monkey thinks it's a lot of fun, but Bob's not so sure. He grew up in the tough district of Los Angeles and he's a little worried.

"What'll the guys over in Lincoln Heights say when they see me wrapped up in this tea towel, playing elevator boy to a monk?" he frowns.

Back on the mainland, Paramount's feminine favorite in the star future book, Patricia Morison, is getting the Technicolor test, too, in "Untamed" with Ray Milland and Akim Tamiroff. Years ago, Clara Bow and Percy Marmont did this same picture, but under its original Sinclair Lewis title, "Mantrap." Pat Morison isn't exactly the flaming "It" type, so they've remodeled her part considerably. But it's still the north woods romance of a young vacationing doctor and a trapper's pretty wife. They're lost in the north woods of Southern California, however, the day we pick to call. So, instead, we look in on George Brent and Isa Miranda, John Loder and Nigel Bruce, making "Dia-

monds Are Dangerous."

If we thought we'd get a peek inside the Paramount lot for this one, we're quickly disillusioned. They shunt us right off to another location at the ritzy Midwick Country Club in Pasadena, where we encounter—of all things—an ostrich race!

It seems that in Capetown, South Africa, where most of this drama takes place, the favorite outdoor sport is racing ostriches instead of bangtails. So they've laid out a quarter-mile track on the polo sward. Eight of the oversized chickens are hopping about nearby, hitched to funny little sulkies.

It's all very exciting as the ostriches line up at the post. Director Fitzmaurice gives the signal. He doesn't say "Action!" He whoops, "They're off!"

Only they're not. Or rather, they're off all over the place! The combination of green racing ostriches and even greener ostrich drivers is a little disastrous. There's a big flurry of dust, an octet of angry squawks, and the ostriches take off in the weirdest race we've ever seen. One hurdles a reflector and crashes through a fence. Another climbs into the grandstands. One wheels and almost knocks over George and Isa. One just backs up and sits down, possibly to lay an egg!

They're still chasing a flock of feathers over the course when we leave, and George and Isa are rolling with laughter.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is resting up for the big efforts of Shirley Temple's next color classic, "The Bluebird," and Linda Darnell's co-starring debut with Tyrone Power, "Daytime Wife," when we get back from the location circuit. The vast lot is deserted by vacationing TC-F stars, except the perennial Jane Withers. "High School" starts Jane out on a new adolescent program. She's shooting up like a weed, so, from now on, kid stuff is out.

Jane Withers doesn't seem to be worried about anything so abstract as that, however, on the "High School" set. What bothers Jane is a twisting, squirming gopher snake. She's supposed to pick it up and wrap it around her neck, and there's a professional snake woman on hand to sell her the idea. But Jane balks. We've been waiting years for this moment. After seeing Jane undaunted by anything that runs, swims, flies or crawls, it's almost a pleasure to see a little snake give her the business. Her squeals and frightened tremors may be a part of blossoming into young womanhood, we wouldn't know. But when people say, "Now, Jane, don't be a sissy!" and still live! Well—the old order certainly do changeth—yes, indeed!

We're right on hand to watch the order change for another star, Sigrid Gurie, the day we personally inspect Universal's process of glamorizing the girl shaded by Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers." "Rio" is the first step in the process—and a high, wide and handsome one it seems, too.

"Rio" is lavish and stark at the same time. The story: A European industrial king (Basil Rathbone) marries a night-club singer (Sigrid). Then his kingdom crashes. When he goes to a prison camp in South America, she follows. But young engineer Robert Cummings is on hand near-by in Rio, and then it's a case of real love—until Basil escapes.

The scene we see is before Basil's

world goes to pot. He and Sigrid are celebrating their first wedding anniversary in the night club where they met. As a lark, she steps out on the floor to sing.

The song is supposed to be a new one called "Love Open My Eyes," but when Sigrid opens her mouth, it's strictly from wonder. What the orchestra plays is Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"—and the whole set cheers! We catch on, then. That very night Sigrid changes her name to Mrs. Laurence Spangard, teaming up for better or worse with Hollywood's popular Dr. Spangard. Everybody comes around for a preview kiss from the bride, and work is out. "But don't forget," Director John Brahm warns Sigrid, "you've got a call for five in the morning!"

"O-h-h-h," wails Sigrid. Then she turns to the orchestra. "Now I'll tell you what to play," she says. But they're way ahead of her. They strike up, "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"!!

AT Warners', "Oomphie" Annie Sheridan, John Garfield and Burgess Meredith are struggling through a remake of Warden Lawes' "20,000 Years in Sing-Sing," under the new title of "City of Lost Men." But after a look at the depressing prison set, bulls, finks, screws and so forth, we decided Warners' will have to do better by Annie than that if they want to keep up the hotcha Oomph publicity. In our humble opinion, she needs something with sex, not sadness. As for John Garfield, we'd like to see him out in the open for a change, with maybe a smile on his face.

But the big moment at Warners' right now is "We Are Not Alone"—for Paul Muni is still head man in those parts.

James Hilton ("Mr. Chips") authored "We Are Not Alone," and Edmund Goulding is directing this tragic story of an English doctor's bout with justice. Flora Robson and Jane Bryan have the next best parts. But it's really all Muni.

Paul is playing his violin in his little surgery for the scene we see. Luckily that's one of his diversions in real life—so he's convincing. The shot is through a window at passers-by—extras. They're supposed to be staring in, attracted by the rude noises. Muni doesn't show in the shot. "Just an off-stage fiddle squeak," he sighs. "Back where I belong." He taps his bow like Toscanini and turns to Goulding with a haughty glance. "Okay," says Paul. "Heifetz is ready." A cute kid, Muni.

Frankly, however, for cute kids we'll take the flock of curvaceous bathing beauties we find on the set of "Fast and Furious" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Franchot Tone, Ann Sothorn and Lee Bowman are knee-deep in Miss Atlanta, Miss Texas, and various other hits and misses, including Margaret Roach, Hal's plump young daughter. There's also a sexy little new siren named Mary Beth Hughes—remember the name, you'll see more of her later.

Against this parade of pulchritude, Ann, Franchot and Lee are working out a rollicking farce about a young married man (Franchot) who acquires an interest in a bathing-beauty parade and aims to take care of his interests. But when he takes on the job of judge and starts tape measuring the fair young bodies, that's when his loving wife (Ann) steps in.

This is the second step of the Sothorn build-up at Metro. Ann is heiress to Jean Harlow's stories there. Since "Maisie," too, she's also the top-ranking comedienne on the lot. As for Franchot, it's his first picture since he "deserted" Hollywood. He tells us he never said he was quitting the screen for keeps, and never intended to. But

he will go back to the stage after one more picture. Meanwhile, "I like Hollywood, and everybody in it," Franchot states, just for the record.

We find busy Bob Taylor on the very next set we visit, "Remember," with Greer Garson and Lew Ayres. That mildly surprises us, for Greer was booked originally for "Susan and God."

"Remember" is wistful comedy—the story of two people who love, marry, and see their marriage go on the rocks. Then a quirk of fate gives them a chance to do it all over again. Do they change? They do not. The same mistakes repeat themselves! It's a clever idea.

Greer Garson looks a very different person from the Kathie of "Mr. Chips": This part is modern, New Yorkish, young and gay. She's in smart clothes and her gorgeous thick red hair, quite a problem, has been subdued à la Guillard. Even the remnant of her English accent is gone. But not the taste for tea.

She has corralled Bob, Lew and Director Norman McLeod around her dressing room where a large kettle simmers over an electric stove. "Movies can wait," laughs Greer, "but not tea."

But McLeod is impatient, like all directors. "Let's take the scene first," he suggests. "By that time it'll be hot."

So they take their places and go into a scene—the one where Greer and Bob Taylor meet, pretty important, too. Everything is proceeding perfectly when a shrill whistle pierces the sound track. "Cut!" cries McLeod. "What in the world?"

Greer looks guilty. "I forgot," she explains. "It's my teapot. It whistles when the water's hot!"

McLeod throws up his hands. "I guess you're right," he grins. "Movies can wait for the British. But tea—never!"

BOTH movies and movie stars, however, are waiting to see what happens for them in radio this winter. Hollywood is conspicuous by its absence right now, we find, visiting the studios of Radio City. But it's only the lull before the winter storm of star-static.

Now that the summer filler shows and the swing bands—Goodman, Kyser, Shaw and company—have let go of the Hollywood air waves, Sunset and Vine is turning again for the talent it must have to that perpetual gold mine—the movie lots.

DeMille, back from his annual yacht trip, is busy lining up new stars for the Lux Radio Theater... The Screen Guild Theater has signed Roger Pryor as a permanent master of ceremonies... Ona Munson is set to replace Claire Trevor with Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town"... Judy Garland is joining Bob Hope on the Pepsodent show... Frank Morgan is considering giving up the screen and M-G-M to stay with Good News... Wendy Barrie, Edmund Lowe and Anita Louise are back from a "Gateway to Hollywood" tour, making tests with new talent... Richard Arlen is plotting a football show for the air... Nelson Eddy has rejoined Chase and Sanborn...

On the personal side of Sunset and Vine: A store on Radio Row is now advertising "Don Ameche collars"—that high kind... Rochester's race horse—Edox—came in as a long shot at Bing Crosby's Del Mar the other day... The Wynn Rocamora-Dorothy Lamour romance is strictly business; he's her manager... Hanley Stafford (Father Snooks) will marry Viola Vonn in December; she's been singing on the Joe E. Brown show... And since Edgar Bergen has given up fishing for horseback riding, he's doing his Charlie McCarthy act standing up.

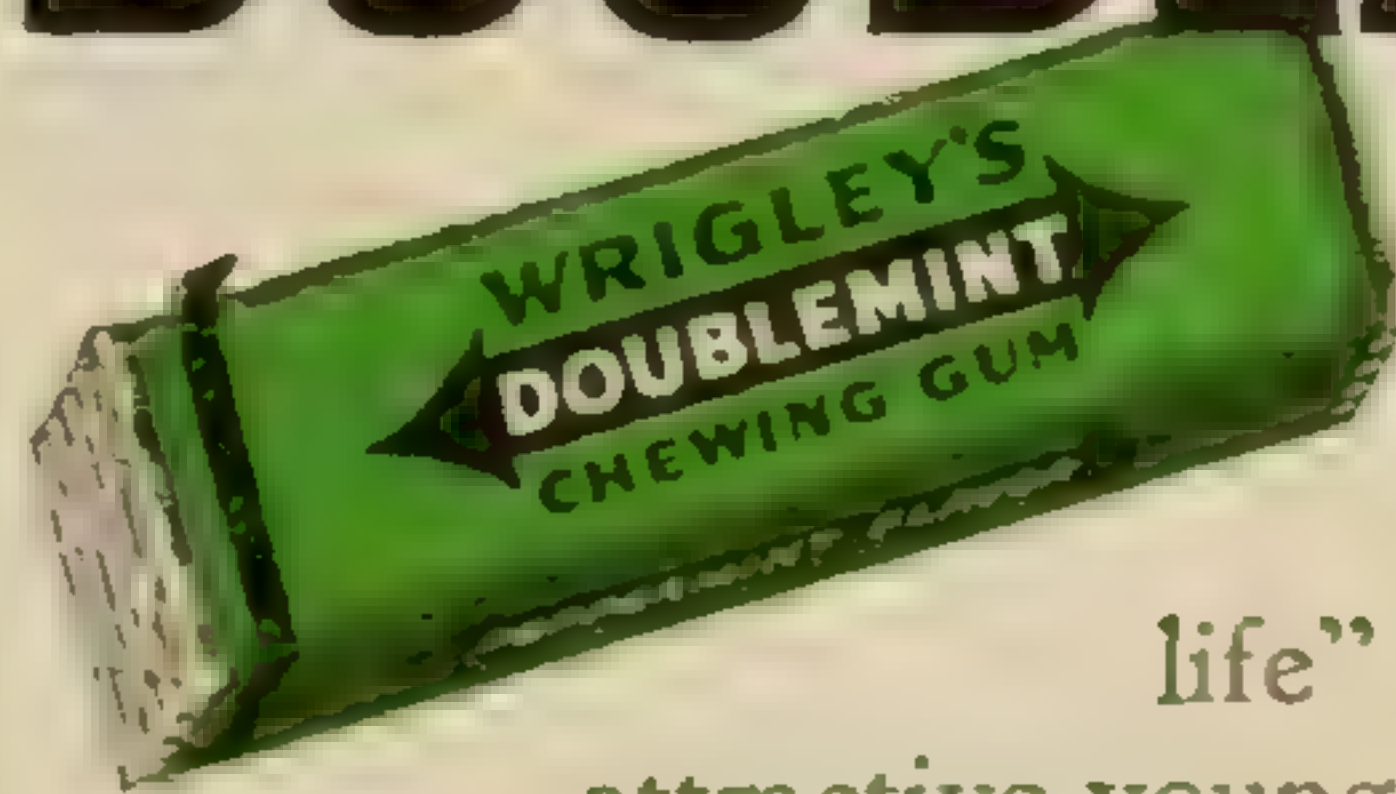
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How Olivia Sees Her Sister's Romance

(Continued from page 27)

going to be married—because we discovered it and fell in love with it together."

Olivia swallowed a gasp. She knew that church. As children, she and Joan had dreamed of being married there some day. But Joan had forgotten. Because she'd come upon it with Brian, it was new to her. It had blossomed like magic out of the earth at their summons. This must be what they call rebirth by love, Livvie found herself thinking. Wisely she held her tongue, and opened her arms.

"I'm really beginning to believe it. Turn your face away while I hug you. Your groom would undoubtedly slay me if I gave you the sniffles. Have you told Mummy?"

"Mhm. She always liked him, you know—ever since the black eye."

They giggled rather shakily, welcoming the release from emotional tension. The black eye had been a feature of their mother's first meeting with Mr. Aherne. She had acquired it by falling down a staircase in London, and had it still when she and Olivia reached New York. Brian, sailing next day, had asked Olivia to dine with him that night. They'd been friends since working together in "The Great Garrick." When he called for her, of course he met Mrs. Fontaine.

"I like him," that lady told her daughter firmly next day. "He left me with the distinct impression that black eyes were being worn by all the smarter matrons this season."

When Joan had gone, Livvie dug her cheek into her pillow and tried to compose her whirling thoughts. What had happened to her sister, that suddenly she'd been able to take this momentous step with a quiet assurance that baffled Olivia? No questions, no hesitations. Heretofore they'd always talked and talked—both of them—and had never been able to make up their minds. "Now Joanie's twenty-one, and she's done it," thought the old lady of twenty-two with something like awe. "She hasn't wasted time, wondering should she or shouldn't she. She just whipped out and did it."

But why hadn't she, Livvie, suspected something? She tried to trace back the steps by which it had happened, only to discover how little she knew—she who'd imagined Joan was her open book.

They had met at Palm Springs, she'd been told that story. Brian had heard a voice—"Aha! Olivia!"—and turned a corner, to be confronted "by a rascal, to be sure, but a blonde and green-eyed rascal, instead of the dark one I expected to see."

"Oh!" he said. "You're not Olivia. Then you must be Olivia's sister."

HE began calling on Joan soon after that. He took her to a party at the Lightons. Bud Lighton, the producer, was his close friend, and both girls were favorites with Mrs. Lighton. She asked Brian to bring them to her party. Olivia couldn't go, so Joan and Brian went without her.

Looking back, she remembered that she'd been very busy with golf lessons at that time. With elaborate carelessness, Joan would inquire: "You're not going to be in this afternoon, are you, Livvie?"

"I don't know. Why?"
"Well, don't come home till six. I'm having a guest to tea."
"Who?"
"Oh—just a guest."
The identity of the guest who had tea

so frequently with young Miss Fontaine couldn't be kept a secret for long. But did that mean it was serious? Even if they went to Saratoga at the same time? Joan wanted to visit her old home. Brian wanted to play golf. He was staying at the Golf Club twenty-five miles from town. They were good friends. It would be nice for them to spend their evenings together.

They spent their days together, too. Aherne, the formal Englishman, asked Joan's mother for the honor of her daughter's hand in marriage. They visited her childhood haunts. They discovered the old church. They called on her friends. Brian was particularly pleased to meet Uncle Hugh Studdert-Kennedy, and to learn it was Uncle Hugh who would give Joan away to him in marriage. For Hugh Studdert-Kennedy was the brother of England's famous wartime clergyman, Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy, nicknamed "Woodbine Willie" by the soldiers whom he had kept supplied with cigarettes. Woodbine Willie had once given a talk at Brian's school, and had made an indelible impression on the youngster's mind.

It was after Saratoga that Joan broke the news to Olivia. She told her they wanted to be married soon, but they wanted a honeymoon, too, and Brian was working in "Vigil in the Night." Suddenly Carole Lombard was rushed to the hospital, so the picture was postponed, and the wedding day set.

To Olivia's amazement, Joan managed everything herself. First, she devoured Emily Post on weddings, then she started operations. She engaged the Tower Room at the Del Monte Hotel for the reception. She ordered the menu and the flowers. She made out the invitation list, and asked a friend in Saratoga to arrange the seating. She delegated her mother to precede the wedding party and see to the church decorations. She selected her wedding gown alone. Also the gown for her maid of honor. She would have taken the maid of honor along on that errand, but the maid of honor was still in bed.

"Not that it really matters," said the

bride kindly. "I find that things get done faster without advice."

That would have startled Olivia a week earlier. Now she took it in her stride. A week ago Joan had been her little sister. Now she was a woman who went about with a new grace in her movements, and a new serenity in her eyes. It was as if life, that bewildering jigsaw, had suddenly grown very clear and simple to Joan. "She's learned something I don't know yet," Olivia thought. "It's as though I were the younger now."

Brian had chartered a plane to take the wedding party to Del Monte. The atmosphere of departure was kept strictly matter-of-fact—no loophole allowed for a tear to squeeze through on Joan's last morning at home. Brian and a friend came to breakfast. He and Olivia talked straight through it on the all-absorbing topic of the fourth dimension. By way of balance they all buried themselves in the funnies on the two-hour plane flight. Late in the afternoon they rehearsed the ceremony, and that evening Joan's friends gave her a beautiful party. As the only unattached girl, with more dance partners than she knew what to do with, the maid of honor had the time of her life.

SHE and the bride spent the night together, and Livvie woke next morning to find Joan sitting up beside her, eyes wide with dismay.

"My heaven, Livvie, you know that aisle in the church? It's terribly narrow. D'you suppose there'll be room for Brian and my hoops too?"

Livvie turned pale. "What'll we do if there isn't?"

"Well, I could walk up that aisle hoopless, I suppose, but definitely not Brianless."

"Maybe you can have 'em both. Let's phone someone to go and measure the aisle."

The aisle turned out agreeably to be just wide enough, so the young ladies had their breakfast in bed and in peace.

Soon—almost too soon, Livvie thought—came the stirring business of dressing the bride. Save for her stockings, every-



Pretty Mary Healy, discovered for movies in 20th Century-Fox's own New Orleans office, is one Cinderella getting a big rush in Hollywood—this month from Franchot Tone, as seen at the Lamaze

thing was white. Her mother and sister slipped the folds of soft satin over her head and arranged the long train. In the hooped skirt, the puffed sleeves, the tight-fitting bodice, the tiny lace collar embroidered in tiny pearls, she looked faintly Elizabethan and wholly delicious. The veil was fastened with a cluster of white stephanosis, and a little muff, from which butterfly orchids sprayed, completed the picture.

Into her shoe they tucked the good-luck sixpence Mrs. Lighton had worn at her wedding, and her mother before her. A tiny blue bow had been stitched to her underskirt, and for something old, she carried in her muff a handkerchief of Olivia's.

Mrs. Fontaine went off to dress while Livvie got into the chartreuse net Joan had selected for her, and fastened round her throat the triple strand of pearls Joan had given her. She wore a small velvet hat with velvet streamers that matched the ribbons on her bouquet of apricot begonias. Those who saw her say that she didn't look bad, either.

The ceremony was scheduled for one. They were about to leave when Joan cried: "Where's Mother?" Mother hadn't been seen since she left the girls to dress. Someone went flying to her room. She wasn't there. Scouts were sent scurrying through the hotel. She couldn't be found.

THE Episcopal service requires the groom and his best man to be in their places five minutes before the arrival of the bride. "They're supposed to meditate," groaned Olivia. "So there stood Brian and Bud Lighton meditating like fury for half an hour while the guests gauped, and Brian began to think he knew what a jilted man felt like.

"Finally, Mother arrived. And I tell you, the woman looked so stunning that, with our mouths open to storm, we kept them open to gape. Regal, that's what she was, in a long grey affair with a magnificent plum-violet hat and glorious plumes sticking way up and little mitts to match. She never said a word—just swept to the car, stately and triumphant, for all the world as if we were the guilty ones, and we followed meek as mice."

A few minutes later they were standing in the church entry. Softly the organ rolled into the wedding march, and down the narrow aisle paced a demure rascal in chartreuse net, dark eyes aglow. Exactly three yards behind, on the arms of her Uncle Hugh, followed a vision in white, and if you'd ever referred to her as less than an angel, you wondered now how you'd dared.

Livvie had no intention of weeping. Nobody wept at weddings any more. So, hardly had the beautiful service been started, when she felt a lump rise to her throat and the tears welling. "Stop it," she told herself furiously, and couldn't stop it. This wasn't just a wedding. It was Joan and Brian, plighting their troth to each other for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and health; till death did them part.

The tears flowed faster.

"It's all very well to be dewy-eyed at your sister's wedding," thought the frantic Livvie, "but look at your nose. It's getting dewy, too."

She made a stern effort at self-control. And just as she felt there was no succor, succor came. She remembered her handkerchief, stowed safely away in Joanie's muff. So, while bride and groom exchanged vows, the maid of honor dabbed secretly at her nose and thanked heaven for traditions.

THE Tower Room was gay with asters and begonias, with champagne and laughter. A hundred old friends sat down to the breakfast Joan had ordered, and drank toasts to the wedded pair. Olivia discovered that people do weep at weddings, but never at receptions.

Presently she caught Joan's signal and slipped out. Back in their room, she helped her sister change into her going-away clothes—a green ensemble, brown hat and brown suede shoes and bag and gloves. The wedding gown and veil, the shoes and stockings were carefully put away. "I want to save them all," said Joan softly. "I'd like my daughter to wear them some day."

There was a knock at the door, and Brian came in. He and his wife were going to telephone his parents in England. Livvie beamed approval. "That shows me you're right for Joan," she told him, with a maternal pat on the sleeve. Joan followed her to the door to whisper: "You and Mummy come out to the car and say good-by."

The car stood purring behind a big column at the front of the hotel, luggage piled high, Brian's chauffeur at the wheel, ready for a quick getaway. The guests waited, armed with handfuls of limp rice. Mr. and Mrs. Aherne appeared on the stairway, and the bride was carrying the little white muff with its orchids. Of course, she should have thrown it. But all the women were married except Olivia. Dodging rice, she thrust the flowers at her sister. This was one thing she couldn't save for her daughter. She needed it now to wish Olivia happiness like her own.

They ran through the hail of rice out to the car. Joan flung her arms round Livvie, her mother, and Livvie again. Tall Brian smiled down at small Miss de Havilland. "Good-by, little sister," he said and kissed her cheek.

"Little sister," she thought. "I've never been little sister before. It's nice."

Shortly after the wedding came news of the war in Europe. Joan, of course, is worried sick that Brian may be called for military duty, for he is an expert pilot. However, Olivia told me, that eventuality is not in the too immediate future, for the fact that Brian has had no military training would seem to indicate that he would be summoned only if war continued for a long time. So, like the sensible, courageous people they are, they are not letting the war spoil their new happiness, this happiness which Olivia saves to think about, "just like a piece of cake."

Cross out the Bensons, Honey—he's all right but she . . .



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THE remark about the Bensons was never finished. It didn't have to be, for all the neighbors knew about them! "They *could* be a grand couple," everybody thought. "Why doesn't she *know* Mum would prevent any trace of underarm odor?"

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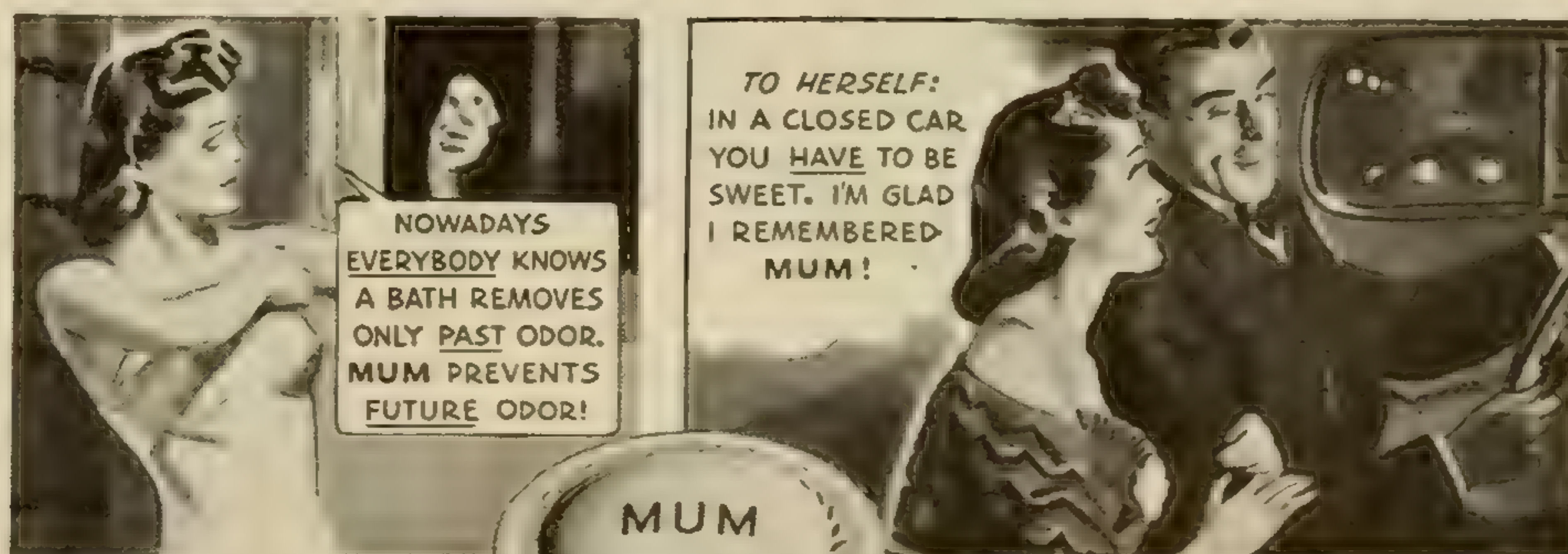
DEPENDABLE! Without stopping perspiration Mum makes *odor* impossible all day or all evening long. If you prize happiness, be sure you're *always* sweet. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

WHO ARE THEY NOW?

Photoplay reveals the identities and new names of the film stars whose pictures appear on pages 46 and 47.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Ann Sothorn, formerly Harriette Lake | 6. Jon Hall, formerly Charles Locher and Lloyd Crane |
| 2. Penny Singleton, formerly Dorothy McNulty | 7. Ellen Drew, formerly Terry Ray |
| 3. Carole Lombard, formerly Jane Peters | 8. June Lang, formerly June Vlassek |
| 4. Rita Hayworth, formerly Rita Cansino | 9. Hedy Lamarr, formerly Hedy Kiesler |
| 5. Anita Louise, formerly Anita Fremault; Anne Shirley, formerly Dawn O'Day | |

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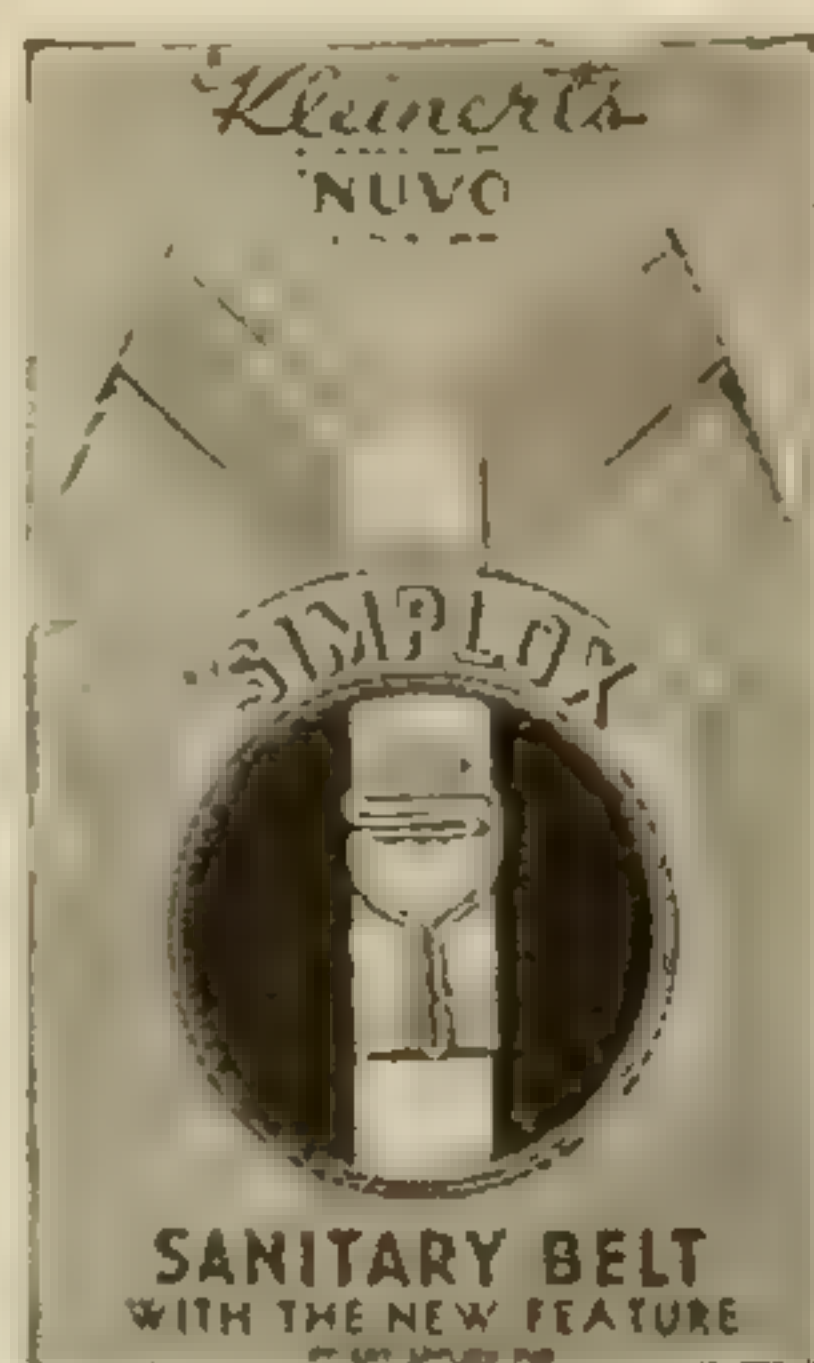
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That the first shot in "Confession" showed the top of Jane's head and the first shot in "We Are Not Alone" also revealed the Bryan pate is "spooky." That she should be speaking of someone who just then enters the Warner Brothers dining room is "spooky." That she should have played the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," and her sister in "The Sisters" is "spooky."

It kills her friends, who adore it in her.

To me, the only spooky thing about Jane herself is that she began displaying this unusual talent of hers at an age when most kids are all hands and feet, and boy-conscious up to their eyebrows. In high school, after she was graduated from Marymount Convent, she was chosen to play *Touchstone* in "As You Like It," and was given careful coaching by the dramatic teacher. But just before she went on for the part, something zipped into the O'Brien bean and she saw (this is spooky) the character in an altogether new light. Something had spoken within (this gets spookier), and Jane leaped onto the stage, as original and as amazing a *Touchstone* as ever lived. Of course, all it accomplished was to stupefy the cast into openmouthed astonishment and knock the dramatic teacher, to say nothing of the audience, into loop after loop. Surveying the havoc about her and listening to the buzz of Shakespeare whirling in his grave, either in anger at her or at the others for not understanding (she couldn't tell which), she relapsed into the original conception of the role. It's the last relapse she ever indulged in, for, a little later in Jean Muir's Work Shop Theater, Jane played the lead in "Green Grow the Lilacs" as she saw it and as Bette Davis out front also saw it. For three weeks thereafter, at Bette's urgent suggestion, Warners attempted to sign Jane to a studio contract. And there's a hot one for you—a studio trying to sign up a newcomer.

But, you see, Jane Bryan is a Hollywood girl by birth, with none of the usual longings to go to Hollywood. Jane was already there. What she wanted was to go to New York and play on the stage. What Jane still wants and always will want is to go to New York and play on the stage. And someday, somebody (not casting any hints) had better let her do it or something is going to pop. Something terribly stage-struck, with a face full of freckles, plain brown hair, nice blue eyes, too-wide ears, brown brows and lashes, a wide friendly mouth that answers to the name of Jane.

Know how Warners finally got her to sign that contract? They went back and asked her if she wouldn't aid her leading man, Mr. Prince, in taking a test.

"No," said Jane. "No, I won't. It sounds as if I were being too noble. But as long as he's taking a test, I'll take one with him."

So she took it and Warners took her. She can get herself more mixed up in bubble gum and lollypops and art in banana skins than anyone I know.

"What kind of sherbet will you have?" the waitress inquires at luncheon.

"What colors have you?" Janey asks. The waitress looks around with a slight case of daze and says, "You wouldn't like it—it's orange."

"Oh, well," Janey says, "bring me a banana."

The banana gobbled, her eyes look

Janey-Paney

(Continued from page 32)

down on the skin left on the plate. "Look," she says, "it's beautiful. Notice how the skin forms a circular pattern. Like a flower."

"He's crazy," she says when we tease her about Eddie Albert, who had just stopped by the table. "Just cuckoo."

By this we know Janey thinks he's all right. We listen to them later on the Muni set when Eddie, who zoomed to the top in "Brother Rat," drops in between takes.

"The ice-cream man is outside," Eddie says. "What flavor do you want, Jane? All he has left is chocolate."

"Has he no other colors?" Janey wants to know.

"No. Where will you be about six o'clock?" Eddie asks her.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe several places."

"Jane, that's a silly answer. How can I phone you—"

The argument fades out as Jane is called to face Paul Muni in as heavy and as dramatic a scene as any young or old actress has ever faced.

Today's youth, we think. Ice-cream men and dates at six and wringing our hearts out on the screen, all mixed up in a bundle. She's lonely. Inside. No one ever told me and for that matter probably no one in the world believes it but me. But I know as well as I'm living, that the beginning and end of all things that happen to her are inside Jane. Locked up. Hers is not a physical but a spiritual loneliness, for, Heaven knows, with that family of hers she couldn't be physically lonely, what with Dad O'Brien, who's a lawyer in Los Angeles; mother O'Brien, who tends strictly to her home keeping; and the three O'Brien boys; to say nothing of the three dogs and Svengali the duck. With the dogs barking, the boys yelling, the phones ringing and Svengali hissing his head off, it's pretty much the average American family.

Such is Janey's family. There is not the slightest reference by one of them to Jane's work as an actress. As far as the family is concerned, she could be starting out to an office each morning instead of to Paul Muni's genius.

The slightest reference to movies from Jane brings a united snort of "Well, my word, the Duchess."

We watched her reaction to a compliment the other day and noted her painful shyness. Mr. Muni, in passing our table, laid an affectionate hand on Jane's shoulder and said, "Congratulations on winning the poll, Jane." Jane had just been voted the best supporting actress of the month for her work in "The Old Maid."

I watched her eyes fly upward to look at Mr. Muni, but she didn't say a word. She couldn't.

The one person to whom she can spill the beans, as it were, is Bette Davis. A telephone call from Jane to Bette, then in New York, revealed the good news. It was Bette's flood of congratulations that fed Jane's hungry heart.

"Don't tell me those things," Bette will often say to Jane, clutching her ears to shut out the sound. "I've been all through them. The same problems. Don't tell me."

Only, of course, Jane does. And Bette advises.

She's a card, Jane is, for nicknames. Marie becomes "Maroo." And Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's sister, becomes "Jenny" Cagney. Eddie Albert will be "Skeets" one week and "Skates" the next. Not even Jane knows why.

She is romantic, too—Oh, my gosh, is she romantic—and gets awful crushes on actors and doctors and people. All at the same time. Loves and adores good music, and thrills to the music of Tchaikovsky. And, as she says, Gypsy music simply rolls her on the floor. She has always collected tales of Irish folklore, poems and stories of the supernatural, "because it's such fun to believe in them."

She's a strange mixture of childhood and maturity, and is hungrily searching for some philosophy of life to live by. "Say that again," she'll say to a friend who has spoken some words of wisdom.

"I'm twenty-one," she ponders. "And yesterday was only three years ago and tomorrow is the Fourth of July."

"Yes, and by the way you keep dates, arriving two hours late," a friend will taunt, "it's New Years right now."

Jane laughs. She's vice president of the Hollywood Vague Club, you know, because her mind and attention wanders off to some far-off land in the midst of an interesting conversation, leaving the talker aware he's all alone in the world, with little Bryan off to distant ports in the land of mental make-believe.

SHE loathes the idea of screen make-up and almost has to be hog-tied to have false eyelashes put on. Or any make-up, for that matter.

During a visit to New York, Noel Coward, meeting her on Fifth Avenue, told her that he and Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt considered her the finest young actress in Hollywood. Two blocks later, Jane, who could not contain herself, let out a wild whoop of joy that startled the passers-by out of a year's growth.

She loathes hats and never wears them. Only in pictures, of course. She's the prize fuss-budget about taking care of friends. She adores feeling responsible for people, admonishing them about their diets and taking their medicines. Dear, dear, how she fusses and bosses and loves it.

She has very little style, doesn't know two hills of beans about smart clothes but is learning. But then she's gone pretty far without knowing. She thinks nothing of stopping off in Chicago with a girl chum and driving a new car back across the country.

Flowers sent to her on the Muni set by the "City of Lost Men" cast, wishing her well, melted her into a flood of tears. But you should hear her mutter to herself (mumble, mumble, mumble) when she gets hopping mad. It's a panic.

And here's something about Jane that reveals her perfectly. When asked by James Hilton, the author of "We Are Not Alone," what she thought of her role, she replied, her Irish face gleaming,

"It's like moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it. I—" her voice trailed away.

And then, next day, she attempted in 1939 fashion to laugh off her explanation to Mr. Hilton.

"A horrible mistake," she groaned to me later, "in presuming he wouldn't understand. I should have known he'd understand."

Youth and age in one! Fantasy and reality! That's Jane Bryan. And somehow, to me at least, it isn't spooky. It isn't spooky a bit.

Instead it's like "moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it." And it's kinda very wonderful.

Heaven—Made to Order

(Continued from page 45)

of electrically controlled gates they stopped. Above their heads they read: "Sleepy Hollow Ranch."

"Wouldn't it be funny if this turned out to be our future home?" Bob mused.

AFTER the contract was signed and the title closed, Bob, Betty, Carol Ann and Barbara Queen moved in. Had the Youngs built from scratch, they would have preferred a French Normandy type of house. But Bob is a practical soul, and took what he found. With the exception of fresh milk and meat, they live right off their own land. The artichoke beds, the walnut and lemon crops, the fruit trees and grape arbors, make the ranch self-supporting the year round.

Bob's and Betty's idea was to strike a happy medium between a ranch and a city home. Tom Whalen, an old friend and one of the best decorators on the Sunset Strip, was called in as counsel.

The beamed Spanish ceilings and the arched doorways were too expensive to remove. So they decided to ignore them completely. With the exception of the bedroom, the one-story home is done in English farmhouse style. There is a fireplace, once heavy and black with Spanish wrought iron, in every room. "Now, each is re-covered in marble and natural wood.

Instead of antiques, Bob decided to copy their beautiful styles in sturdy practical woods. Everything was made to order. The cool, twenty-six by forty-two living room took six months to complete.

A myriad of blending colors sets off the beauty of this charming and restful room. Soft greens and gold seem to predominate. There are fluted-back chairs and Charles of London chairs. Two low old-style horsehair sofas stand at the far end of the room. They are covered in solid color yellow rep. There is a huge divan; two flowered, glazed-chintz covered chairs, and a reproduction of an old wine cooler (used as a table) standing before the closed fireplace. Shelf spaces feature a collection of pewter and Wedgwood. A beautiful mirror-doored secretary (the original cost a small fortune) almost covers one wall.

ALL told, there are ten livable rooms for the Bob Youngs and their young ones. Yet the house is comparatively small. For sheer comfort and social livability, the English game room is the most popular of all, the walls of which are paneled in rich dark wood. Painted on every other panel, right on the wood, are scenes of English country life. Framed over two hundred years ago, and hanging over the fireplace, are ten original Cruikshank prints. Above the mantel hangs an old, old cuckoo clock, now held together by wire. It belonged

to Bob's grandfather and, strangely enough, ran perfectly, up to the day the grandfather died. When Bob returned home from the funeral, he found the clock on the floor, where it had tumbled into a hundred pieces.

Low kelly-green leather chairs, old kerosene lamps wired for electricity, piecrust tables, Sheffield cigarette boxes and trays, and blocked linen draperies (design of English hunters and hunting dogs) complete the unusual décor.

Bob and Betty Young share a French Provincial bedroom, which is carried out in peach and green. By careful planning in the selection of furniture and colors, the room is in excellent taste for both personalities. They each have a separate dressing room and bath.

A copy of a Sixteenth Century dining room set makes the dinner hour pleasant and comfortable. There's even a fireplace in the dining room, a Welsh dresser that holds a rare collection of odd dinner plates, hand-carved wood wall brackets with more urns of growing ivy, commodes and candelabras.

ORDINARILY, it would take from fifty to a hundred years to establish the feeling of permanency that pervades throughout the rambling eight and a half acres. Actually, the place is not yet four years old. The original owner, expecting to remain there for the rest of his life, spent a fortune on landscaping. One great transplanted oak is over six hundred years old. It covers the space of a whole city lot. There are trees, flower gardens, servants' recreation quarters; a barbecue pit, guest-house, outdoor English teahouse, outdoor hotdog stand, gatekeeper's cottage, children's playhouse, stable, riding ring, and four horses and Great Dane kennels.

To really appreciate this rare spot Bob was so lucky in finding, you have to devise some means of slipping by the voice that controls the entrance gates and see the place for yourself. It must be seen to realize its intrinsic value. Bob, who was recently made Mayor of Tarzana, now knows that it isn't all a dream. Still he has to pinch himself, occasionally. And, philosophically, he thus sums up his good fortune:

"I've heard other actors beef about the raw deal they get in Hollywood. They kick and carry on, and some of them get annoyed with me because they say I'm too easily satisfied. I have my discouraged moments. Who doesn't? But when I come home at night and see all this around me, and realize it's all mine—I'm sorry, but I can't feel sorry for myself because I'm in an occasional bad picture. I've always been lucky, and I've no cause to be unhappy. 'Sleepy Hollow' is a legend that really came true. What more could I ask of life?"

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

through your mouth while you drink, but you can—and do—breathe through your ears. But when you stop air going through your ears at the same time you stop it going through your mouth, there's nothing for your hiccoughs to do but to retire gracefully. (Hippe)



Take a Brisk Rub

You're Exhausted? And You Have a Difficult Day Tomorrow?: When you reach home tonight have a warm bath, so you'll relax and sleep well. (A hot bath would sap you of vitality—and it's vitality you need.) Then, in the morning, have a tub or a shower. Start with the water warm and let it get colder until it's just as cold as you can stand it. And follow this with a good, brisk rub. And we mean brisk! (Davies)

DON'T BE A FLAT FOOT

If your feet incline to be flat, exercise your arches. Like mad! The surest and quickest way to do this is to ride a stationary bicycle. You don't have one? Well, well! Pretend you have! Go through the motions, anyhow! (Davies)

THE SKIN GAME

James Davies (an expert on the subject) tells you how to enjoy the benefits of a massage—without a massage: If you want the skin on your body to be healthy, bright and of good texture—and who doesn't?—give it plenty of cold water. This doesn't mean you're to jump into cold tubs or cold showers. It means you're to take sponge baths; that you're to have the cold water sluice over you slowly.



Sluice Yourself with Cold Water

Crepy Skin Isn't Allowed: It's ugly and age-making. And unnecessary!

For ice will act like a tonic on your face skin. And it will not break the little blood vessels, as some believe, unless it's applied directly to your face. Which isn't what we're about to recommend. We tell you to dip a cloth in ice water and spread it over your face and neck like a mask. Then take an ice cube and work around your contours . . . around the top of your eyes, over the top of your eyelids, underneath your eyes. Doing this, always work the ice out towards your ears. Then move the ice down your nostrils and out, across your lips and out, and, still pushing outward, down your neck. Ten minutes a day will take care of this matter—if you do it every day. You'll be delighted with the results. Your face will be toned up. Blood will be drawn to the surface. And your skin will have no opportunity to turn crepy.

EYE TROUBLE

Discoloration Around the Eyes: It indicates poor circulation and comes from lack of sleep, among other things. With your index finger, press where the bone that surrounds your eyes curves to the temples. Begin a circular massage. Go around and around. Work your way from front and center to the end of your eyebrows. Close one eye for a minute or two. Then look off at a distance of about twenty feet. Focus on the distance only; not on any detail. And do the same thing with your other eye. (Waxman)

Bags Under the Eyes: Require cloths that are cold and cloths that are fairly warm. Pat these cloths on your eyes at night and in the morning. Alternate. Use two or three cold cloths to one warm cloth. And while the cloths cover your eyes, massage over them, gently. Remember the tissues around your eyes will bruise easily. (Waxman)

When Little Blood Vessels Go Berserk: It is cold packs on your eyes that are needed. Have a bowl of ice or ice water beside you so the packs can be replaced often during the five minutes of treatment that is recommended. (Davies)

Tired Eyes: Should be bathed with a good solution. Then, cloths should be dipped in cold water and laid over them—to draw out the burning. (Davies)

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PERFECT 36?

You don't ask the impossible at all, even if you have long despaired over your too-boyish form. Here's an exercise that will develop your bust or raise it: Move your arms away from your sides and hold your hands on a level with your eyes. Press your fingers together. As you do this you will feel a pull on your pectoral muscles. Relax. Press again. And so on. And have no qualms that your arms or any other part of your body will be developed at the same time. (Davies)

YOU WANT TO REDUCE AND CAN'T AFFORD A MASSEUSE?*

* That's perfectly all right—you really don't need one!

Watch Your Liquids: Take no liquids with meals, or for one hour before

or after meals. Liquids and solids taken together create an element which produces fat. (Hippe)

Why Have a Double Chin?: It doesn't cost a fortune to get rid of a surplus chin; neither does it require any magic. First, apply hot towels to soften the fatty tissues. One hot towel after another. Then, with your fingertips, begin a kneading massage. Be gentle but firm. Begin at the point of your chin and work down your neck. Continue this massage, applying hot towels at intervals, for about ten minutes every day. And conclude always with an application of some strong astringent—to tighten up your skin again. (Hippe)

Abdominal Avoirdupois: We're purposely important with that subhead. Because if you have embonpoint, it's important that you get rid of it. And you can, simply enough. You don't even have to get out of bed to do it! Lie down with your arms under your head. Pull in your stomach by breathing in. Until it hurts! Until your stomach almost touches your spine! Then breathe out. And let your stomach out. Pull in. Let out. Twelve times every morning. WARNING! If you don't pull in enough to feel the strain, it will do you no good; you're wasting your time. (Davies)

Smaller and Better Hips: You can have them! Stretch out on the floor where there's room enough for you to move. Face the ceiling. Fold your arms across your chest. Now then, raise your feet and your shoulders about four inches from the floor. Roll over, turning to the left, until you face the floor. Come back to your starting position. Roll over, turning to the right, until you face the floor. And come back to your starting position. To the left . . . To the right . . . Check on your feet and shoulders. They must be off the floor. You must roll only on your hips. Your hips will rebel for a few days. They'll be downright sore. But this won't last and the proud-making results will. (Davies)

Knee Bumps: Here is interference no modern woman should endure. What can you do about it? Well, with one hand, support your right knee on the outside so the flesh is pressed inwards. And with your other hand apply a firm circular motion, beginning inside your leg and working upwards from your knee. After about five minutes concentration on your right knee, go to work on your left knee in the same way, for a similar length of time. (Davies)

Ankles and Calves—and That Fine Thoroughbred Look: A simple massage will give you that look. For ankles and calves are the easiest things in the world to slim down. Cross one leg over the other. Place your fingers firmly in back of your ankle joints. Work up and around, always pressing the weight up . . . up . . . up . . . And the same method will slim your calves, too. (Davies)

A Widow's Bump: Have you one at the back of your neck? If so, lie on your bed face down. Have someone beat that bump. With a firm but gentle tattoo. The masseuse's hands should be in a vertical position, with the fingers spread, so only the little fingers

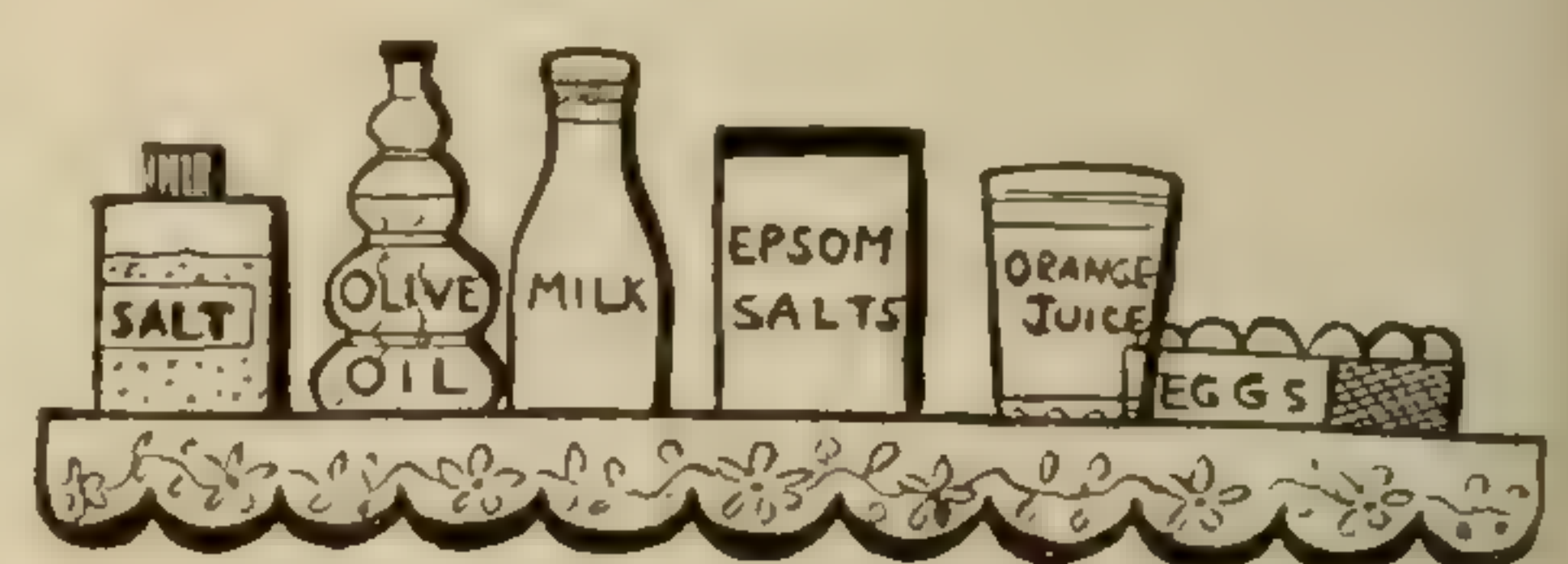
strike your flesh. This light tattoo should continue three or four minutes. Then, when your flesh is soft and warm, the fingers should start between your shoulder blades and, using a circular motion, push your flesh toward the left shoulder and toward the right shoulder—as if they meant to push it right over your shoulders. It isn't the expensive and complicated treatments which work the greatest wonders—it's faithfulness to simple treatments which get at the very root of the trouble. (Davies)

Farewell to Overweight Arms: You have underarm fat? Reach out your arms as far as they will go. Shake them. Harder! Faster! So the flesh will vibrate and disappear instead of tightening into permanency. (Davies)

This Is Good For What Ails You—Or For What Might Ail You: All right, we sound like an old medicine man . . . But here's a perfect all-round exercise which the Hollywood stars swear by. Not only will it keep you fit—it's splendid for stomach, chest, back, hips and thighs—but it will bring you new coordination and grace. Lie flat on your back. Hold something that is approximately the same width as your shoulders. When you're new to this exercise, this weight should be about three pounds and gradually it should be increased to eight pounds. Fair enough . . . Begin with your arms on the floor back of your head. Then, simultaneously, bring your arms and your legs towards the center of your body. They should move stiffly and slowly. They should not pop up. Return to your starting position. And repeat. Five times a day is enough at first. But slowly double that number. (Waxman)

YOU'VE LOST YOUR OLD PEP?

Add the yolk of an egg and a little salt to a glass of orange juice. Beat the three with an egg beater. And for a



You've Lost Your Old Pep?

week or ten days, as your individual case requires, call this breakfast. (Davies)

It's those who have charm and graciousness who capture life's first prizes—every time. Not for the world would we say anything against the practical and sterling qualities, but we do insist, most emphatically, that sterling qualities—like a sterling teapot—are far more beautiful and desirable when they wear a luster and a polish.

Next month the experts—those who show the stars how to shine their brightest—will tell you how you can conduct yourself with the poise of a queen . . . and work a dozen other transformations. Someone has to be the belle of the ball, why shouldn't it be you?—DECEMBER PHOTOPLAY.

Attention, Girls! What's Wrong with Your Dancing?

(Continued from page 20)

If your current heart is the "roamer" type, suggest a movie. If he has the "Swallow Complex," you might conveniently sprain your ankle or hack a heel off your shoe with your dinner knife, under the table.

Personally, I'm lucky. I can always go to the nearest phone and scream for Cesar Romero.

He's the perfect dance partner. I'd rather go dancing with him than eat. I'll tell you why later; first I must give you a little compulsory advice on your own personal preparations before leaving the house with your date. No matter what your impulse, don't wear a hat that will tickle your man's nose all evening. It may be a new hat, it may be a Hattie Carnegie or Suzy model that makes you a ringer for Hedy Lamarr; but if it gets in the way it's just so much superfluous straw. Choose your dress for the way it looks on the floor, not at a table or in a car. Your audience will see your back; it should be faultlessly covered. No flounces, no involved bows. Restrain your urge to be sexy if your back is bony or the tan on it is peeling. Peeling tan looks like the creeping Chinese death.

Wear high heels always, even if your mother did tell you they are bad for the insteps. If you die in them, wear them anyway. Girls in low heels seldom get felt out on the subject of matrimony or anything else. That's a maxim.

And at the last minute remember all the fine advice in the magazine advertisements. You know, "Better give up, Mary, that phone won't ring tonight. . . . Poor Mary, if only she weren't so careless about personal cleanliness—"

Dancing is *exercise*. In a word.

NOW when you are actually at it—dancing, I mean—there are things to consider. If you're tall, and the boy you're with isn't, don't try to match his size by slumping. When you do, your shoulders go concave and that business at the rear of you waves in the breeze, looking twice its size. By the way, you may have been off-diet for awhile which probably means you've more derriere than is alluring. In which case something has to be done.

Butch and I were at the Trocadero not long ago, and a very famous star got up with her escort to do a rumba. She's notoriously on the starchy side anyway, and this evening she wore a white satin dress that would have shown the lines of an undergarment. Wherefore, she wore none whatever.

Well, you know what happens when you rumba. The woman's escort wasn't getting any of the benefit, but the floor tables were. Oops!

Don't disdain the lowly girdle. It may feel like medieval torture, but it can save you a line of unwelcome gentlemen-in-waiting when you reach your door at the end of the evening.

Never drag on your partner's shoulder. It wears him out completely, so that he not only quickly tires of dancing, but of you too, eventually.

If you've learned to dance in a girl's school and have a tendency to lead, you'll either have to develop some will power or go to a regular dancing master to be cured. Because if there's any-

thing that maddens the male, it's starting in a northerly direction only to find himself firmly being pushed southeast. Furthermore, he'll be so confused he'll crunch your toes with a size twelve shoe. And modern evening sandals just aren't any protection.

I feel I must sound off in an unequivocal manner on one aspect of ballroom dancing. And that's the viewpoint maintained by some that since dancing is a pretty intimate occupation anyway, further intimacies on the floor are permissible. You may be in love with your partner, you may be a little dizzy on champagne, you may feel in your soul that the man has never had a better haircut or tied his tie with such ineffable finesse; and you may well want to let him know about all this in the manner that is usual when words are inadequate.

So at this point you get a good clutch on your emotions and go right on dancing like a lady. Necking in a public café is inexcusable. You don't have to dance stiffly or keep any distance between you and his waistcoat. You can put your face up so that the soft lights do what soft lights always do to the line of your throat, and you can suggest your affection in other, subtler ways. But when your left hand starts roaming the broadcloth, when your powder pales his lapel and your lip-salve leaves telltale red hieroglyphics on his neck beneath the ear—then, my dears, you have made not only a spectacle of yourself, but a fool of the man.

AND so to the windup:

If everyone's doing a new step, and you don't know it, stall until you can watch the others. Learn the theory of it first.

When you go into a café for the first time, try, before you dance, to catch the "feel" of the place—whether it's tails-and-white-tie in atmosphere, therefore calling for special decorum; or whether you can relax.

If you are at a table with a crowd of people, and most of them get up to dance, and your departure would leave one person alone, refuse. There is nothing so pathetic as the one guest sitting in solitude at a table, trying to look brightly interested, inspecting her nails, looking into a compact mirror, lighting her own cigarette. It's a matter of kindness—even of the Golden Rule.

After a few drinks you may discover, to your annoyance or otherwise, that you're a little tight. Then it's best to underplay. Dance about two-thirds as fast and with about one half the agility the music suggests.

Make sure your slip doesn't show.

And, finally, keep your mind on your dancing.

Now for Butch, who is the best ballroom dancer in Hollywood because: (A) his dance-floor technique is superb; (B) he is a gentleman, and (C) he has the grace never to mention it when I break one of my own rules as set forth in this article. We both agreed beforehand not to pull our punches—so you'd better read his piece carefully before tearing it out to mail to your favorite friend.

Happy prom, kiddies. . . .

Hollywood's Favorite Photographers Pick Their Favorite Photographs! We've asked the leading photographers in Hollywood to select from their files the pictures they consider their very best. Next month we present these prize pictures—incredibly beautiful camera studies of Hollywood and its stars. Watch for them in PHOTOPLAY—December

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Contents

THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

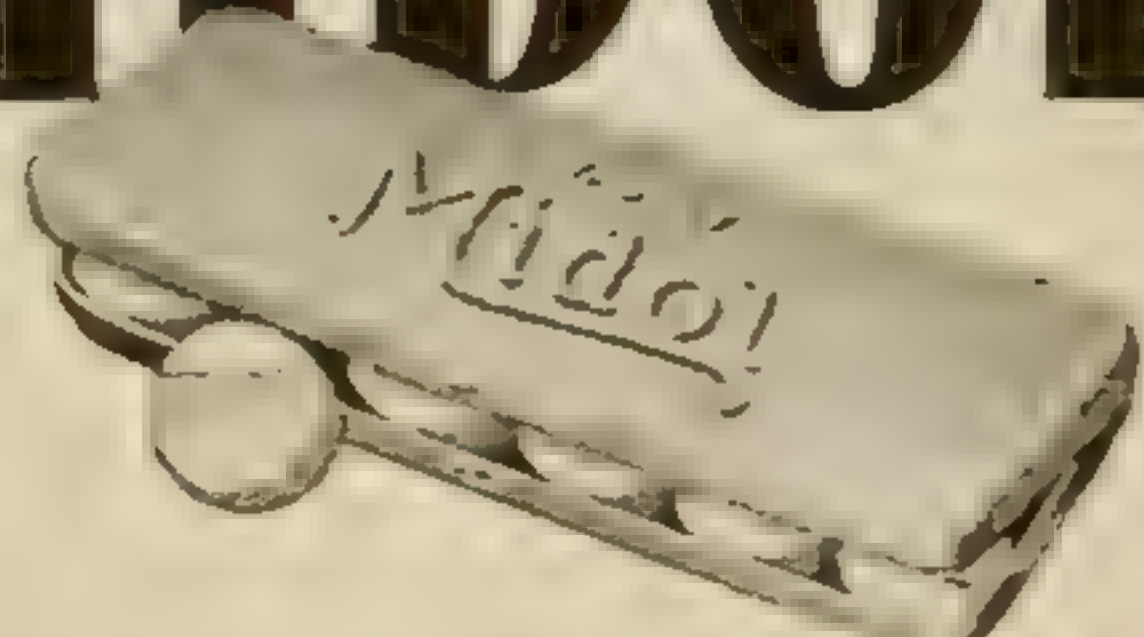
Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless*. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living*.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual... making and keeping appointments... enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

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GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Attention, Boys! What's Wrong with Your Dancing?

(Continued from page 21)

Furthermore, you can't dance with rubber heels. I saw a man take a header at the Clover Club the other evening, and when we picked him up I glanced at his shoes. They had leather heels but the bootmaker had put in a rubber insert at the back, to take the jar out of walking. That had been the poor fellow's downfall, or at least the cause of it.

The best shoes for dancing are light, comfortable, well-worn, with thin soles.

NO one actually teaches you how to be a good dancer. He can show you the basic steps but after that you teach yourself, by practice. So long as you think: "Now I am dancing," and are aware of the movements you make, you'll be awkward in some degree. It should be second nature.

To be perfectly honest, if posture weren't important to ease in dancing, I'd say ignore it—because you go dancing for the fun you get out of it, not for the benefit of those who watch you. But it is just as true that if you stand straight, keep your shoulders back and your balance on your toes, you'll do smoother steps and you'll have a more intrinsic feel for the rhythm.

A Puerto Rican cook in my family's household taught me how to dance. Have you ever watched a Cuban or a Puerto Rican do a rumba? They seem to catch the beat of the music by short wave and they transmit it as faithfully as the vibrator in a radio set. That ability, that innate sense of rhythm, is what makes a dancer; you don't have to listen or count, then. You just soak in the music and your feet do what they should do, automatically.

There's a flair for whimsy in popular dancing today. I mean the steps being done at the best cafés and clubs everywhere. That thing the jitterbugs do is based on the simplest of all steps, the square—right foot forward, left foot forward, right back, left back, so that you've stepped on each corner of a square from right to left. They just do it with a bobbing rhythm, skipping an occasional beat, giving a slight Charleston swing of the heels, and interpolating fancies of their own.

The "Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree" gag is fun. And, of course, since the Beer Barrel song brought the polka back, you'd better practice up on it. For heaven's sake, learn to do it well. It's not hard, although I won't attempt a lesson in it here. Just watch some good professionals do it once, and work it out for yourself. The only thing is, try not to be one of the group on every floor who murders the step by doing a dipping fox trot.

Any man who wants to be known as an adequate dancer must waltz well. That's basic, since the waltz keeps coming back, and whether or not you like waltzing, the women do. They love it. It makes them think of Vienna and the Danube and one girl tells me she can't help pretending she has a court dress on.

IN every step, posture and smoothness are the two main qualifications. Your girl has to hold herself correctly, too, but if she doesn't, consider whether or not it's your fault before you suggest sitting out the rest of the dances. It can be your fault, you know. If you hold her too closely or with your hand in the wrong place on her back, she may be forced to bend herself all out

of shape in order to match the length of your steps.

You should hold her just below her shoulder blades and about an inch above the small of her back, and you should hold her in the center of her back, not clear around under her right arm the way a lot of men do.

If her posture's bad on her own hook, through no fault of yours—well, you've got that guiding hand there. The worst thing she can do is to "bulge," so to speak, in the rear. Put your hand down on her back and pull. Put a little muscle into it.

Joan and I agree on that last point, and, furthermore, on the fact that you should lead like a man, too; not as if you were undecided. A girl has to follow a very intangible suggestion in the movement of your body and in the pressure of your right hand on her back. She's no mind reader. If you want to twirl left, let her know what you're going to do. Otherwise, she'll have to make up your mind for you, or think she must.

If a girl just doesn't follow you, no matter how well you lead—if she's just a bad dancer or has that boarding-school tendency to lead which Joan mentioned—don't fight with her. Give up, relax completely, and follow her. It'll give you a rest and won't be as obvious to the other dancers as it would be if you stumbled all over, trying to make her go your direction.

I went out with a girl only a few weeks ago, an athletic female who, by golly, was going to run our evening of dancing the same way she ran her house, her family, and her collection of Persian kittens. After the first three minutes of struggle, I let her lead me. I don't mean we changed positions—but she let me know where we were going by her hand on my shoulder. And I had a fine time, because she led beautifully.

What's more, at the end of the evening she said, "Cesar, you're the only man I ever danced with who was strong enough to lead me. And so smoothly!"

I said, "Thank you, my dear. It was the easiest thing in the world."

WHILE you're dancing, there are a few minor points to remember: Never leave your coat unbuttoned. For one thing, it looks like the dickens, and it gets in the girl's way.

After you've been on the floor awhile, your hand is almost certain to get

sticky from the heat and exercise. It's bad enough against your partner's dress, because the material wrinkles, and women hate that. But what a hot, moist hand must feel like against a bare back is pretty easy to imagine. There are two things you can do. One is to whip out your pocket handkerchief and palm it. The other is simpler and serves a double purpose. Just turn your hand up, so that your thumb and the base of it lie against her back while the palm sticks out at right angles, parallel with the floor. You can guide well enough; your hand gets a chance to cool and dry; and, more important, you can ward off other couples who are about to crash into you.

If your date doesn't smoke or drink, and you do, it's only common courtesy to remember that a smoke or liquor-laden breath is unpleasant to her. It's like both people having to eat onions, or else neither can. Of course, you don't have to go on the wagon or forego those important cigarettes; but keep some little breath pills or cloves or even mints in your pocket, tell her why you're nibbling them, offer her one (which she'll probably refuse) and remember not to get engrossed and champ them. Don't get the kind that are reminiscent of an Egyptian flesh-pot in flavor or those sickly violet things that taste like talcum powder.

When that inevitable misstep comes along, even if it's the one where both of you catch yourself before an accident happens, then lose the rhythm and stand there looking foolish, blame yourself. It may have been her fault. Blame yourself anyway. If she argues, change the subject, because those discussions can go on until you drop from boredom. The point is, if it really was your mistake and you immediately take the blame, she'll think perhaps you're just being nice about it and that she should have done *something* different, anyhow.

The ineffable Crawford has given me a swell plug in her story, and I'm grateful. She always follows her own advice—don't let her kid you. She has grace, courtesy and good taste when she's dancing as well as all the rest of the time. And she knows the mechanics of dancing the way she knows her ABC's; she doesn't have to think about them.

That's the criteria for girls. The point I want to make is—it's the criteria for men, too.



Two of the nicest people in town—agent Walter Kane and starlet Lynn Bari (whose resemblance to Claudette Colbert is becoming a Hollywood legend), now Mr. and Mrs.—snapped at the Victor Hugo

For the Picture's Sake

(Continued from page 17)

but he said that was just another peculiar case of a job that involved people's lives. "See if you can think up another one," he drawled.

So I asked him if he had ever thought about the self-restraint of the men and women who work in motion pictures, and, when he said he hadn't, I made him a little speech about it.

These interesting people are as human as you are. They have the same pet vanities, jealousies and aversions that every honest person admits. They receive a great deal of attention, and it would be natural if they came to think of themselves as of tremendous importance. But when they go on the set to help make a picture, nothing matters but the success of that picture.

Gallant John Jones and glamorous Jane Smith, who have been as deadly poison to each other for many months, cooperate with the finest of courtesy, careful about giving cues, each mindful of the other's value; for John and Jane are not there to work off a peeve, but to work on a picture. And, if they haven't the stuff in them to do that, it isn't long before the pictures arrange to get on without their help.

No other group of people, at any time in history, has excited such wide and deep public interest and curiosity as the men and women who work in pictures.

They are followed by adoring multitudes wherever they go. They largely set the styles in dress and deportment for millions of people. There isn't a town in the land without its quota of handsome boys and pretty girls who would give ten years of their lives for a chance to be in pictures. Hosts of them feel that if only they could have a screen test it would be readily seen that they belonged in Hollywood.

Of course, when they think of a screen test, it means an appraisal of face and figure, carriage and posture, voice and manner.

There is another screen test equally important to one's success in this profession, and every young person who hankers for a place in pictures can easily try it out on himself. If he passes with high marks, he may be that far on his way to Hollywood; or, if not that, he can be sure that he is en route to success in his business at home,

which may be almost as good.

You are an extraordinarily handsome young fellow, and you have a fairly promising job in a gentlemen's furnishing store. Another young salesman, who rates the same wages, got two days of vacation more than yours, some weeks ago. And it made you sore. If that's the way the old man values your services, you'll just mark time until you find another job. Any customer can see, at a glance, that you aren't contented; that you don't care whether he buys anything; that you wish he would go away and not bother you while you sulk. Hollywood couldn't use you, boy. You haven't what it takes to be successful in pictures.

Dolly is the most beautiful girl in town. She works in an exclusive beauty shop. But she has had a tiff with Gladys, and the atmosphere is heavy with condensed malice and a hauteur that would freeze a duchess. Patrons are bored. They observe the feud, and find it tiresome. After all, it isn't the only beauty shop in town. They can go elsewhere.

Dolly is amazingly pretty, but she wouldn't do in pictures. She couldn't impersonate anyone else but Dolly. She wouldn't care what became of the picture, any more than she cares what becomes of the beauty shop. The first time the director barked at her, she would walk off the set, and that would be the end of Dolly.

Let me recommend this screen test: Whatever business you are in, is the job more important than you are? Can you put your little vanities and jealousies and dislikes aside, for the sake of the work that you and your companions have been employed to do?

If so—perhaps you might do quite well in Hollywood. If not—you may never do very well—anywhere.

Keep it in mind, when you find yourself envying the people in pictures, that with all their big salaries and their widely advertised extravagances, there is one thing they can't afford. They can own half a dozen gaudy cars and a hundred and forty suits of clothes. They can have orchids by the peck, two swimming pools and a private golf course. But they can't afford to carry a peeve into their business. Can you?

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 59)

Kelly calls "that wooden look," without the use of hoop or bolster. However, there is already a tendency in Hollywood among the girls who like the style for evening wear to do it in softer materials draped over hip extensions. Orry-Kelly's original sketch (page 59, bottom right) shows a new dinner gown of sheerest bronze metallic jersey styled with the pointed bodice and hip bolster which releases skirt fullness. The feather-spray shoulder motif is embroidered in bronze thread and studded with multi-color jewels. Orry-Kelly uses the same pointed bodice sans hip bolsters for the street dress of sheer black woolen shown in his original sketch (page 59, center).

"ALTHOUGH the Queen wore a red wig most of the time, she did not believe in setting it off with subdued ensemble colors," Orry-Kelly told me on the way back to his office. "She liked purple, rust and red. She adored gold trimming and lots of glittering embroidery.

During her reign, oddly enough, black was popular in certain circles, but was generally set off by red, gold or white accents. A deep green was also frequently seen. Coincidentally, there is the same feeling for color this winter.

"There will probably be considerable interest shown in the fluted ruffs and stiffly starched, standing ruffs of England's Renaissance period.

"Other points which will doubtless be caught up from the Elizabethan era in this big revival are coiffures, jewelry, and the rich jeweled and beaded embroidery. Necklaces were heavy and richly jeweled. The Queen liked many ropes of pearls, gold belts set with costly gems and rings with tremendous stones. If she did not wear a jeweled cap, she thrust into her hair hairpins topped by pearls or other stones."

When "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is released the fashion-conscious will glean even more modern ideas in the clothes that designers set before this famous Queen.



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BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Happiness for Janet—Designed by Adrian

(Continued from page 26)

typical Hollywood male than I am Carole Lombard (though I wish I were).

In those eleven years, from the start of her career to the present, Janet has grown up, even if she doesn't look it. Also, although she doesn't flash it, Janet has become a very wealthy woman. Throughout her entire career she has been a cautious spender and a canny saver. In other words, she has managed her life so keenly that she is now able to do exactly as she pleases.

THE other big factor on that historic day when she and Adrian met was that, though she wasn't mentioning it, Janet was aware that the pleasant twosome of Gaynor and Power had suddenly resolved itself into a triangle due to the presence of a flirtatious young person named Annabella. As for triangles, little Miss Gaynor, who is wise and witty, wasn't having any. So thus, at that very moment when she was doubtless feeling a little tired and bored, entered Adrian who proposed to design a whole new personality for her.

Adrian, prior to Janet's arrival, had been having an attack of costume pictures, and for a creative clothes designer, costume pictures, no matter how lavish, can be a bore. Adrian wanted to do something new and modern and here, in the figure of this tiny, red-headed girl, was a challenge.

Adrian started in to huddle with Miss Gaynor about her dresses and her coiffures. To his surprise he discovered that after talking about those, he was suddenly talking books to her (he, who reads a book a night before going to sleep). When they got through books they were talking philosophy. The picture went into production, but instead of forgetting her Adrian found himself wandering down to the set to see how Janet's hats looked, or to show her a piece of jewelry he had designed.

"THREE Loves Has Nancy" finished, the papers proclaiming the Power-

Gaynor dating as being all over, Gilbert Adrian went officially to call on Miss Gaynor for dinner and then invited her to dinner at his house, which is one of the most beautiful in the whole film colony. That went on for several weeks, and then Janet announced that she was leaving for New York with her mother, just for a vacation, and coming back, lazily, by way of the Panama Canal.

Whereupon Adrian discovered he had to go to New York, too. He stopped only long enough on the way to have his jewelers make up a ring he had designed. In New York, he and Janet, chaperoned by her mother, went to night clubs and art exhibits and antique galleries and operas and then sailed down toward the semitropics. One night when there was a perfectly gigantic moon sailing across the sky, Adrian took out the ring he had designed and handed it, very shyly, to Janet. It was of very yellow gold, with a scroll across the top of it on which was engraved in his handwriting, "Janet, I love you, Adrian."

They waited a whole year after the night that Janet accepted Adrian's ring. They wanted to be very sure of their love, and they didn't actually intend to elope. They are people of good taste and dignity, both in their middle thirties, and they wanted to behave in a properly sedate manner. But instead they found themselves laughing the days away, having more sheer fun than either of them had believed possible.

LAST Christmas was typical. Janet found a big package, addressed in Adrian's handwriting, under her Christmas tree. Opening it, she found it contained a most beautiful evening dress, with jewels to match, all especially designed for her by her suitor. It delighted her, until she found a second box, with another gown and more jewels, and then a third box with a pair of golden bracelets, and then a fourth, which was full of hair ornaments.

By this time when she was gasping with the lavishness of it all, Adrian showed her what he called his 'real' gift. That was a room simply loaded with the most beautiful antique furniture, which he had been picking up for months, to put in the wing that he has added to his lovely house, the wing he calls "Janet's wing." Even the giddiest of glamour girls couldn't have resisted such a courtship as that—and Janet, who isn't at all giddy, didn't even try. She just gave in to it, and returned Adrian's love with all the great sweetness and charm and warmth which she so vastly possesses.

Yet actually when it came to marriage, it was Adrian who was shy and who wanted to run away from the standard razzle-dazzle of a typical Hollywood wedding. And that was why that afternoon in late August they slipped away in separate cars to meet at Janet's doctor's home and there got in a car together with one of the boys from the press department at Metro and sped toward Yuma.

That drive from Hollywood to Yuma is ordinarily an uncomfortable one, over desert wastes where the temperature is frequently above a hundred. But once again Adrian had thought of everything. He had brought dry ice and a fan arrangement that could blow over it so that the car was cooled. He had canteens of water and jugs of iced wine and in one big hamper were freshly cooked vegetables and fruits from his own garden, and in another, freshly killed and fried chicken from his own farm. Thus, when they arrived at the San Carlos Hotel in Yuma, instead of being hot and tired they were very gay and refreshed, and with their press agent and Janet's chauffeur—who has worked for her for fifteen years—as witnesses they were married by Judge Ed Winn and they honestly expect to live happily forever after. And to be able to do that is, as anyone knows, simply heaven on earth.

Will "The Grapes of Wrath" Be Shelved?

(Continued from page 23)

ing of Steinbeck's story on the screen in any way.

In writing the screen play, I failed to find any important matter that seemed to me to call for much trouble in the form of censorship. It goes without saying that neither profanity nor obscenity is possible on the screen of today. It may be that the loss of this saltiness would have made "The Grapes of Wrath" a lesser book than it is. That's a matter of opinion. But I do not feel that censorship can possibly lessen the great drama and emotion of the picture. Steinbeck wrought too greatly for such a minor modification to damage his American epic.

What pressure and how much was actually brought to bear on Zanuck, I know only vaguely, for none of it was passed on to me. My guess is that he wheedled and mollified a lot of people who were on the point of busying themselves with trouble. All I do know is that not once during the writing of the script, or before it, did he offer me any directions as to my treatment of the story in the book. His one suggestion, in the event I was planning otherwise, was that I start the script with *Tom Joad*

thumbing a ride in the truck. That was the way the book started and that was the way he wanted to see the picture start. Beyond that, his instructions were simply that I get as much of the book as I could into a screen play.

Three or four times during the two months I needed to write the screen play, he called me in to see if certain scenes from the book which clung in his mind were being included in the script. That was all.

For the second draft we made only one revision of any importance. We held *Uncle John* down. His moody melancholy over the long-ago death of his wife seemed to hamper the drama of the family's flight and fight for life. It was this second draft that was given to Steinbeck, who made a courteous effort to conceal his relief that the story had not been converted into a backstage melodrama, and okayed it with a promptness that was all the reward that I could wish as the adaptor. This is the script from which John Ford will direct the picture.

How well it will satisfy Steinbeckians I can't say. I don't know. I should say that nine-tenths of the dramatic action

of the book is in the screen play, and, to the best of my purpose and ability, the same sociological emphasis. Ninety-five per cent of the dialogue is from the book and the remainder, obligatory in instances of transition of sequences, is as shy and unpretentious as it should be. The ending, which is from the book but not as that, is one that Steinbeck himself suggested in New York, before any word of the script had been set down on paper.

I like to hope that the chief difference between the book and the picture will be the difference in the two mediums. Admittedly, the screen, as long as it is governed by its present rules and conditions, would be inadequate for all that Steinbeck had to say.

For that, a book was the natural and incomparable medium. But there may be a measure of compensatory satisfaction in the opportunity, in a picture, to see the country he described and the people he created; the dust country, Highway 66, the camps, the Hoovervilles, and the long roads of California; and, above all, the members of that tough and magnificent American family, the *Joads*.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 11)

really a wonderful exercise for you."

Joan is one of those fortunate individuals whose weight remains almost constant—about a hundred and fifteen pounds—and she's five feet, five inches tall. She has worked out a wonderful diet that keeps her always feeling well, her weight the same, and her skin healthy and glowing. The important fact about her diet is that, while her meals are never the same, there is always an abundance of in-season vegetables and fruits on Joan's daily menu.

Her breakfast often consists of fruit juice, or stewed or fresh fruit, a poached egg and a thin slice of whole wheat toast and black coffee. If she becomes hungry before lunch when she is working and has had an early breakfast, she has a large glass of orange juice or a cup of bouillon sometime during the mid-morning.

"What about lunch?" I asked her.

"Well, it varies somewhat depending upon the seasons," she said. "In the spring and summer, I usually have a large fruit or vegetable salad, a glass of cold milk or iced coffee, and sherbet or gelatin for dessert. In the fall and winter, a small vegetable or fruit salad, scrambled eggs and bacon, or lamb chops or some other lean meat and a cooked vegetable. A glass of milk or tea, also.

"When I'm working, dinner has to be very simple because I go to bed so early, so I generally have a fruit salad, broiled steak or some other meat, and at least two vegetables."

The predominance of fruit and vegetables in Joan's menus is a factor that should be copied by everyone in order to insure a healthy, well-balanced diet, which is one of the most vital roads to good health, beauty and, last but not least, a happy disposition.

Joan has a distinct flair for wearing

clothes smartly and is one of the screen's best dressed women. You know, of course, that it's impossible to wear clothes well unless your posture is excellent. Practice holding yourself correctly, making yourself as tall as possible, and walking with ease and grace, so that your clothes will become a part of you and you'll carry them well.

JOAN'S fair skin makes it possible for her to wear almost any color to advantage and now that she is a brunette, she can wear more varied shades of green and reds than she could as a blonde.

"I've always liked chartreuse and the warm terra cotta shades, but I avoided wearing them because I felt they were not becoming to me as a blonde. Now many of my clothes are in these shades. I never wore much white, either, but now that I'm a brunette I wear it frequently."

Joan says that there is no set formula for glamour, but she believes that an interest in all that's going on in the world today, travel, good books, and interesting hobbies, all combine to broaden one's personality and contribute to the achieving of that ever-elusive quality.

Why don't you follow Joan's example and try changing yourself into a new personality? You needn't change the color of your hair if you don't wish to, but getting yourself a new make-up or a new coiffure or wearing different types of clothes will do much to make you a different person. After all, if you find yourself getting tired of the way you look, you'd better do something about it before other people get tired of it, too. And it's so easy to change yourself—just one variation in your usual ensemble will make you look and feel different, besides giving your morale a definite lift.



Reunion in Hollywood (place, Felix Young's Trocadero). Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke first scaled screen heights together in such British costume dramas as "Nell Gwyn" and "Peg of Old Drury." Now they're starring—but not together—at the same Hollywood studio, RKO, where Anna just enacted "Nurse Edith Cavell," to the plaudits of the industry, and where Sir Cedric is putting the finishing touches on his important characterization in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

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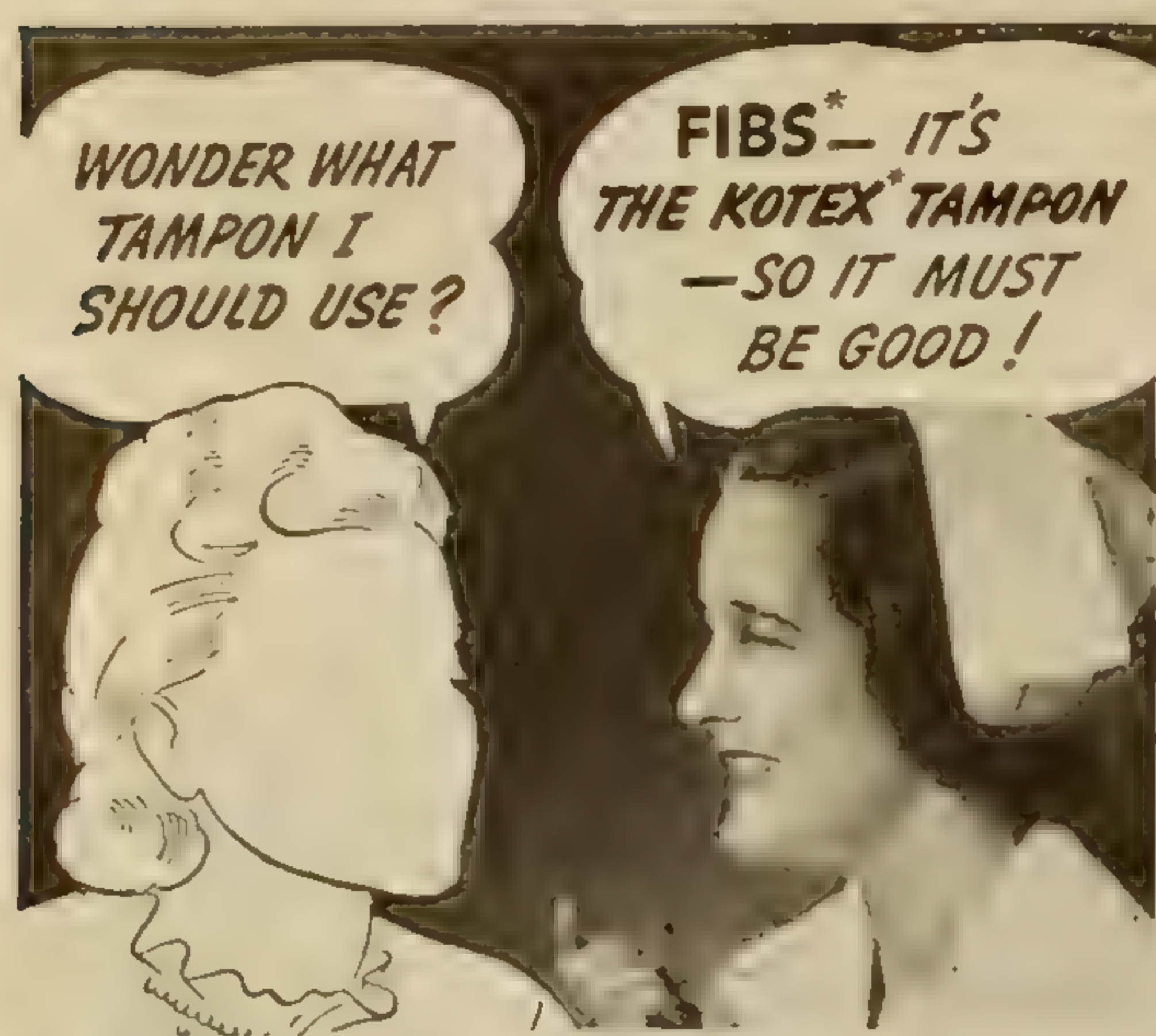


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Play Truth and Consequences with Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 69)

13. (Q) When have you ever been accused of being high-hat?
(A) I don't know—fortunately. Perhaps when I first came to Hollywood. One is apt to give this impression when one is shy.
14. (Q) Are you a long telephone talker?
(A) No—except on rare occasions
15. (Q) How much of your career success do you credit to publicity?
(A) Publicity is only helpful when you are successful.
16. (Q) Of what performance in your life are you most proud, and with which were you least pleased?
(A) I think "Marie Antoinette" was my best. I was least pleased with "The Student Prince."
17. (Q) Do you believe women can fill political jobs as well as men?
(A) Not usually, as we are too personal and emotional.
18. (Q) Do you enjoy wearing extreme fashion?
(A) I like smart clothes that one can wear with ease—but not fashionable ones. I like clothes that are appropriate for the occasion.
19. (Q) What physical or emotional handicap have you had to fight to overcome for the sake of your career?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (If you were forced to get a job outside the theatrical world, how would you advertise for employment? Write an advertisement of self-recommendation.)
20. (Q) Do you have a weakness for punning?
(A) No.
21. (Q) When and of what have you ever been terrified?
(A) I am terrified when I find myself confined in small places. Even pulling a tight dress down over my head gives me this feeling of hysteria now. Consequently, I always step into my clothes when I can.
22. (Q) Aside from this complex, how do you rate your physical courage or daring?
(A) I have a tendency to dare to do things just because I am afraid. I hope this is courage. For instance, when I used to do a lot of diving, I would force myself to dive from high places, simply because I knew I was scared.
23. (Q) Have you ever had your family tree traced?
(A) No.
24. (Q) What experience in your life do you believe most strengthened your character?
(A) Finding out, at the age of fourteen, that my family had lost its money, and that I had to get out and work.
25. (Q) Is your hair naturally curly?
(A) No, naturally straight.
25. (Q) Do you consider yourself very modest?
(A) My theory is that people are immodest if they are conscious that they have something to be modest about.
27. (Q) Would you ever agree to being hypnotized, if a hypnotist were performing as entertainment at some party, for example?
(A) No. I would be afraid.
28. (Q) Are you inclined to be critical of social errors?
(A) No. There are very few that one can make these days.
29. (Q) Can you do any acrobatic feats?
(A) Yes, cartwheels and standing on my head. Fancy diving of a modest nature, if the board is not too high. Placing a glass of water on my forehead while in a standing position going to a reclining position, and returning to the standing position—provided somebody will watch, and not tell jokes at the same time.
30. (Q) What disappointment in your early life most upset you?
(A) An offer that I had counted on, to come to California under contract to Universal. The offer fell through, and I was stranded in New York without any money.
31. (Q) When have you ever cried, viewing a sad scene of your own on the screen?
(A) I should not admit it, but I have. For instance, in "Marie Antoinette," when Count Fersen visits Antoinette before her execution.
32. (Q) How many times did you see that picture?
(A) About four times.
33. (Q) Have you ever had a protégée?
(A) When I see a photograph of a beautiful or interesting face, I send it to the studio as a screen possibility.
34. (Q) Are you inclined to call people by their first names shortly after you meet them?
(A) Yes, especially if I can't remember their last ones.
35. (Q) What boner have you recently made which embarrassed you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the conse-

quences. (Let us print the photograph you most dislike of yourself.)

36. (Q) Do you diet?
(A) No.
37. (Q) Do you always remove your make-up before retiring?
(A) Always. I wash my face with soap and hot water, then cold.
38. (Q) Do you own a dictionary, and how often do you refer to it?
(A) I own one, but never look at it.
39. (Q) In what ways do your children take after you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Let us print the most "sirenish" publicity still for which you ever posed.)
40. (Q) As a child, what were your outstanding characteristics?
(A) I was very happy and good-natured, I am told.
41. (Q) Who was the most dominating of the three children of your family?
(A) Perhaps I was the most ambitious and aggressive, but I don't think any of us could have been called dominating.
42. (Q) When did you first discover that you were pretty?
(A) I always thought my sister was the pretty one in the family, but when I first tried to get into pictures someone told me that I was pretty when I smiled.
43. (Q) What was your poorest subject in school?
(A) I don't remember; they all seemed easy then.
44. (Q) What is it now?
(A) They all seem difficult now.
45. (Q) What is the most endearing phrase which has ever been given you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Let us publish a picture of you from your days as a commercial model in New York.)
46. (Q) What thing, characteristic of Hollywood, most aggravates you?
(A) I love Hollywood, but perhaps one of our sins is the worship of success; gravitating toward those who are successful. Success seeks success in Hollywood.
47. (Q) Do you make up your mind quickly about people, purchases, etc.? About people and purchases, yes. But I find it awfully hard to decide what to eat in restaurants, and when it arrives I usually like what the other person has better.
48. (Q) What talent of yours do you rank second to your acting?
(A) I don't want to insult my acting by answering this. (Pose for us in character as you looked in your first starring picture, "Lady of the Night.")
49. (Q) What bores you?
(A) Having to attend to business matters.
50. (Q) What are your picture plans for the future?
(A) I have contracted to make three more pictures for M-G-M after "The Women": First, "Pride and Prejudice"; then, perhaps a modern romantic comedy; after which I should like to do a sentimental, spiritual love story similar to "Smilin' Through."

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statement: on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. A famous crossroads
2. Hedy Lamarr
3. Arthur Lake ("Blondie" series)
4. Universal
5. My Old Kentucky Home ("Kentucky")
6. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
7. Marlene Dietrich
8. John Garfield
9. Orson Welles
10. Gloria Swanson (Marquis Henri de la Falaise)
11. "Dangerous"—Miss Davis' 1934-35 Academy Award role
12. Paul Muni—his real name is Muni Weisenfreund
13. The Search for Beauty—a Paramount contest
14. James Cagney
15. Joseph P. Kennedy
16. Leo Gorcey
17. Priscilla Lane
18. Sam Goldwyn (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
19. Martha Raye (Buddy Westmore; David Rose)
20. Columbia

Hedy Lamarr Vs. Joan Bennett— and Other Dangerous Hollywood Feuds

(Continued from page 19)

wife," but that Gene and Hedy, too, were most welcome to come to Joan's home at any time to call upon Melinda, her attitude, even if it is a little over-cautious, becomes perfectly understandable. But it is also quite understandable that this caution should annoy the beautiful Hedy, just as it must annoy her that Gene's very yacht is named "The Melinda." And it is, obviously, sheer bedevilment that makes Joan dance with Reggie Gardiner at parties and hang on his every word with the most flattering attention.

Of course, Hedy may very well come to understand the great honesty that is Joan's and that quality of intellectual charm and great humor she possesses which makes Gene Markey still her friend, even though they were divorced a good two years before he even met Hedy. It is a safe prophecy that the visits of Melinda will get worked out amicably, for Joan and Gene and Hedy are all charming, civilized people. As it is, Gene does see Melinda every day, either at the studio or at Joan's house. Father and daughter lunch together several times a week and each Saturday they go on a shopping spree with each other. But the same peaceful ending can scarcely be expected of the feud between two of M-G-M's leading ladies—Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. That is a truly bitter one.

To some extent there has always been antagonism between Joan and Norma, for no two people could be more opposite in temperament—Joan, all passion, impulse, warmth and boundless generosity, and Norma, all intelligence, calm, reserve and cool poise. Theirs is that eternal conflict between the mind and the emotions.

Joan has always smarted under the fact that despite her enormous box-office strength she has never had the glittering million-dollar pictures of the type that have been wrapped around Norma. A "Mannequin" is all very well but no comparison, certainly, to a "Marie Antoinette" from the point of view of prestige, investment or actual production value. But "The Women" was the first time that, star next to star, they played together and almost at once the friction between them began to manifest itself.

It began with hair—or, more exactly, a hairdresser, M-G-M's Sydney Guilaroff. Norma had first claim on his services, but Norma, like scores of Hollywood girls, has no sense of time whatsoever, whereas Joan is amazingly punctual. This meant that while Norma might call for Guilaroff at six o'clock, she often wouldn't keep the appointment until ten or even later, and meanwhile Joan would have to wait, quite naturally burning up the while.

The girls skirmished about clothes, lines, positions and everything else during the actual shooting of "The Women," but it wasn't until nearly the final day that the war broke out in earnest. Joan wasn't in the scene. It was Norma's scene, done in close-up, which is always nerve-racking. Joan had to be present, to stand in, outside of camera range, but where Norma could see her, so that when the scene was timed Norma would be looking at the right height to be seeing Joan. Also, Joan had to answer Norma's speeches. Joan was called to be present at nine o'clock. She came at nine but Norma didn't ar-

rive until one. Joan kept her temper and all might have passed satisfactorily but Joan was knitting when she got up to rehearse the scene. That made it Norma's turn to burn. She said Joan was being deliberately distracting. Joan put the knitting behind her back. That didn't help either. The two girls faced each other, both elaborately pretending they didn't quite know who was bothering whom. It took all of Director George Cukor's wily diplomacy to get the scene recorded at all, and then not until Joan had fled to her dressing room and cried and Norma had expressed in graphic words her general opinion of other women stars. When, upon completion of the picture, Norma gave a party for the whole cast, Joan (and Paulette Goddard) pointedly stayed away.

THE feud that is going on between Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison is neither so worldly and humorous as the one between Lamarr and Joan Bennett, nor so bitter as that between Crawford and Shearer, but it is right there, nonetheless. This is not so much a battle of wits as it is one of figures and crowning glories. For up until La Belle Morison came along, Sarong Lamour was Paramount's leading glamour girl. Her hair was always longer than any costume she wore. Her sultry personality and crooning voice were regarded as most unique and very negotiable.

But then just as everything for Dorothy was glowing like your fourth cocktail before dinner, Patricia was discovered—Pat who has a husky voice, too, and a dark cloud of long hair (thirty-nine inches in length as compared to Dotty's thirty-six-inch tresses), and a chassis such as would make all women hope she would trip and break a leg. What's more, Miss Morison could really act. Miss Lamour, looking at her, was, like Queen Victoria—not amused. Here, a la Crawford, was a girl, who is all quick emotion and spontaneity, being confronted by a new and rival beauty, who not only knew what she wanted but showed every promise of getting it. It was enough to bring out the most feminine in Dorothy—and so far it definitely has.

When it comes to the Davis-Hopkins battle, the trail is dark and hidden (mostly by the Warner publicity department). By way of throwing everybody off the scent, Betty and Miriam actually posed in boxing gloves, glaring their hate. That was supposed to be so funny, you would never think it was real. It was funny and it wasn't real. The set battles were, however, but they were subtle ones, and the net result of them was that two brilliant performances grace "The Old Maid," so perhaps it was all to the good.

For the Hollywood girls know how to fight for their place in the camera by means of daggers, harpoons or merely dirty looks. And, considering all they have at stake, they'd be stupid if they acted otherwise. Survival of the fittest is the first law of Hollywood human nature. It has to be, and since one touch of Hollywood human nature is about the only thing left in this darkening world that makes us all grin, let's be thankful for it. Almost anyone can go along sedately, being Nice Nellie all over the place, but it takes girls with dash and fire and wiliness to meet competition at fifty paces—and knock it dead.

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

seal to California in place of the pigeons. William S. Hart never answered his letter; at least, the letter never came, so I don't know. Anyway, Charlie and Wilma came back yesterday and the coop is gone. If you want to publish this letter in the hope that Uncle Herman sees it, I shall be grateful. As it is, he doesn't know the two married pigeons are home. He might want to change his mind about the seal and come back to raise another generation of pigeons, and get into the movies about 1956.

GEORGE H. FREITAG,
Canton, O.

APOLOGY

I'M one of those individuals who seldom sees good in things enjoyed and persons admired by other people. Our American screen actors, I felt, were mostly hams who could do little better than smirk into a camera, and marry and divorce every few weeks.

Clark Gable, in particular, roused my ire and resentment. This prominent-eared individual, as I liked to term him, was only a trumped-up bag of wind, in my estimation. But, against my will, as I see more and more of his pictures and read of his activities, he is forcing me to admit that he is a genuine actor and a real man. His capture of a thief in his home was the climax. I apologize for my former slurring thoughts.

JOSEPH PHEIFFER,
Des Moines, Ia.

"AFRICA SPEAKS"

OVER there in Hollywood, you have many glamorous girls and good actresses, too, but there is only one Bette Davis! I like to see many of them on the screen and dislike only a few, but a new picture starring her means a feast for me. Seeing her true-to-life acting, her expressive eyes, hearing her wonderful voice, makes me happy or sad, just as she wants her audience to be, according to her role. She alone is able to stir up my feelings and even bring the proverbial lump into my throat. It's really a great pity that she hasn't got the role of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind," a part crying for Bette Davis.

HANS H. FRIEND,
Geduld Township Springs,
South Africa.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

I HAVE read recently a criticism mentioning the difficulty of hearing what stars with an English accent say in a movie. I must say that it is often hard to understand many of the stars in the pictures today. Thus we lose both great speeches in the dramas portrayed, and the humor that so frequently passes by the attention of the audience. Can't we have excellent diction in the movies, as well as excellent acting?

OLIVE KELLEY,
Salem, Mass.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

★ OLD MAID, THE—Warners

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching the star's work. (Oct.)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as *Gramps* and *Pud*, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable *Mr. Brink*. (Sept.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford give creditable performances. (Oct.)

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

A sleepy bit of celluloid in which the marriage of Jean Parker and Johnny Downs is annulled by her father. The boy is sent to reform school, but escapes and runs away with the girl again. (Oct.)

RANGE WAR—Paramount

Strictly formula, with one exciting change—*Hopalong Cassidy* rides a new range. Bill Boyd, as *Cassidy*, buckety-buckets across the prairies to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railroad. Russell Hayden, Britt Wood and Pedro de Cordoba add their bit. (Oct.)

★ REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford give fine performances, too. (Oct.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this, the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. It's funny. (Sept.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the *Higgins* bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about *Pa's* job, because there's going to be a merger and *Ma* messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (Oct.)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (August)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (August)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (August)

SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gab lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer; freed rascal woos and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles, Allan Lane and others struggle hard. (Oct.)

★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are

sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Oct.)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (August)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks Tommy did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays Tommy and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the empire. Basil and his wife, Barbara O'Neil, carry on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry nedd with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (August)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th

Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but Tarzan has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (August)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (August)

★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (Oct.)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for

underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an institution and vaudeville folk rallying round. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy. (Oct.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. (Oct.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show them that they love one another, but love is not for them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife, Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy suffering in charming company. (Oct.)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring role. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, news-hawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (August)

★ WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for children and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy; Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion; Ray Bolger, the Scarecrow; Jack Haley, the Tin Woodman; Billie Burke, the Good Fairy; and Margaret Hamilton, the Wicked Witch; might have been dreamed into being just for this picture. In Technicolor. (Oct.)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (August)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (August)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 65)

★ THE WOMEN—M-G-M

WHILE newsboys outside the Chinese Theater screamed that fighting had broken out in Europe, Hollywood's smart première audience sat and rocked with laughter at another kind of war—the eternal battle of women for males and money. It is brutal, uncompromising, cruel; but somehow tender, too, especially when the camera turns to Norma Shearer, playing the devoted wife and mother who trusts in love and marriage—trusts in them, that is, until a babbling manicurist tells Roz Russell that Norma's husband is having an affair. Then the feathers fly.

Clare Boothe's superbly bitter play, so successful on Broadway, has been brought to the screen with no cushion for its shock content and sharp humor. Joan Crawford, taking her career in her hands, plays *Crystal*, the hard-bitten, perfume-counter clerk, who uses every feminine wile to catch Norma's man. From fitting room where she first faces Norma, to glass bathtub after she has married her prey, Miss Crawford is right in there slugging. Norma carries her role with sweet dignity, just a trifle on the wide-eyed side. However, the

fat part fell in Roz Russell's lap and she made capital of it. Mary Boland trundles about as the rich old dame who is just grabbing off her sixth young husband. Joan Fontaine, playing a naïve young bride, is quite convincing. Virginia Weidler is Norma's daughter. There are lots more women, no men—but both sexes will have fun.

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

CLIFFORD ODET'S famous play introduces, in its screen presentation, a young man named William Holden. He portrays the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring, because of the money involved. Of course, after his initial entrance into the boxing world, he is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him along the path to eventual downfall. The boy is good. Barbara Stanwyck has been given the role of a sophisticated woman and handles it with finesse. Joseph Calleia, Adolphe Menjou, Edward S. Brophy and Sam Levene all help the definitely "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama throughout.

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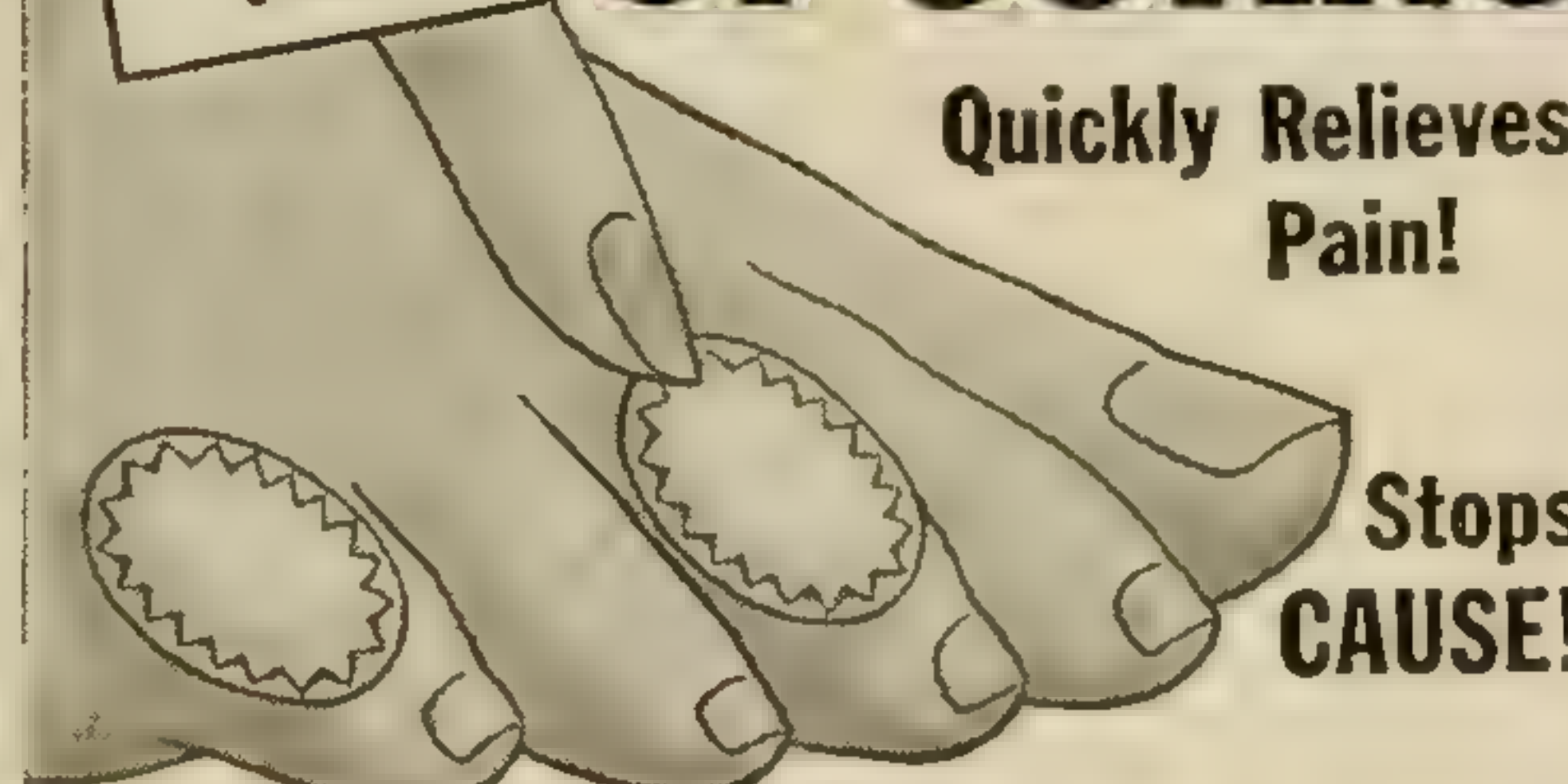


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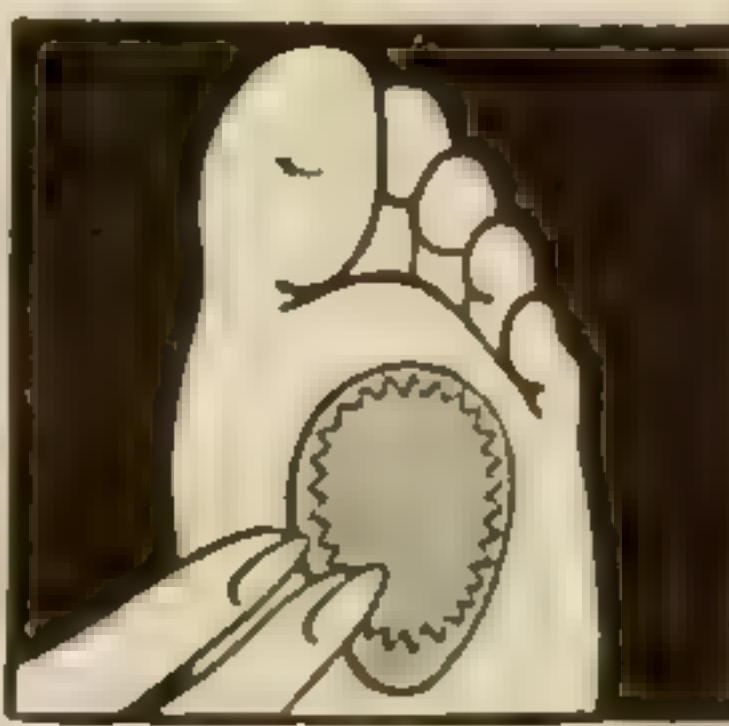
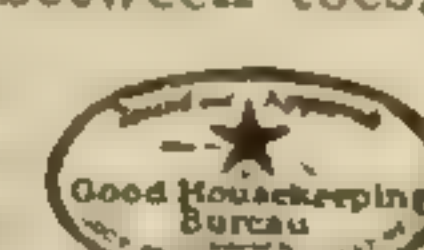
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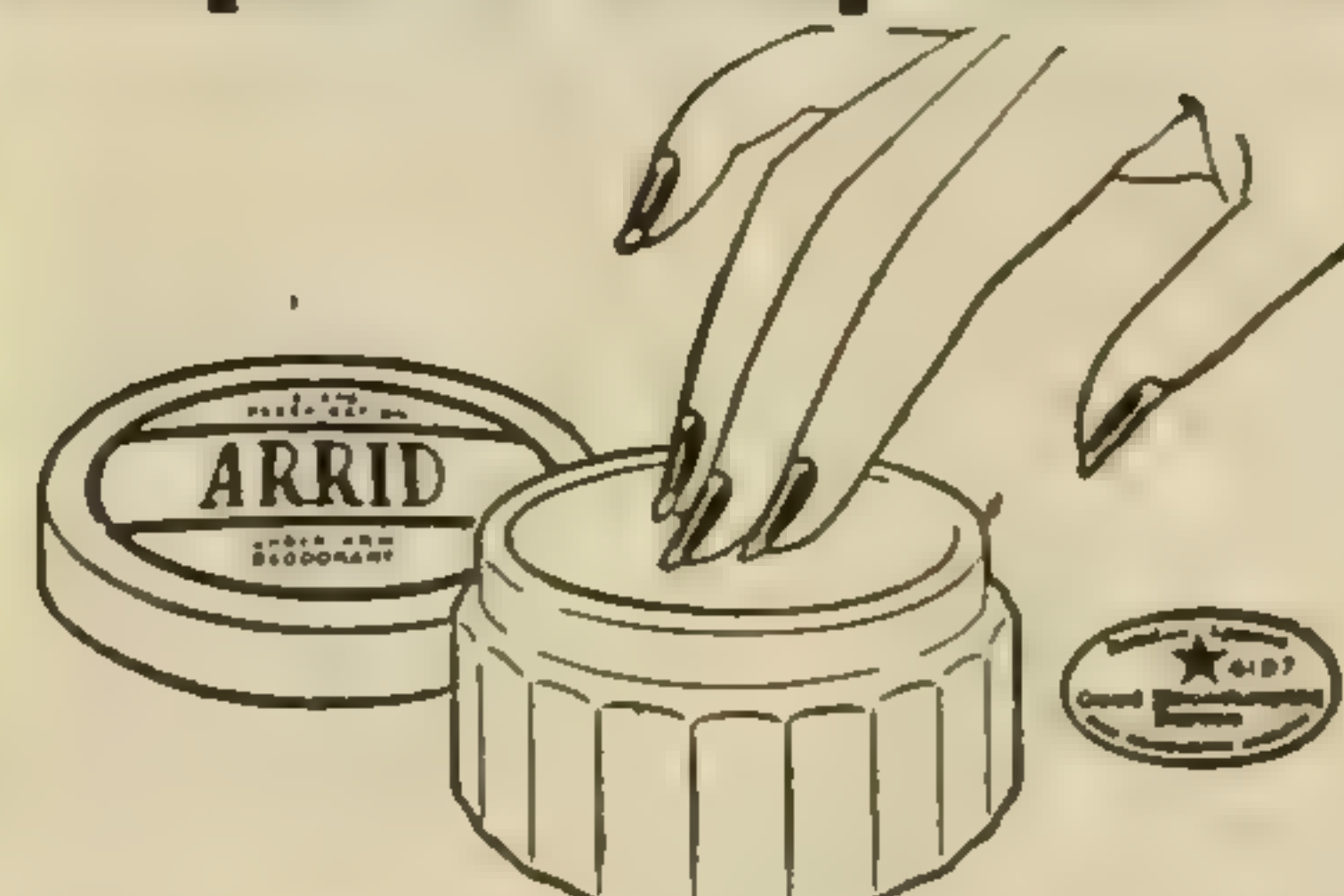
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THE STAR MAKER—Paramount

BING CROSBY'S newest vehicle is no bargain. Darn it. Because Bing's so swell, generally. There's no conflict and no emotion, and all of a sudden it stops, leaving you with a sense of pure deflation. It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor young songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job, and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. He makes an enormous success, and then runs afoul the child labor laws. Faced with defeat, he "discovers" radio. This picture introduces Linda Ware. She's fourteen, pretty and has a nice voice. Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra, Bing sings, Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy, and dozens of children go through tap-dancing routines, none outstanding. The songs, old and new, are nice to hear.

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

ORIGINALLY scheduled as a Will Rogers production, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. Jane's swell, but somehow the piece is not right with Leo Carrillo playing the greatly subordinated part first intended for Rogers. He's supposed to be a husband and father who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for the chickens of Southern families. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute a lot.

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

MOVITA'S a good singer, and when she's pouring forth with song you don't mind the monotonous story or the indifferent production of the rest of this. Gist of the plot is that Movita has to leave Rio just on the verge of her debut, in order to help her brother out of a jam with the police. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meany, for whose crimes the brother is suffering. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin do not perceptibly help out.

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

ROUTINE Chan fare, this, with philosophical Charlie poking around at the San Francisco Fair. He discovers some hokey-pokey going on behind the front of one mysterious Dr. Zodiac, a mystic. Of course, it's all a good chance to expose fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as Chan, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon are the other important cast members. You'll be surprised at the dénouement.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—20th Century-Fox

IT'S Sheer-luck Holmes versus Professor Moriarity when the latter decides he'll rob the Tower of London and run off with the Crown Jewels. The Prof kills a few people before making the attempt so Holmes will be distracted, but Moriarity just hasn't figured on Sheer-luck's uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play Holmes and Dr. Watson, Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers, and George Zucco menaces as the Professor. Somehow, there's not a great deal of suspense or any pace to the action.

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

YOU can't help thinking the studio had "The Informer" in mind when it cast Victor McLaglen as a criminal who, thinking he is expiring, confesses a murder to Joseph Calleia, a priest. Then

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Victor recovers. Calleia can't tell, because of his vows, but he feels duty-bound to make McLaglen confess voluntarily to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role in which she is romantically attached to the loud-voiced Irishman. Dialogue carries little emotion.

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

THAT problem of "marrying daughter off" is exploited here in such a clever manner as to make for fun and laughter. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley and responsible for three children, expends all her energy in the effort to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean gets fed up and sets out to find herself a beau. She does. He is Bob Kellard. However, Mama immediately makes such a fuss, trying to hurry the marriage, that the romance is nearly ruined. Helping out in the cast are Cora Sue Collins and Jay Ward, as the other offspring, and Eddie Collins.

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

WALLACE BEERY'S new picture is about German submarines and U. S. sub-chasers during the World War. Beery is the captain of a tugboat on which he and his daughter, Virginia Grey, live until a Boche submarine puts them off in a lifeboat and sinks the tug. Mr. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge, and finds his superior officer is Chester Morris, his former rival in the tug business. Beery doesn't respond well to discipline, so he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. The war isn't played up so much as is the personal battle between Beery and the submarines.

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

THOSE of you who like Frankie Darro will find him more mature in characterization as the leading character in this little picture. It's all about a bell-hop whose father was a cop, mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer, despite his age and the objections of practically everybody concerned. The film isn't at all bad, really, with the boy being quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turning in an interesting performance.

THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG—Columbia

WHEN you were in grammar school you probably liked to read gory thrillers of this type. Boris Karloff is supposed to be a mad scientist who has an invention to bring the dead back to life. When he's interrupted in the midst of an experiment, the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He doesn't like this and sets out to kill off the judge, jury and the district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all.

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

THIS is supposed to be the last of the Torchy Blane series—and guess what? Torchy isn't Torchy any more. That is to say, she isn't Glenda Farrell. Jane Wyman has taken her place. Comes the romantic finale, with an entirely different girl, masquerading under the same name, walking off with the prize—if you want to thus label an uninspiring and not-too-successful detective played by Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase, and so forth. Tom Kennedy, Bruce MacFarlane and others trot along with the story, resting when it rests, which is often.

IT'S so exciting to see a great new screen property for the first time and know that you are witnessing part of cinema history. This introduces Gloria Jean, Joe Pasternak's new singing discovery. Eleven years old, she shows at once more acting ability, poise and charm than any other youngster had in the beginning. The story is a simple one, that of a poor girl who wins an essay contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings belong to a secret club and snoot Gloria—all of them except little Virginia Weidler. Gloria works out her personal problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, camp gardener, and his two Katzenjammer sons. These kids, by the way, are great finds. Their names are Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance, C. Aubrey Smith delivers a classic performance as Gloria's beloved grandfather, and the rest of the cast is individually excellent.

THE RETURN OF DR. X.—Warners

THIS gets under way as an ordinary murder-mystery, but soon the studio transfuses a bit of Frankenstein; then they bring in Humphrey Bogart as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, set for an interview with actress Lya Lys, finds her murdered, but, later, the police can find no body or evidence of the crime. While Morris is getting fired, the actress appears to sue the paper. Bewildered, he leaves, puzzled by the unwholesome lack of color in her face. Then another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound as reporter Morris had described in his story about the actress, and, as in that case, there is no evidence of blood. Bogart, as *Doctor Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo!

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

VERY small Irene Dare goes zipping across the ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing but not very important film. Roscoe Karns plays a fourflusher who takes his nieces, Irene and Lynne Roberts, to Florida, where he lives in high style in the hope of marrying off Lynne. Of course he chooses another fourflusher. Irene is really quite good.

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

ARTIE SHAW warms the atmosphere of this college story with his clarinet, while youngsters jive and oldsters find their shoulders going through odd rhythmic. When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, discovers his dancing-partner wife is in an interesting condition, it's necessary to find another partner for his next picture. Roscoe Karns, publicity agent, decides to build up interest in a new girl by having her win a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, goes to Midwestern as a student, with Ann Rutherford, Karns' secretary, tagging along. Then there's Richard Carlson, newshound for the school newspaper, who's a cynic. He begins an investigation. There is a surprise at the end when Ann Rutherford, who doesn't know she can dance, enters the contest to kill time. Top honors for performance go to the Misses Turner and Rutherford.

THE COWBOY QUARTERBACK—Warners

IT must be admitted that Bert Wheeler's first try at going it without the late Bob Woolsey is little more than waste film. The dated story deals with a hick football player who gets into the big time

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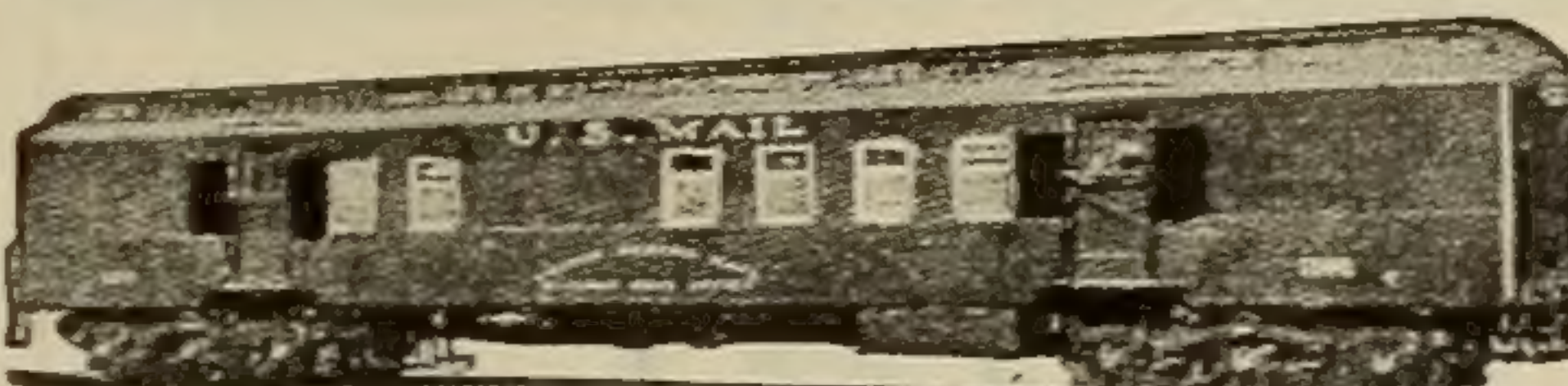
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professional games. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl-friend, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little.

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

JUVENILES may find this new family-cycle picture terrifically interesting, but for adult consumption it has all the pith of a can of strained baby food. Irene Rich, a stamp-collector, is the mother of a family of hobbyists. Jean Sharon, the daughter, collects phonographic records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; uncle Aldrich Bowker collects statistics; father Henry O'Neill is given a candid camera, which settles him with a hobby. He and Jackie go to the mountains, where Jackie's radio is responsible for averting a forest fire disaster. All the others help, too.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Edwin Blum and William Drake. Based on the play "Sherlock Holmes" by William Gillette. Directed by Alfred Werker. Cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Basil Rathbone; *Dr. Watson*, Nigel Bruce; *Ann Brandon*, Ida Lupino; *Jervold Hunter*, Alan Marshal; *Billy*, Terry Kilburn; *Professor Moriarty*, George Zucco; *Sir Ronald Ramsgate*, Henry Stephenson; *Inspector Bristol*, E. E. Clive; *Bassick*, Arthur Hohl; *Mrs. Jameson*, May Beatty; *Lloyd Brandon*, Peter Willes; *Mrs. Hudson*, Mary Gordon; *Justice*, Holmes Herbert; *Matteo*, George Regas; *Lady Conynham*, Mary Forbes; *Daves*, Frank Dawson; *Stranger*, William Austin; *Tony*, Anthony Kemble Cooper.

"BABES IN ARMS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper. Based on the play by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: *Mickey Moran*, Mickey Rooney; *Patsy Barton*, Judy Garland; *Joe Moran*, Charles Winninger; *Judge Black*, Guy Kibbee; *Rosalie Essex*, June Preisser; *Florie Moran*, Grace Hayes; *Molly Moran*, Betty Jaynes; *Don Brice*, Douglas McPhail; *Jeff Steele*, Rand Brooks; *Dody Martini*, Leni Lynn; *Bobs*, John Sheffield; *Madox*, Henry Hull; *William*, Barnett Parker; *Mrs. Barton*, Ann Shoemaker; *Mariha Steele*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mr. Essex*, Joseph Crehan; *Brice*, George McKay; *Shaw*, Henry Roquemore; *Mrs. Brice*, Lelah Tyler.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by John Larkin. Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Rhadin*, Cesar Romero; *Eve*, Pauline Moore; *Jimmy Chan*, Sen Yung; *Pete Lewis*, Douglas Fowley; *Myra Rhadin*, June Gale; *Thomas Gregory*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Stella Essex*, Sally Blane; *Bessie Sibley*, Billie Seward; *Elmer Kelter*, Wally Vernon; *Chief J. J. Kilvaine*, Donald MacBride; *Redley*, Charles Halton; *Abdul*, Trevor Bardette; *Paul Essex*, Louis Jean Heydt.

"CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore. Based on the novel by Barry Benefield. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Addie Fippany*, Jane Withers; *Jean Paul Baliste Fippany*, Leo Carrillo; *Cecile Fippany*, Marjorie Weaver; *Josephine Fippany*, Spring Byington; *Matt Hibbard*, Kane Richmond; *Henri Fippany*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Auctioneer*, Hamilton MacFadden; *Mrs. Buzz*, Inez Palange.

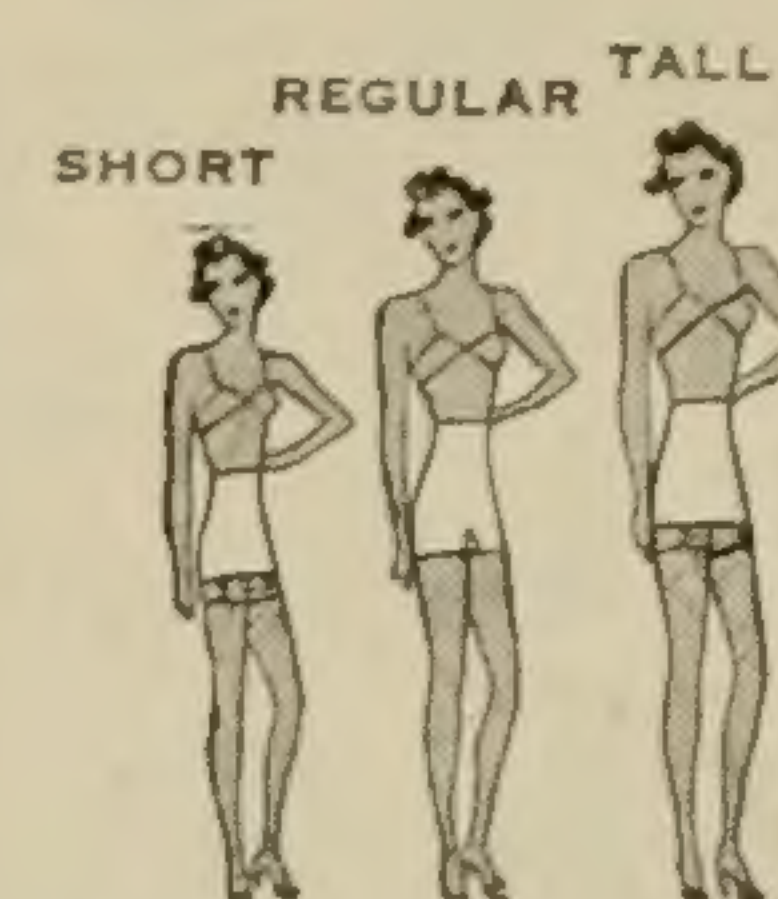
"COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Fred Niblo, Jr. From a play by Ring Lardner and George M. Cohan. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Harry Lynn*, Bert Wheeler; *Maizie Williams*, Marie Wilson; *Evelyn Corey*, Gloria Dickson; *Handsome Sam*, DeWolf Hopper; *Rusky Walker*, William Demarest; *Steve Adams*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Hap Farrell*, Charles Wilson; *Col. Moffett*, William Gould; *Mr. Slater*, Fredric Tozere; *Mr. Gray*, John Harron; *Mr. Walters*, John Ridgely; *Airplane Pilot*, Eddie Acuff; *Lem*, Clem Bevans; *Cozy Walsh*, Sol Gorss; *Joe Wade*, Don Turner; *Lon Ring*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Gyp Galbraith*, Dick Wessell; *Berries O'Leary*, Dutch Hendrian.

"DANCING CO-ED"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Albert Mannheimer. Based on a story by Albert Treynor. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Patty Marlow*, Lana Turner; *"Pug" Braddock*, Richard Carlson; *Artie Shaw*, Himself; *Eve*, Ann Rutherford; *Freddy Tobin*, Lee Bowman; *H. W. Workman*, Thurston Hall; *"Pop" Marlow*, Leon Errol; *Joe Drews*, Roscoe Karns; *Miss May*, Mary Field; *President Cavendish*, Walter Kingsford; *"Toddy"*, Mary Beth Hughes; *"Ticky" James*, June Preisser; *Professor Lange*, Monty Woolley.

"DUST BE MY DESTINY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Robert Rossen. From a novel by Jerome Odum. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: *Joe Bell*, John Garfield; *Mabel*, Priscilla Lane; *Mike Leonard*, Alan Hale; *Caruthers*, Frank McHugh; *Hank*, Billy Halop; *Jimmy*, Bobby Jordan; *Pop*, Charley Grapewin; *Nick*, Henry Armetta; *Charlie*, Stanley Ridges; *Prosecutor*, John Littel; *Slim Jones*, Moroni Olsen; *Doc Saunders*, Victor Kilian; *Abe Connors*, Frank Jaquet; *Delicatessen Proprietress*, Ferike Boros; *Venetti*, Marc Lawrence; *Magistrate*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Warden*, William Davidson; *Judge*, George Irving.

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"ETERNALLY YOURS"—WALTER WANGER. UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Tay Garnett. Cast: Anita Loretta Young; Tony, David Niven; Benton, Hugh Herbert; Aunt Abby, Billie Burke; Bishop Hubert Peabody, C. Aubrey Smith; Lola De Vere, Virginia Field; Don Barnes, Broderick Crawford; Mr. Bingham, Raymond Walburn; Mrs. Bingham, ZaSu Pitts; Gloria, Eve Arden; Morrissey, Ralph Graves; Howard, Lionel Pape; Waitress, Dennie Moore; Dowager, May Beatty; Phillips, Douglas Wood; Captain Vickers, Leyland Hodgson; Herman, the rabbit, Himself; Doctor, Frank Jaquet. Master of Ceremonies, Fred Keating; Butler, Paul Le Paul; Waiter, Ralph Norwood; Stage Manager, Billy Wayne; Lawyer, Edwin Stanley; Croupier, Franklin Parker; Housekeeper, Mary Field; Ship Captain, Granville Bates; Pilot, Tay Garnett; Officer, George Cathrey; British Pilot, Lieut. Pat Davis; Ralph, Walter Sande; Blonde Theatre Patron, Hillary Brooke; Detectives, Jack Green and Richard Allen; Guests, Luana Walters, Patricia Stillman, Doreen Mackay, Evelyn Woodbury, Eleanor Stewart; Officers, Broderick O'Farrell, Jack Perrin and Ralph McCullough; Gloria's Baby, the Kettering Triplets.

"EVERYBODY'S HOBBY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Kenneth Gamet and William W. Brockway. From an original story by William W. Brockway. Directed by William McCann. Cast: Mrs. Leslie, Irene Rich; Tom Leslie, Henry O'Neill; Robert Leslie, Jackie Moran; Uncle Bert Leslie, Aldrich Bowker; Evelyn Leslie, Jean Sharon; Morgan, John Ridgely; Bunny, Peggy Stewart; Chuck, Jackie Morrow; Hatfield, Fredric Tozere; Ramon Castillo, Albert Morin; Jim Blake, Nat Carr; Terris, Sidney Bracy; Captain Ogden, Jack Mower; Murphy, Don Rowan.

"EVERYTHING'S ON ICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Adrian Landis and Sherman Lowe. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Cast: Irene, Irene Dale; Felix, Roscoe Karns; Joe, Edgar Kennedy; Jane, Lynne Roberts; Leopold, Eric Linden; Elsie, Mary Hart; French, Bobby Watson; Gregg, George Meeker; Miss Tillifer, Mary Currier; Marie, Maxine Stewart; White, Wade Boteler; Jerry, Paul Winchell.

"FIFTH AVENUE GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Cast: Mary Grey, Ginger Rogers; Mr. Borden, Walter Connolly; Mrs. Borden, Verree Teasdale; Mike, James Ellison; Tim Borden, Tim Holt; Katherine Borden, Kathryn Adams; Higgins, Franklin Pangborn; Dr. Kessler, Louis Calhern; Olga, Ferike Boros; Terwilliger, Theodor Von Eltz; Maitre d'Hotel, Alexander D'Arcy.

"FULL CONFESSION"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Story by Leo Birinski. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: McGinnis, Victor McLaglen; Molly, Sally Eilers; Father Loma, Joseph Calleia; Michael O'Keefe, Barry Fitzgerald; Norah O'Keefe, Elisabeth Risdon; Laura Mahoney, Adele Pearce; Frank O'Keefe, Malcolm McTaggart; Weaver, John Bleifer; Moore, William Haade; Mercantonio, George Humbert.

"GIRL FROM RIO"—MONOGRAM.—Original screen play by Milton Raison and John T. Neville. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Cast: Marquita, Movita; Steven, Warren Hull; Carlos, Alan Baldwin; Vicki, Kay Linaker; Mitchell, Clay Clement; Annette, Adele Pearce; Lola, Soledad Jimenez; Montgomery, Richard Tucker; Collins, Dennis Moore; Wilson, Byron Foulger.

"GOLDEN BOY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Based upon the play by Clifford Odets. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Cast: Lorna Moon, Barbara Stanwyck; Tom Moody, Adolphe Menjou; Joe Bonaparte, William Holden; Mr. Bonaparte, Lee Cobb; Eddie Fuseli, Joseph Calleia; Siggie, Sam Levene; Roxy Lewis, Edward S. Brophy; Ann, Beatrice Blinn; Mr. Carp, William H. Strauss; Borneo, Don Beddoe.

"HAWAIIAN NIGHTS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Directed by Al Rogell. Cast: Ted Hartley, Johnny Downs; Lonnie Lane, Constance Moore; Millie, Mary Carlisle; Ray Peters, Eddie Quillan; T. C. Hartley, Thurston Hall; Lane, Samuel S. Hinds; Alonzo Dillman, Etienne Girardot; The Band, Matty Malneck's Orchestra.

"IRISH LUCK"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Mary C. McCarthy. Based on the story, "Death Hops the Bells" by Charles Molyneux Brown. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Cast: Buzzy O'Brien, Frankie Darro; Lanahan, Dick Purcell; Mrs. O'Brien, Lillian Elliott; Kitty, Sheila Darcy; Jim, Dennis Moore; Jefferson, Mantan Moreland; Hotel Manager, Howard Mitchell.

"MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Karl Brown. From the story by Leslie T. White and George W. Sayre. Directed by Nick Grinde. Cast: Dr. Henryk Savaard, Boris Karloff; Janet Savaard, Lorna Gray; "Scoop" Foley, Robert Wilcox; District Attorney Drake, Roger Pryor; Lieutenant Shane, Don Beddoe; Betty Crawford, Ann Doran; Dr. Stoddard, Joseph De Stefani; Judge Bowman, Charles Trowbridge; Lang, Byron Foulger; Kearney, Dick Curtis; Watkins, James Craig; Sutton, John Tyrrell.

"MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Irving Brecher. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Cast: Attorney Loophole, Groucho Marx; Antonio, Chico Marx; "Punchy," Harpo Marx; Jeff Wilson, Kenny Baker; Julie Randall, Florence Rice; Goliath, Nat Pendleton; Mrs. Dukesbury, Margaret Dumont; Jardinet, Fritz Feld; Peerless Pauline, Eve Arden; Whitcomb, Barnett Parker; Little Professor Atom, Jerry Mar- enghi; John Carter, James Burke.

"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Sidney Buchman. From the story by Lewis R. Foster. Directed by Frank Capra. Cast: Saunders, Jean Arthur; Jefferson Smith, James Stewart; Senator Joseph Paine, Claude Rains; Jim Taylor, Edward Arnold; Governor Hubert Hopper, Guy Kibbee; Diz Moore, Thomas Mitchell; Chick McGinn, Eugene Pallette; Ma Smith, Beulah Bondi; Senator Fuller, H. B. Warner; President of the Senate, Harry Carey; Susan Paine, Astrid Allwyn; Mrs. Hopper, Ruth Donnelly; Senator MacPherson, Grant Mitchell; Senator Monroe, Porter Hall; Senator Barnes, Pierre Watkins; Nosey Charles Lane, Bill Griffith; William Demarest; Carl Cook, Dick Elliott; The Hopper Boys, Billy Watson, Delmar Watson, John Russell, Harry Watson; Gary Watson, Baby Dump- ling.

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"NINOTCHKA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder and Walter Reisch. Based on the original play by Melchior Lengyl. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Cast: *Ninotchka*, Greta Garbo; *Leon*, Melvyn Douglas; *Swana*, Ina Claire; *Buljanoff*, Felix Bressart; *Ivanoff*, Sig. Rumann; *Kopalski*, Alex. Grahch; *Waiter*, Gregory Gaye; *Mercier*, Edwin Maxwell; *Hotel Manager*, Rolfe Sedan; *Doorman*, Paul Ellis.

"NURSE EDITH CAVELL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Michael Hogan. From the story "Dawn" by Capt. Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: *Nurse Cavell*, Anna Neagle; *Countess de Mavon*, Edna May Oliver; *Capt. Heinrichs*, George Sanders; *Mme. Rappard*, May Robson; *Mme. Moulton*, ZaSu Pitts; *Hugh Gibson*, H. B. Warner; *Sister Watkins*, Sophie Stewart; *Nurse O'Brien*, Mary Howard; *Bungey*, Robert Coote; *Pierre*, Martin Kosleck; *Cobbler*, Gui Ignot; *General Von Erhardt*, Lionel Royce; *Jean*, Jimmy Butler; *Francois*, Rex Downing; *Lt. Schultz*, Henry Brandon; *Sadi Kirschen*, Fritz Leiber; *Brand Whit- lock*, Gilbert Emery; *Lt. Schmidt*, Lucien Prival; *Lt. Wilson*, Richard Deane; *George Moulton*, Bert Roach; *Prosecutor*, Ernst Deutsch; *Dr. Gunther*, Egon Bracher; *Baron Von Weser*, Will Kaufman; *President of Court*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Char- lotte*, Bodil Rosing; *Albert*, William Edmunds.

"RAINS CAME, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Joseph- son. Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Clarence Brown. Cast: *Lady Edwina Esketh*, Myrna Loy; *Major Rama Saffi*, Tyrone Power; *Tom Ransome*, George Brent; *Fern Simon*, Brenda Joyce; *Lord Albert Esketh*, Nigel Bruce; *Maharani*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Mr. Bannerjee*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Miss MacDaid*, Mary Nash; *Aunt Phoebe* (Mrs. Smiley), Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Simon*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Rev. Homer Smiley*, Henry Travers; *Maharajah*, H. B. Warner; *Lily Hoggell-Egbury*, Laura Hope Crews; *Raschid Ali Khan*, William Royle; *General Keith*, Montague Shaw; *Rev. Elmer Simon*, Harry Hayden; *Bates*, Herbert Evans; *John, the Baptist*, Abner Biberman; *Mrs. Bannerjee*, Mara Alexander; *Mr. Das*, William Edmunds.

"RETURN OF DOCTOR X, THE"—WARN- ERS.—Screen play by Lee Katz. From an original story by William Makin. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: *Wall*, Wayne Morris; *Cane*, Humphrey Bogart; *Joan Vance*, Rosemary Lane; *Angela Lockwood*, Lya Lys; *Dr. Francis Flegg*, John Littel; *Michael Rhodes*, Dennis Morgan; *Detective Ray Kincaid*, Charles Wilson; *Sergeant Moran*, Jack Mower; *Pinky*, Huntz Hall; *Mrs. Sweetman*, Vera Lewis; *Hotel Manager*, Creighton Hale; *Editor*, Russell Hicks.

"STAR MAKER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman and Arthur Caesar. Based on a story by Arthur Caesar and William Pierce. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *Larry*, Bing Crosby; *Mary*, Louise Campbell; *Jane*, Linda Ware; *Speed King*, Ned Sparks; *Mrs. Gray*, Laura Hope Crews; *Stella*, Janet Waldo; *Walter Damrosch*, Himself; *Mr. Proctor*, Thurston Hall; *Joe Gimlick*, Ben Weldon; *Steel Worker*, Billy Gilbert.

"STOP, LOOK AND LOVE"—20TH CENTURY- FOX.—Screen play by Harold Tarshis and Sada Cowan. Based on the original play "The Family Upstairs" by Harry Delf. Directed by Otto Brower. Cast: *Louise Haller*, Jean Rogers; *Joe Haller*, William Frawley; *Dick Grant*, Robert Kellard; *Dinty*, Eddie Collins; *Emma Haller*, Minna Gombell; *Dora Haller*, Cora Sue Collins; *Willie Haller*, Jay Ward; *Harry Neville*, Roger McGee; *Rita*, Lillian Porter.

"THUNDER AFLOAT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip. Based upon a story by Ralph Wheel- wright and Commander Harvey Haislip. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Jon Thorson*, Wallace Beery; *"Rocky" Blake*, Chester Morris; *Susan Thorson*, Virginia Grey; *District Commander*, Douglas Dumbrille; *U Boat Captain*, Carl Esmond; *"Cap" Finch*, Clem Bevans; *Milo*, John Qualen; *Ives*, Regis Toomey; *German U Boat Officer*, Henry Victor; *Admiral Ross*, Addison Richards; *U Boat Petty Officer*, Hans Joby; *Ensign Dyer*, Henry Hunter; *Admiral Girard*, Jonathan Hale.

"TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earle Snell and Charles Belden. From an original story by Scott Littleton. Based on characters created by Frederick Nebel. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Torchy Blane*, Jane Wyman; *Lt. Steve McBride*, Allen Jenkins; *Gahagan*, Tom Kennedy; *"Jackie" McGuire*, Sheila Bromley; *Maxie*, Joe Cunningham; *Denver Eddie*, Eddie Marr; *Jim Simmons*, Edgar Deering; *Inspector McTavish*, Frank Shannon; *Bugsie*, Bruce Mac- Farlane; *Harp*, George Lloyd; *Police Court Judge*, Aldrich Bowker; *First Reporter*, John Ridgely; *Second Reporter*, Larry Williams; *Motorcycle Cop*, John Harron; *Kelly*, Cliff Clark; *The Bone Crusher*, Tiny Roebuck; *The Crusher's Handler*, Pat Flaherty; *Hotel Clerk*, Creighton Hale; *Book Store Clerk*, Nat Carr.

"UNDER-PUP, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by G. Over Jones. From the original story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: *Pip-Emma*, Gloria Jean; *Dennis King*, Robert Cummings; *Priscilla Adams*, Nan Grey; *Grandpa*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Miss Thornton*, Beulah Bondi; *Janet Cooper*, Virginia Weidler; *Mrs. Cooper*, Mar- garet Lindsay; *Mr. Layton*, Raymond Walburn; *Letty Lou*, Ann Gillis; *Mr. Cooper*, Paul Cavanagh; *Tolio*, Billy Gilbert; *Tolio's Sons*, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart; *Uncle Dan*, Frank Jenks; *Cecelia Layton*, Shirley Mills; *Doctor McKay*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mr. Binns*, Ernest Truex; *Mrs. Binns*, Doris Lloyd; *Jerry Binns*, Dickie Moore.

"WOMEN, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Anita Loos and Jane Murnin. Based on the play by Clare Boothe. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *Mary* (Mrs. Stephen Haines), Norma Shearer; *Crystal Allen*, Joan Crawford; *Sylvia* (Mrs. Howard Fowler), Rosalind Russell; *The Countess de Lave*, Mary Boland; *Miriam Arons*, Paulette Goddard; *Edith* (Mrs. Phelps Potter), Phyllis Povah; *Peggy* (Mrs. John Day), Joan Fontaine; *Little Mary*, Virginia Weidler; *Mrs. Morehead*, Lucile Watson; *Nancy Blake*, Florence Nash; *Jane*, Muriel Hutch- inson; *Ingrid*, Esther Dale; *Exercise Instructress*, Ann Morris; *Miss Watts*, Ruth Hussey; *Olga*, Dennie Moore; *Maggie*, Mary Cecil; *Miss Trimmer- back*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Pat*, Virginia Grey; *Lucy*, Marjorie Main; *Mrs. Van Adams*, Cora Withers- pool; *Dolly De Peyster*, Hedda Hopper.

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Fall Fashions Demand Alluring Figures

Again this Fall fashion does the unexpected. Smart, New York shops are featuring the new cigarette-thin silhouette. And here's more fashion notes. Hips should be rounded . . . bosoms high and wasp waists and stem-lined midriffs will be the vogue. This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

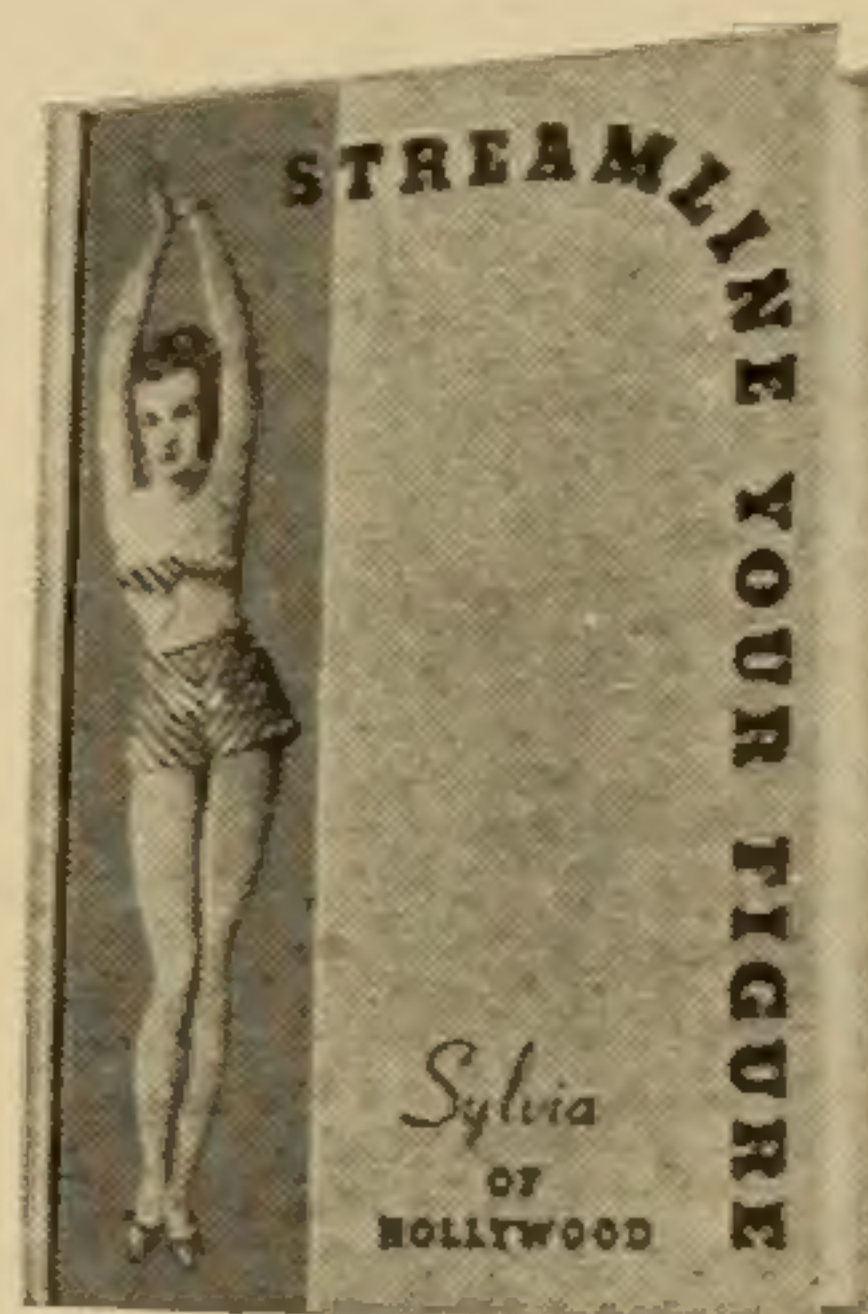
Your favorite Hollywood screen star will be glamorous in her frills and bustles.

Naturally, her figure will be most alluring in these fashionable new gowns. But you need not envy these perfect figures of the Hollywood stars—for you, too, can have a glamorous figure! Yes, you can, by following Sylvia of Hollywood's suggestions as contained in her new book, *Streamline Your Figure*, acquire a lovely Hollywood figure and wear the Fall's latest creations with the utmost of charm.

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